



THE
ARGONAUTICS
OF
APOLLONIUS RHODIUS,
IN FOUR BOOKS,
BY FRANCIS FAWKES:
THE WHOLE
REVISED, CORRECTED, AND COMPLETED,
BY HIS COADJUTOR AND EDITOR;
WHO HAS ANNEXED A TRANSLATION OF
COLUTHUS'S GREEK POEM
ON THE
RAPE OF HELEN,
OR
THE ORIGIN OF THE TROJAN WAR;
WITH NOTES.

L O N D O N:
PRINTED FOR J. DODSLEY, IN PALL-MALL.

M.DCC.LXXX.

TO THE

MOST REVEREND FATHER IN GOD,

F R E D E R I C,

LORD ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY,

PRIMATE OF ALL ENGLAND

AND METROPOLITAN,

THE FOLLOWING TRANSLATION OF

APOLLONIUS RHODIUS

IS, BY PERMISSION,

AND WITH ALL HUMILITY,

INSCRIBED,

BY HIS GRACE'S MOST DUTIFUL,

AND MOST OBLIGED SERVANT,

THE EDITOR.

T H E
P R E F A C E.

THE author of this poem was the son of Silleus and Illeus. He was born at Alexandria in Egypt, and educated under Callimachus. He received the name of Rhodius, or the Rhodian, either from his mother, whose name was Rhoda, or, more probably, from the city Rhodes. During his stay in this place he finished his Argonautic poem, and founded a school of rhetoric. Ptolemy Euergetes, in whose reign our poet flourished, two hundred and forty-four years before Christ, recalled him from his retirement at Rhodes, and appointed him successor to Eratosthenes in the care of the Alexandrian library. The favours which had been conferred on Callimachus in the court of Ptolemy Philadelphus, were continued to him by his successor Ptolemy Euergetes. So that Callimachus, no less than his scholar, was protected and patronised by his prince. This circumstance, among others, gave occasion to those jealousies and dissensions, which subsisted between these rival poets. Callimachus is supposed to have alluded, in

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the following lines, to that invidious spirit which prevailed in his scholar.

Ὁ φθόρος Ἀπόλλωνος ἐπ' ἔατα λάθριος εἶπεν,
 'Οὐκ ἄγαμαι τὸν ἀριδὸν, ὅς ἔσ', ὅσα Πόντος ἀείδει.

Call. Hymn. ad Ap. v. 105.

For Apollonius, anxious to establish his own reputation, and jealous of his master's, had depreciated those more numerous, but lighter productions, in which the Muse of Callimachus excelled; epigrams, hymns, and elegies.

It will be no improper introduction to the following poem to trace the subject of it to its source: nor can we expect to be guided through its intricacies by a safer clue, than that which the ancients have afforded us.

Ino was the wife of Athamas, king of Orchomenos; from whom he was soon after divorced, and married Nephele. But she incurring his displeasure, he restored the repudiated Ino to his bed. By her he had two children, Learchus and Melicerta; by Nephele he had Phrixus and Helle. Ino beheld the children of her rival with a jealous eye. For they, being the eldest, had a prior claim to their father's inheritance. Resolved on their destruction, she concerted the following plan, as most likely to effect it. A grievous famine laying waste the country, it was judged expedient to consult the oracle about the means of suppressing it. Ino having gained
 over

over the priests to her interest, prevailed on them to return this answer; that the ravages of famine could no otherwise be suppressed, than by the sacrifice of Nephele's children. Phrixus, who was made acquainted with the cruel purpose of Ino, freighted his vessel with his father's treasures, and embarked with his sister Helle for Colchis. The voyage proved fatal to her; and the sea, into which she fell, was named from her the Hellespont. But Phrixus arrived safe at Colchis; and was protected from the cruelties of his step-mother Ino, at the court of Æetes his kinsman, who bestowed on him his daughter Chalciopé in marriage. Upon his arrival he consecrated his ship to Mars; on whose prow was represented the figure of a ram. This embellishment, it is supposed by some of the historians, gave rise to the fiction, of his having swam to Colchis on the back of that animal, of his having sacrificed it to Mars, and hung up its fleece in the temple of that God. It is this imaginary fleece which is celebrated by the poets for having given birth to the expedition of the Argonauts. A variety of whimsical conjectures have been formed concerning it. Some are of opinion, that it was a book of sheep-skins, containing the mysteries of the chymic art. Others have assured us, that it signified the riches of the country; with which their rivers, that abounded in gold, supplied its inhabitants: and that, from the sheep-skins made use of in

collecting the golden dust, it was called the Golden Fleece.

For a further illustration of the subject of this poem, it will be necessary to insert the following history.

Tyro, the daughter of Salmoneus, had two sons by Neptune, Neleus and Pelias : by Cretheus she had Æson, Pheres and Amithaon. The city of Iolcos in Thessaly, which Cretheus built, was the capital of his dominions. He left his kingdom at his death to Æson his eldest son ; but made no provision for Pelias. Pelias, however, growing every day more powerful, at length dethroned Æson. And hearing that his wife Alcimeda was delivered of a son, he was resolutely bent on his destruction. For he had been forewarned by the oracle, that he must be dethroned by a prince, descended from Æolus, and who should appear before him with one foot bare. Æson and Alcimeda being informed of the tyrant's intention, conveyed their son to mount Pelion, where he was educated by Chiron. Having attained to maturity, he consulted the oracle ; who encouraged him to repair to the court of Iolcos. Pelias, hearing of the arrival of this stranger, and of the circumstance of his appearance with only one sandal, concluded that this must be the person, whom the oracle had foretold. Having made himself and his situation known to his uncle, Jason demanded of him the crown, which he had so unjustly

unjustly usurped. Pelias was greatly alarmed at this requisition. But knowing that a thirst for glory is the darling passion of youth, he contrived to appease his nephew's resentment by disclosing to him the means of gratifying his ambition. He assured him, that Phrixus, when he sailed from Orchomenos, had carried with him a Fleece of Gold, the possession of which would at the same time enrich and immortalize him. The proposal had its desired effect. Jason signified his acceptance of it, and collected speedily the most illustrious princes of Greece, who were eager to embark in a cause, that was at once advantageous and honourable. Who these heroes were, the route they took, the dangers with which they encountered, and the success they met with, are particulars recorded by Apollonius, and on which he has lavished all the graces of poetry.

Such is the history of the Golden Flëece, as delivered down to us by the ancient poets and historians. This celebrated expedition is generally supposed to be the first æra of true history. Sir Isaac Newton places it about forty-three years after the death of Solomon, and nine hundred and thirty-seven years before the birth of Christ. He apprehends, that the Greeks, hearing of the distractions of Egypt, sent the most renowned heroes of their country in the ship Argo, to persuade the nations on the coast of the Euxine sea to throw off the Egyptian yoke, as the Lybians, Ethiopians, and Jews had before done. But Mr. Bryant

has given us a far different account of this matter in his very learned system of mythology : whose sentiments on this head I have endeavoured to collect, and have ventured to give them a place in this preface. For the novelty of his hypothesis, and the learning and ingenuity with which it is supported, cannot fail to entertain and instruct us.

The main plot, says the learned and ingenious mythologist, as it is transmitted to us, is certainly a fable, and replete with inconsistencies and contradictions. Yet many writers, ancient and modern, have taken the account in gross ; and without hesitation, or exception to any particular part, have presumed to fix the time of this transaction. And having satisfied themselves in this point, they have presumed to make use of it for a stated æra. Mr. Bryant is of opinion, that this history, upon which Sir Isaac Newton built so much, did certainly not relate to Greece ; though adopted by the people of that country. He contends, that Sir Isaac's calculation rested upon a weak foundation. That it is doubtful, whether such persons as Chiron or Musæus ever existed ; and still more doubtful, whether they formed a sphere for the Argonauts. He produces many arguments to convince us, that the expedition itself was not a Grecian operation ; and that this sphere at any rate was not a Grecian work : and if not from Greece, it must certainly be the produce of Egypt. For the astronomy of Greece confessedly came from that country : consequently

frequently the history to which it alludes, must have been from the same quarter. Many of the constellations, says our author, are of Egyptian original. The zodiac, which Sir Isaac Newton supposed to relate to the Argonautic expedition, was, he asserts, an assemblage of Egyptian hieroglyphics.

After having enumerated all the particulars of their voyage, the different routes they are supposed to have taken, and the many inconsistencies with which the whole story abounds, Mr. Bryant proceeds to observe, that the mythology, as well as the rites of Greece, was borrowed from Egypt; and that it was founded upon ancient histories, which had been transmitted in hieroglyphical representations. These, by length of time, became obscure; and the sign was taken for the reality, and accordingly explained. Hence arose the fable about the bull of Europa, and the like. In all these is the same history under a different allegory and emblem. In the wanderings of Rhea, Isis, Astarte, Iona and Damater, is figured out the separation of mankind by their families, and their journeying to their places of allotment. At the same time, the dispersion of one particular race of men, and their flight over the face of the earth, is principally described. Of this family were the persons, who preserved the chief memorials of the ark in the Gentile world. They represented it under different emblems, and called it Demater, Pyrrha, Selene, Meen, Argo, Argus, Archas, and Archaius,

or Archite. The Grecians, proceeds the learned writer, by taking this story of the Argo to themselves, have plunged into numberless difficulties. In the account of the Argo, we have undeniably the history of a sacred ship, the first that was ever constructed. This truth the best writers among the Grecians confess, though the merit of the performance they would fain take to themselves. Yet after all their prejudices they continually betray the truth, and shew that the history was derived to them from Egypt. The cause of all the mistakes in this curious piece of mythology arose from hence. The Arkites, who came into Greece, settled in many parts, but especially in Argolis and Thessalia; where they introduced their rites and worship. In the former of these regions, they were commemorated under a notion of the arrival of Danaus, or Danaus. It is supposed to have been a person, who fled from his brother Ægyptus, and came over in a sacred ship given him by Minerva. This ship, like the Argo, is said to have been the first ship constructed; and he was assisted in the building of it by the same Deity, Divine Wisdom. Both histories relate to the same event. Danaus, upon his arrival, built a temple, called Argus, to Iona, or Juno; of which he made his daughters priestesses. The people of the place had an obscure tradition of a deluge, in which most perished, some few only escaping. The principal of these was Deucalion, who

who took refuge in the acropolis, or temple. Those who settled in Thessaly, carried with them the same memorials concerning Deucalion, and his deliverance; which they appropriated to their own country. They must have had traditions of this great event strongly impressed upon their minds; as every place, to which they gave name, had some reference to that history. In process of time, these impressions grew more and more faint, and their emblematical worship became very obscure and unintelligible. Hence they at last confined the history of this event to their own country; and the Argo was supposed to have been built, where it was originally enshrined. As it was revered under the symbol of the Moon, called Man or Mon, the people from this circumstance name their country Ai-mona, in after times rendered Aimonia.

This extract from the ingenious and learned mythologist will enable the reader to form some idea of his sentiments on this subject.

But whatever disgust the grave historian may have conceived at this unsightly mixture of the marvellous and the probable, the poet needs not be offended at it. Fiction is his province. He may be allowed to expatiate in the regions of fancy without controul, and to introduce his fiery bulls and sleepless dragons without the dread of censure.

The Argonautic expedition has been the admired subject of the Greek and Roman poets from Orpheus,
or

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or rather from Onomacritus, who lived in the times of Pisistratus, to those of our author's imitators, who lived in the decline of the Roman empire. To weigh the merits of these ancient poets in the just scale of criticism, and to appropriate to each his due share of praise, is a task too arduous and assuming for an humble editor to engage in. Yet such is the partiality of translators and editors to their favourite poets, that they wish, either to find them seated above their rivals and contemporaries on the summits of Parnassus, or, if possible, to fix them there. But vain are these wishes, unless the testimonies of the first writers of antiquity concur to gratify them. The reputation of Apollonius can neither be impaired nor enhanced by the strictures of Scaliger and Rapin: the judgment of Quintilian and Longinus may, indeed, more materially affect it. They have delivered their opinions on our author in the following words:

Ἐπεὶτοι γὰρ καὶ ἀπώτατος ὁ Ἀπολλώνιος, ὁ τῶν Ἀργοναυτικῶν ποιητῆς, ἢ ἐν Ὀμηρῳ ἢ μᾶλλον, ἢ Ἀπολλώνιος ἰδέσθαι γενέσθαι; Sect. xxxiii. *Longin. de Sublim.*

Non contemnendum edidit opus æquali quadam mediocritate. *Quintil. Inst. Orat. L. x. c. 1.*

Unfortunately, as it should seem, for the Rhodian, these celebrated strictures wear the double face of approbation and censure. The praise that is conveyed under the term ἀπώτατος, that he no where sinks,

sinks, is lost in the implication, that he is no where elevated. The expression, *non contemnendum opus*, apparently a flattering meiosis, is limited to its lowest sense by the subsequent observation, *æquali quadam mediocritate*. But we must not desert our poet even in this extremity ; for if imitation implies esteem and admiration, Apollonius's noblest eulogy will be found in the writings of Virgil. Those applauded passages in this poet, which are confessedly imitated from our author, may serve as a counterpoise to the sentence of the critics. Apollonius was Virgil's favourite author. He has incorporated into his *Æneid* his similes and his episodes ; and has shewn the superiority of his judgment by his just application and arrangement of them.

But it is not the Mantuan poet only, who has fetched from this storehouse the most precious materials. Valerius Flaccus, who has made choice of the same subject with the Rhodian, has discovered through every part of his work a singular predilection for him. He is allowed to have imitated the style of Virgil with tolerable success ; but he is indebted for the conduct of his poem chiefly to Apollonius. It is remarkable, that Quintilian, who has objected mediocrity to our author, has mentioned this his closest imitator in terms of the highest respect. Yet must it be confessed, that the genius of Flaccus seldom soars so high, as when it is invigorated and enlightened by the Muse of Apollonius.

But

But the admiration, in which this writer has been held by the Roman poets, did not expire with them. The rage of imitation, far from ceasing, has caught congenial spirits in every succeeding period ; and the most approved passages in this elegant poem have been diffused through the works of the most admired moderns. It were needless to mention any others than Milton and Camoens. Milton's imitations of Apollonius are, many of them, specified in the notes inserted in Bishop Newton's valuable edition of all that writer's poetical works. Camoens, who has hitherto been known to the English reader only through the obscure and crude version of Fanshaw, has appeared of late greatly to advantage, in the very animated translation of Mr. Mickle. That the refined taste of Camoens was formed on the model of the Greek and Roman poets, is evident throughout the *Lusiad* ; which abounds in allusions to the pagan mythology, and is enriched with a profusion of graces derived from the ancient classics. In the number of these it can be no disparagement to his poem to reckon Apollonius Rhodius ; to the merit of whose work Camoens, if I misjudge not, was no stranger. The subject of the Portuguese poem bears a striking resemblance to that which our author has chosen. For the heroes both of Portugal and Greece traversed unknown seas, in pursuit of the wealth with which an unknown country was expected to supply them. Camoens not only alludes to Argo
and

and her demigods, but seems particularly fond of drawing a comparison betwixt the heroes of his country and those of Theffaly.

Here view thine Argonauts, in seas unknown, &c.

B. i. p. 9.

With fuch bold rage the youth of Mynia glow'd,
When the first keel the Euxine farges plow'd;
When bravely venturous for the Golden Fleece,
Orac'lous Argo fail'd from wondering Greece.

B. iv. p. 172.

And foon after;

While each prefaged that great as Argo's fame,
Our fleet fhould give fome ftarry band a name.

“ The folemnity of the night fpent in devotion, the affecting grief of their friends and fellow-citizens, whom they were never more to behold; and the angry exclamations of the venerable old man, give a dignity and interefting pathos to the departure of the fleet of Gama, *unborrowed from any of the classics.*”
See *the concluding note* to B. iv.

Apollonius has admitted into his firft book, on a fimilar occafion, moft of the above-mentioned particulars, and many others equally interefting. The prayer of Jafon, and the facrifices previous to their embarkation, are circumftantially related. The lamentations of Alcimeda at the lofs of her fon, the filent grief of Æfon his father, and the tears of his friends,

friends, contribute to make this parting scene the most pathetic imaginable. Through the whole of this affecting interview Camoens seems not to have lost sight of Apollonius. But, lest it should be said, that a similarity of situations naturally produces a similarity of sentiments; and that we ought not to interpret a resemblance like this, which might be casual only, to be the effect of studied imitation; another passage may be selected from the *Lusiad*, which is universally admired for its genuine sublimity, and is affirmed to be the happiest effort of unassisted genius. “The apparition, which in the night hovers athwart the Cape of Good Hope, is the grandest fiction in human composition; *the invention his own!*” See the *dissertation* prefixed to Mr. Mickle’s translation of the *Lusiad*.

There is a passage in the third book of Apollonius, to which the description of the apparition at the Cape bears a striking resemblance; I mean, the appearance of the ghost of Sthenelus, standing on his tomb, and surveying the Argonauts as they sail beside him. The description of Camoens is indeed heightened by many additional circumstances, and enriched with a profusion of the boldest images. The colouring is his own; but the first design and outlines of the piece appear to be taken from our poet.

But it is time to quit the imitators of Apollonius, and to give some account of his translators.

Dr.

Dr. Broome, well known in the literary world for the part he took in the translation of the *Odyſſey*, and for his notes annexed to it, has given an elegant verſion of the loves of *Jaſon* and *Medea*, and of the ſtory of *Talus*; which are publiſhed with his original poems. Mr. Weſt, who has transfuſed into his verſion of the odes of *Pindar* much of the ſpirit of his ſublime original, has preſented us in an *Engliſh* dreſs with one or two detached pieces from our author. Mr. Ekins has tranſlated the third book, and about two hundred lines of the fourth. Had this gentleman undertaken a verſion of the whole poem, Mr. Fawkes, I am confident, would have deſiſted from the attempt. The public has long been in poſſeſſion of ſeveral tranſlations by this latter writer. Thoſe of *Anacreon* and *Theocritus* are acknowledged to have conſiderable merit. The work before us was undertaken at the requeſt of Mr. Fawkes's particular friends: and the encreaſing number of his ſubſcribers encouraged him to perſevere in his deſign; but the completion of it was prevented by the premature ſtroke of fate. What part the editor has taken in this work, is a matter of too ſmall importance to need an explanation. But leſt his motive ſhould be miſtaken, and vanity ſhould be ſuppoſed to have inſtigated what friendſhip only ſuggeſted, he begs leave to add, as the beſt apology he can offer for engaging in this work; that with no other ambition than to aſſiſt his friend,

friend, did he comply with his solicitations to become his coadjutor ; and with no other motive does he now appear as his editor, than to enable the widow to avail herself of those generous subscriptions, for which she takes occasion here to make her thankful acknowledgments.

March 27,
1780.

THE
FIRST BOOK.

B

THE

THE ARGUMENT.

This Book commences with the list and character of the Argonauts. Before they embark, two of the chiefs quarrel; but are pacified by the harmony of Orpheus. They set sail, and land at Lemnos, an island inhabited by female warriors; who, though they had slain their husbands and turned Amazons, are so charmed with these heroes, that they admit them to their beds. Thence they sail to the country of the Dolions, and are kindly received by their king Cyzicus. Loosing from thence in the night, and being driven back by contrary winds, they are mistaken for Pelasgians, with whom the Dolions were then at war. A battle ensues, in which Cyzicus and many of his men are slain. The morning discovers the unhappy mistake. Thence they sail to Mysia. Hercules breaks his car; and while he is gone into a wood to make a new one, Hylas is stolen by a nymph, as he is stooping for water at a fountain. Hercules and Polyphemus go in search of him. Meanwhile the Argonauts leave them behind, and sail to Bithynia.

THE

T H E
A R G O N A U T I C S
O F
A P O L L O N I U S R H O D I U S.

B O O K I.

INSPIR'D by thee, O Phœbus, I resound
The glorious deeds of heroes long renown'd,
Whom Pelias urg'd the Golden Fleece to gain,
And well-built Argo wafted o'er the main,
Through the Cyanean rocks. The voice divine 5
Pronounc'd this sentence from the sacred shrine;
' Erelong, and dreadful woes, foredoom'd by fate,
' Thro' that man's counsels shall on Pelias wait,
' Whom he, before the altar of his God,
' Shall view in public with one sandal shod.' 10
And, lo! as by this oracle foretold,
What time adventurous Jason, brave and bold,
Anaurus past, high swoln with winter's flood,
He left one sandal rooted in the mud.

To Pelias, thus, the hasty prince repair'd, 15
 And the rich banquet at his altar shar'd.

The stately altar, with oblations stor'd,
 Was to his fire erected, ocean's lord,
 And every Power that in Olympus reigns,
 Save Juno, regent of Theſſalia's plains. 20

Pelias, whose looks his latent fears expreſs'd,
 Fir'd with a bold adventure Jaſon's breaſt ;
 That, ſunk in ocean, or on ſome rude ſhore
 Proſtrate, he ne'er might view his country more.
 Old bards affirm this warlike ſhip was made 25
 By ſkilful Argus, with Minerva's aid.

'Tis mine to ſing the chiefs, their names and race,
 Their tedious wanderings on the main to trace,
 And all their great achievements to rehearſe :
 Deign, ye propitious Nine, to aid my verſe. 30

First in the liſt, to join the princely bands,
 The tuneful bard, enchanting Orpheus, ſtands ;
 Whom fair Calliope, on Thracia's ſhore,
 Near Pimpla's mount, to bold Œägrus bore.
 Hard rocks he ſoften'd with perſuaſive ſong, 35
 And ſooth'd the rivers as they roll'd along.
 Yon beeches tall, that bloom near Zona, ſtill
 Remain memorials of his vocal ſkill :

His

Book I. A P O L L O N I U S R H O D I U S. 5

His lays Pieria's listening trees admire,
And move in measures to his melting lyre. 40

Thus Orpheus charm'd, who o'er the Bistons reign'd,
By Chiron's art to Jason's interest gain'd.

Afterion next; whose fire rejoic'd to till
Pirelian valleys by Phylleion's hill,
Born near Apidanus, who sportive leads 45

His winding waters thro' the fertile meads;
There where, from far, Enipeus, stream divine,
And wide Apidanus their currents join.

The son of Elatus, of deathless fame,
From fair Larissa, Polyphemus came. 50

Long since, when in the vigour of his might,
He join'd the hardy Lapithæ in fight
Against the Centaurs; now his strength declin'd
Thro' age, yet young and martial was his mind.

Not long at Phylace Iphiclus staid, 55
Great Jason's uncle; pleas'd he join'd his aid,

And march'd to meet th' adventurous band from far,
Urg'd by affinity and love of war.

Nor long Admetus, who at Pheræ reign'd,
Near high Chalcodon's bleating fields remain'd, 60

Echion, Erytus, for wiles renown'd,
Left Alope, with golden harvests crown'd;

The gainful sons of Mercury : with these
 Their brother came, the bold Æthalides ;
 Whom fair Eupolema, the Phthian, bore 65
 Where smooth Amphryfos rolls his watery store :
 Those, Menetus, from thy fair daughter sprung,
 Antianira, beautiful and young.

Coronus came, from Gyrton's wealthy town,
 Great as his fire in valour and renown, 70
 Cæneus his fire ; who, as old bards relate,
 Receiv'd from Centaurs his untimely fate.

Alone, unaided, with transcendent might,
 Boldly he fac'd, and put his foes to flight.
 But they, reviving soon, regain'd their ground ; 75
 Yet fail'd to vanquish, and they could not wound.

Unbroke, unmov'd, the chief his breath resigns,
 O'erwhelm'd beneath a monument of pines.

From Titaresus Mopsus bent his way,
 Inspir'd an augur by the God of day. 80

Eurydamas, to share fair honour's crown,
 Forsook near Xynias' lake his native town,
 Nam'd Ctimena : Menœtius join'd the band,
 Dismiss'd from Opuns by his fire's command.

Next came Eurytion, Irus' valiant son, 85
 And Eribotes, seed of Teleon.

Oileus

Oïleus join'd these heroes, fam'd afar
For stratagems and fortitude in war ;
Well skill'd the hostile squadrons to subdue,
Bold in attack, and ardent to pursue. 90
Next, by Canethus, son of Abans, sent,
Ambitious Canthus from Eubœa went ;
Doom'd ne'er again to reach his native shore,
Nor view the towers of proud Cerinthus more.
For thus decreed the destinies severe, 95
That he and Mopsus, venerable seer,
After long toils and various wanderings past,
On Afric's dreary coast should breathe their last.
How short the term assign'd to human woe,
Clos'd, as it is, by death's decisive blow ! 100
On Afric's dreary coast their graves were made,
From Phasis distant far their bones were laid ;
Far as the east and western limits run,
Far as the rising from the setting sun,
Clytius and Iphitus unite their aid, 105
Who all the country round Æchalia sway'd ;
These were the sons of Eurytus the proud,
On whom his bow the God of day bestow'd ;
But he, devoid of gratitude, defy'd,
And challeng'd Phœbus with a rival's pride. 110

The sons of Æacus, intrepid race!
Separate advanc'd, and from a different place.
For when their brother unawares they flew,
From fair Ægina diverse they withdrew.

Fair Salamis king Telamon obey'd, 115

And valiant Peleus Phthia's sceptre sway'd.

Next Butes came from fam'd Cecropia far.

Brave Teleon's son, a chief renown'd in war.

To wield the deadly lance Phalerus boasts,

Who, by his fire commission'd, joins the hosts : 120

No son, save this, e'er bless'd the hoary sage,

And this heaven gave him in declining age :

Yet him he sent, disdaining abject fears,

To shine conspicuous 'midst his gallant peers.

Theseus, far more than all his race renown'd, 125

Fast in the cave of Tænarus was bound

With adamantine fetters, (dire abode!)

E'er since he trod th' irremeable road

With his belov'd Pirithoüs : had they fail'd,

Much had their might, their courage much avail'd. 130

Boeotian Tiphys came, experienc'd well

Old ocean's foaming surges to foretell,

Experienc'd well the stormy winds to shun,

And steer his vessel by the stars, or sun.

Book I. APOLLONIUS RHODIUS. 9

Minerva urg'd him by her high command, 135

A welcome mate to join the princely band.

For she the ship had form'd with heavenly skill,

Tho' Argus wrought the dictates of her will.

Thus plann'd, thus fashion'd, this fam'd ship excell'd

The noblest ships by oar or sail impell'd. 140

From Aræthyrea, that near Corinth lay,

Phlias, the son of Bacchus, bent his way :

Bless'd by his fire, his splendid mansion stood

Fast by the fountains of Asopus' flood.

From Argos next the sons of Bias came, 145

Areius, Talaus, candidates for fame,

With bold Leodocus, whom Pero bore,

Neleus' fair daughter, on the Argive shore ;

For whom Melampus various woes sustain'd,

In a deep dungeon by Iphiclus chain'd. 150

Next Hercules, endued with dauntless mind,

At Jason's summons, stay'd not long behind.

For warn'd of this adventurous band, when last

The chief to Argos from Arcadia past,

(What time in chains he brought the living boar, 155

The dread, the bane of Erymanthia's moor,

And at the gate of proud Mycenæ's town,

From his broad shoulders hurl'd the monster down :)

Unask'd

Unask'd the stern Mycenian king's consent,
Instant to join the warlike host he went. 160
Young Hylas waited with obsequious care,
The hero's quiver and his bow to bear.
Next came, the list of demigods to grace,
He who from Danaüs deriv'd his race,
Nauplius ; of whom fam'd Prætus was the son, 165
Of Prætus Lernus ; thus the lineage run :
From Lernus Naubolus his being claim'd,
Whose valiant son was Clytoneüs nam'd.
In navigation's various arts confess'd
Shone Nauplius' skill, superior to the rest : 170
Him to the sea's dread lord, in days of yore,
Danaüs' fair daughter, Amydone bore.
Last of those chiefs who left the Grecian coast,
Prophetic Idmon join'd the gallant host ;
(Full well he knew what cruel fate ordain'd ; 175
But dreaded more than death his honour stain'd)
The son of Phœbus by some stolen embrace,
And number'd too with Æolus's race,
He learn'd his art prophetic from his fire,
Omens from birds and prodigies from fire. 180
Illustrious Pollux, fam'd for martial force,
And Castor, skill'd to guide the rapid horse,

Ætolian

Ætolian Leda sent from Sparta's shore :
Both at one birth in Tyndarus' house she bore.
No boding fears her generous mind depress'd ; 185
She thought like them whom Jove's embrace had bless'd.
Lynceus and Idas, from Arene's wall,
Heard fame's loud summons, and obey'd her call :
The sons of Aphareus, of matchless might,
But Lynceus stands renown'd for piercing fight : 190
So keen his beam, that ancient fables tell,
He saw, thro' earth, the wondrous depths of hell.
With these bold Periclymenus appears,
The son of Neleus, most advanc'd in years
Of all his race ; his fire's unconquer'd pride : 195
Him with vast strength old ocean's lord supply'd,
And gave the power, when hard in battle press'd,
To take whatever form might suit him best.
From Tegea's towers, where bore Aphidas sway,
Amphidamas and Cepheus took their way, 200
The sons of Aleus both ; and with them went
Ancæus, by his fire Lycurgus sent.
Of those the brother, and by birth the first,
Was good Lycurgus ; tenderly he nurs'd
His fire at home ; but bade his gallant son 205
With the bold chiefs the race of glory run,

On his broad back a bear's rough spoils he wore,
And in his hand a two-edg'd pole-axe bore,
Which, that the youth might in no danger share,
Were safe secreted by his grandfire's care. 210

Augeas too, lord of the Elean coast,
Sail'd, brave associate, with the warlike host.

Rich in possessions, of his riches proud,
Fame says his being to the Sun he ow'd.
Ardent he wish'd to see the Colchian shore, 215
And old Æeta who the sceptre bore.

Afterius and Amphion, urg'd by fame,
The valiant sons of Hyperasius, came
From fair Pellene, built in days of yore
By Pelle's grandfire on the lofty shore. 220

From Tænarus, that yawns with gulf profound,
Euphemus came, for rapid race renown'd.

By Neptune forc'd, Europa gave him birth,
Daughter to Tityus, hugest son of Earth.

Whene'er he skimm'd along the watery plain, 225
With feet unbath'd he swept the surging main,
Scarce brush'd the surface of the briny dew,
And light along the liquid level flew.

Two other sons of Neptune join'd the host,
This from Miletus on th' Ionian coast, 230

Erginus

Erginus nam'd, but that from Samos came,
Juno's lov'd isle, Ancæus was his name;
Illustrious chiefs, and both renown'd afar
For the joint arts of sailing and of war.

Young Meleager, Æneus' warlike son, 235
And sage Laocoon march'd from Calydon.

From the same father he and Æneus sprung;
But on the breasts of different mothers hung.

Him Æneus purpos'd with his son to send,
A wise companion, and a faithful friend. 240

Thus to the royal chiefs his name he gave,
And green in years was number'd with the brave.
Had he continu'd but one summer more

A martial pupil on th' Ætolian shore,
First on the lists of fame the youth had shone, 245
Or own'd superior Hercules alone.

His uncle too, well-skill'd the dart to throw,
And in th' embattled plain resist the foe,

Iphiclus, venerable Thestius' son,
Join'd the young chief, and boldly led him on. 250

The son of Lernus, Palæmonius, came,
Olenian Lernus; but the voice of fame

Whispers, that Vulcan was the hero's fire,
And therefore limps he like the God of fire.

Of nobler port or valour none could boast ; 255
He added grace to Jason's godlike host.
From Phocis Iphitus with ardour press'd
To join the chiefs ; great Jason was his guest,
When to the Delphic Oracle he went,
Consulting fate, and anxious for th' event. 260
Zetes and Calais of royal race,
Whom Orithyia bore in wintry Thrace
To blustering Boreas in his airy hall,
Heard fame's loud summons, and obey'd the call.
Erechtheus, who th' Athenian sceptre sway'd, 265
Was parent of the violated maid,
Whom dancing with her mates rude Boreas stole,
Where the fam'd waters of Ilissus roll ;
And to his rock-fenc'd Sarpedonian cave
Convey'd her, where Erginus pours his wave: 270
There, circumfus'd in gloom and grateful shade,
The god of tempests woo'd the gentle maid.
They, when on tip-toe rais'd, in act to fly,
Like the light-pinion'd vagrants of the sky,
Wav'd their dark wings, and, wondrous to behold! 275
Display'd each plume distinct with drops of gold ;
While down their backs, of bright cerulean hue,
Loose in the winds their wanton tresses flew.

Book I. APOLLONIUS RHODIUS. 15

Not long with Pelias young Acastus stay'd;
He left his sire to lend the Grecians aid. 280

Argus, whom Pallas with her gifts inspir'd,
Follow'd his friend, with equal glory fir'd.

Such the compeers of Jason highly fam'd;
And all these demigods were Minyans nam'd.
The most illustrious heroes of the host 285
Their lineage from the seed of Minyas boast:
For Minyas' daughter, Clymena the fair,
Alcimedea, great Jason's mother, bare.

When all was furnish'd by the busy band
Which vessels destin'd for the main demand; 290
The heroes from Iölcös bent their way
To the fam'd port, the Pagasæan bay,
And deep-environ'd with thick-gathering crowds,
They shone like stars resplendent thro' the clouds.
Then thus among the rout, with wondering look, 295
Some swain survey'd the bright-arm'd chiefs and spoke:
' Say, what can Pelias, mighty Jove, intend,
' Far, far from Greece so great a force to send!
' Sure, should Æeta spurn the sons of Greece,
' And to their claims refuse the golden Fleece, 300
' That self-same day shall see his palace, crown'd
' With glittering turrets, levell'd to the ground.

' But

‘ But endless toils pursue them as they go,

‘ And Fate hath mark’d their desperate steps with woe.’

Thus, when he saw the delegated bands, 305

Spoke the rude swain with heaven-uplifted hands :

The gentler females thus the Gods implore ;

“ Safe may they reach again their native shore :”

And thus some matron mild her mind express’d ;

(Tears in her eye, and terrors at her breast) 310

‘ Unfortunate Alcimeda, thy fate

‘ Now frowns malignant, tho’ it frowns so late ;

‘ Nor wills the tenor of thy life to run

‘ Serene and peaceful, as it first begun.

‘ On Ælon too attend unnumber’d woes ; 315

‘ Far, better far, a lingering life to close,

‘ And bury all his sorrows in the tomb,

‘ Unconscious of calamities to come.

‘ Oh ! had both Phrixus and the ram been drown’d,

‘ When Helle perish’d in the gulf profound : 320

‘ But the dire monster was with voice endu’d,

‘ And human accents from his mouth ensu’d,

‘ To sad Alcimeda denouncing strife,

‘ And woes to cloud the evening of her life.’

Thus spoke some matron as the heroes went ; 325

Around their lords the menial train lament :

Alcimeda

Alcimedea embrac'd her son with tears,
 Each breast was chill'd with sad presaging fears.
 Age-drooping Æson heard the general moan, 329
 Wrapp'd in soft robes, and answer'd groan for groan.
 But Jafon sooths their fears, their bosom warms,
 And bids his servants bring the burnish'd arms.
 They, with a downcast look and lowly bow,
 Obey their chief with silent steps and flow.
 The pensive Queen, while tears bedew her face, 335
 Her son still circles with a fond embrace.
 Thus to her nurse an infant orphan springs,
 And weeps unceasing as she closely clings ;
 Experienc'd insults make her loath to stay
 Beneath a step-dame's proud, oppressive sway. 340
 Thus in her royal breast the sorrows pent
 Forc'd sighs and tears, and struggled for a vent.
 Still in her arms she held her favourite son,
 And comfortless with faltering speech begun :
 ' Oh had I died on that detested day, 345
 ' And with my sorrows sigh'd my soul away,
 ' When Pelias publish'd his severe decree,
 ' Severe and fatal to my son and me !
 ' Thyself had then my aged eyelids clos'd,
 ' And those dear hands my decent limbs compos'd ; 350

‘ This boon alone I wish’d thee to impart,
 This wish alone lay dormant at my heart.
 ‘ But now, alas ! tho’ first of Grecian names,
 ‘ Admir’d and envy’d by Theſſalian dames,
 ‘ I, like an hand-maid, now am left behind, 355
 ‘ Bereav’d of all tranquillity of mind.
 ‘ By thee rever’d, in dignity I ſuone,
 ‘ And firſt and laſt for thee unloos’d my zone.
 ‘ For unrelenting hate Lucina bore,
 ‘ Thee, one lov’d ſon, ſhe gave, but gave no more. 360
 ‘ Alas ! not ev’n the viſions of the night
 ‘ Foretold ſuch fatal woes from Phrixus’ flight.’
 Thus mourn’d Alcimeda ; her handmaids hear,
 Sigh back her ſighs, and answer tear with tear.
 Then Jaſon theſe conſoling words addreſs’d, 365
 To ſooth the riſing anguiſh of her breaſt :
 “ Ceafe, mother, ceafe exceſs of grief to ſhow,
 “ Oh ! ceafe this wild extravagance of woe.
 “ Tears cannot make one dire diſaſter leſs ;
 “ They cheriſh grief, and aggravate diſtreſs. 370
 “ Wiſely and juſtly have the Gods aſſign’d
 “ Unthought-of miſeries to all mankind.
 “ The lot they give you, tho’ perchance ſevere,
 “ Conſiding in Minerva, bravely bear.

“ Minerva

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“ Minerva first this bold adventure mov’d, 375

“ Apollo, and the Oracles approv’d.

“ These calls of heaven our confidence command,

“ Join’d with the valour of this princely band.

“ Haste, royal mother, to your native tow’rs,

“ Pass with your handmaids there the peaceful hours.

“ Forebode not here calamities to come: 381

“ Your female train will re-conduct you home.”

He spoke; and from the palace bent his way,

Graceful of port; so moves the god of day

At Delos, from his odour-breathing fanes, 385

Or Claros situate on Ionian plains,

Or Lycia’s ample shores, where Xanthus leads

His winding waters thro’ irriguous meads.

Thus Jason march’d majestic thro’ the crowd,

And Fame auspicious rais’d her voice aloud: 390

When lo! the priestess of Diana came,

Their guardian Goddess, Iphias was her name,

Bending with age, and kiss’d the chief’s right hand;

In vain she wish’d to speak; the hasty band

With speedy footsteps from the dame withdrew, 395

And Jason mingled with his valiant crew.

Then from the tower-fenc’d town he bent his way,

And reach’d ere long the Pagasæan bay;

There join'd his comrades waiting on the coast,
And there saluted his confederate host. 400

When from Iölcös, lo, the wondering train
Observe Acastus hastening o'er the plain,
And with him Argus, his compeer and friend ;
Unknown to Pelias, to the ship they tend.

Argus around his brawny shoulders flung 405
A bull's black spoils that to his ancles hung.

Acastus wore a mantle rich and gay,
Wrought by his sister, lovely Pelopa.

Thus rob'd, the chiefs approach'd the crowded shore ;
Illustrious Jason stay'd not to explore 410

What cause so long detain'd them, but commands
To council all the delegated bands.

On shrouds and sails that cover'd half the beach,
And the tall, tapering mast, in order each,
The heroes sat ; then rising o'er the rest, 415
His bold associates Jason thus address'd :

‘ Since now the stores lie ready on the strand,
‘ And since our chiefs and arms are all at hand,
‘ No longer let us waste the golden day,
‘ But the first summons of the breeze obey. 420
‘ And, since we all with equal ardour burn
‘ For Colchian spoils, and hope a safe return,

‘ Impartial

‘ Impartial choose some hero fam’d afar
‘ To guide the vessel, and conduct the war,
‘ Let him, your sovereign chief, with foreign foes 425
‘ The terms of treaty, and of fight propose.’

He spoke ; with earnest eyes the youthful band
Mark bold Alcides for supreme command ;
On him with voice unanimous they call,
Own him their leader, and the lord of all. 430

In the mid circle sat the godlike man,
His broad right hand he wav’d, and thus began :

“ Let none to me this arduous task assign,
“ For I the glory with the charge decline.
“ Jason alone shall lead this valiant band, 435
“ The chief who rais’d it, let that chief command.”

Thus briefly spoke th’ unconquerable man ;
Loud approbation thro’ the circle ran !
Then Jason rose, (complacence fill’d his breast)
And thus the pleas’d, attentive throng address’d : 440

‘ Friends and associates, since your wills decree
‘ This great, this honourable trust to me,
‘ No longer be our enterprize delay’d :
‘ To Phœbus first be due oblations paid ;
‘ Let then a short repast our strength renew : 445
‘ And, till my herdsmen to our gallant crew

‘ With beeves return, the best my stalls contain,
‘ Strive we to launch our vessel in the main.
‘ And when close stow’d our military stores,
‘ Each take his post, and ply the nimble oars. 450
‘ To Phœbus first, Embasian Phœbus, raise
‘ The smoaking altar ; let the victims blaze.
‘ He promis’d, if due rites to him I pay,
‘ To point thro’ ocean’s paths our dubious way.’

He said, and instant to the task he flew ; 455
Example fir’d his emulative crew.

They heap’d their vestments on a rock, that stood,
Far from the insults of the roaring flood,
But, in times past, when wintry storms prevail’d,
Th’ encroaching waves its towering top assail’d. 460

As Argus counsel’d, with strong ropes they bound,
Compacting close, the vessel round and round ;
Then with stout nails the sturdy planks they join’d,
To brave the fury of the waves or wind :
Next delv’d with spades a channel deep and wide, 465
Thro’ which the ship might launch into the tide.

Near to the water deeper was the way,
Where wooden cylinders transversely lay ;
On these they heav’d the vessel from the plain,
To roll her, smoothly-gliding, to the main. 470

Then

Then to the benches, tapering oars they fix'd;
 A cubit's measure was the space betwixt:
 This was the station for the labouring bands,
 To tug with bending breasts, and out-stretch'd hands.
 First Tiphys mounted on th' aerial prow 475
 To issue orders 'to the train below,
 That at his word, their strength uniting, all
 Might join together, and together haul.
 With eager look th' attentive heroes stand,
 And wait impatient till he gave command; 480
 Then all at once, with full exerted sway,
 They move her from the station where she lay,
 And pushing instant, as the pilot guides,
 On smooth round rollers Pelian Argo glides;
 Glibly she glides; loud shouts the jovial band; 485
 They haul, they pull, they push her from the strand.
 Beneath the huge hulk groan the rollers strong;
 Black smoke arises as she moves along;
 With swift descent she rushes to the main:
 Coercive ropes her rapid race restrain. 490
 Then, next, their sails they hoisted, fix'd their oars,
 The mast erected, and embark'd the stores.
 By lots on benches were the heroes plac'd,
 And with two heroes every bench was grac'd.

On great Alcides, formidable name, 495

And on Ancæus, who from Tegea came,

With voice unanimous, the martial host

Bestow'd the centre's honourable post.

To watchful Tiphys was the helm assign'd,

To stem the waves, and catch the favouring wind. 500

This done, with stones beside the shore which lay,

They rear'd an altar to the God of day,

Embasian Phœbus, and the surface round

With the dry branches of an olive crown'd.

Meanwhile the herdsmen drove two beeves well fed

From Jason's stalls ; youths to the altar led 506

The victims ; some brought water from the lake ;

Some the due offering of the salted cake,

Jason, while these the sacrifice prepare,

Thus to his parent God prefers his pray'r : 510

‘ Patron of Pagasæ, thine ear we claim,

‘ Guard of the city grac'd with Æson's name :

‘ When to consult thine oracle I went,

‘ It promis'd to reveal this great event,

‘ The final issue of our bold emprise : 515

‘ On thee, chief author, all our hope relies.

‘ Conduct my comrades to the far-fam'd Fleece,

‘ Then safe restore them to the realms of Greece.

‘ And

‘ And here I vow, whatever chiefs return,
 ‘ So many bulls shall on thine altar burn; 520
 ‘ A sacrifice at Delphos is decreed,
 ‘ And in Ortygia shall the victims bleed.
 ‘ But now these humble offerings which we pay,
 ‘ Gracious accept, far-darting God of day.
 ‘ Be thou, O father, our auspicious guide, 525
 ‘ When hence we sail across the sounding tide.
 ‘ Smooth the rough billows, and let breezes bland
 ‘ Propitious waft us to the Colchian land.’

Thus pray’d he suppliant, and prepar’d to make
 The sacred offering of the salted cake. 530

Alcides, fam’d for manly strength and sway,
 And bold Ancæus rose the beeves to slay.
 Alcides’ club impress’d a deadly wound
 On the steer’s front, and fell’d him to the ground.
 Thy axe, Ancæus, at one sturdy stroke, 535
 The steer’s skull fractur’d, and the neck-bone broke,
 Down fell the victim, floundering with the blow,
 Prone on his horns, and plough’d the sand below.
 The ready train, that round in order stood,
 Stab the fallen beeves, and shed the life-warm blood;
 Then from the body strip the smoaking hide, 541
 The beasts they quarter, and the joints divide;

The thighs devoted to the Gods they part,
 On these the fat, involv'd in cawls, with art
 They spread, and as the lambent flame devours, 545
 The Grecian chief the pure libation pours.

Joy fill'd the breast of Idmon to behold,
 How from the thighs the flame relucant roll'd
 In purple volumes, and propitious smoke ;
 And thus the seer, inspir'd by Phœbus, spoke : 550

‘ Tho’ various perils your attempt oppose,
 ‘ And toils unnumber’d bring unnumber’d woes ;
 ‘ Yet shall ye safe return, ye sons of Greece,
 ‘ Adorn’d with conquest, and the golden Fleece.
 ‘ Me cruel Fate ordains on Asia’s shore 555

‘ To die, nor e’er behold my country more.
 ‘ And tho’ my destiny long fix’d I knew,
 ‘ Yet, still resolv’d, I join’d the martial crew ;
 ‘ Inflam’d with glory to the host I came,
 ‘ Of life regardless, emulous of fame.’ 560

Thus he ; the host the fate of Idmon mourn,
 But joy transports them for their wish’d return.

The sun, remitting now his fiercer ray,
 Pours from the west the faint remains of day :
 Low as he sinks, the lofty rocks expand 565
 Their lengthen’d shadows o’er the distant land.

On leafy couches now the warlike train
Repose along the beach that skirts the main.
Before the chiefs are savoury viands plac'd,
And generous wines, delicious to the taste. 570

The hours in mutual converse they employ,
In festive songs and undissembled joy.

Thus at the banquet sport the young and gay,
When Mirth breaks in, and Envy skulks away.

But not unmark'd was Jason's pensive look ; 575
Idas beheld him, and licentious spoke :

‘ What doubts, what fears do Æson's son perplex ?

‘ What dangers fright him, and what sorrows vex ?

‘ Proclaim thy thoughts : or is thy dubious mind

‘ Dismay'd with terrours of the dastard kind ? 580

‘ Now by this stout, unconquer'd lance, I swear,

‘ On which in war victorious wreaths I bear,

‘ (Scorning from Jove's assistance to receive

‘ Those palms, which this resistless lance can give)

‘ No foes shall brave, no wiles of war withstand, 585

‘ Tho' Jove frown adverse, this impetuous hand.

‘ Such Idas is, for prowess fam'd afar,

‘ Arene's boast, the thunder-bolt of war.’

This said, the boaster seiz'd a goblet, fill'd
With racy wine, and to the bottom swill'd. 590

O'er

O'er his black beard and cheeks the liquor flow'd :

Th' assembled host with indignation glow'd.

Then Idmon rose and boldly thus reply'd :

“ Vain wretch ! to brand our leader and our guide ;

“ And more irreverent still, thus flush'd with wine, 595

“ To dare reproach superior powers divine.

“ Far different speech must cheer the social train ;

“ Thy words are brutish, and thy boasts are vain.

“ Thus, fame reports, the Aloïdæ strove

“ Long since to irritate the powers above 600

“ By vile aspersions, infamously free ;

“ Yet they in valour far exceeded thee.

“ Slain by the shafts of Phœbus, down they fell,

“ Tho' high aspiring, to the depths of Hell.”

He said ; but Idas, with sarcastic sneer, 605

Laughing, provok'd the venerable seer :

‘ Declare, wise augur, if the Gods decree,

‘ The same perdition shall be hurl'd on me,

‘ Which fam'd Aloëus' impious sons befell

‘ When slain by Phœbus, and condemn'd to hell. 610

‘ Meantime escape, or manfully withstand,

‘ Vain seer, the fury of this vengeful hand.’

Thus Idas spoke, impatient of controul,

And rising rage inflam'd his fiery soul ;

Nor

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Nor had they here ceas'd fiercely to contest, 615

But Jason and his friends their wrath repress'd.

'Twas then, the jarring heroes to compose,

Th' enchanting bard, Oeagrian Orpheus rose,

And thus, attuning to the trembling strings

His soothing voice, of harmony he sings : 620

“ How at the first, beneath chaotic fway,

“ Heaven, earth and sea in wild disorder lay ;

“ Till nature parted the conflicting foes,

“ And beauteous order from confusion rose.

“ How in yon bright etherial fields above 625

“ The lucid stars in constant orbits move ;

“ How the pale queen of night and golden sun,

“ Thro' months, and years their radiant journeys run :

“ Whence rose the mountains, clad with waving woods,

“ The crystal founts, and hoarse-resounding floods, 630

“ With all their nymphs ; from what celestial seed

“ Springs the vast species of the serpent breed :

“ How o'er the new-created world below,

“ On high Olympus' summits crown'd with snow,

“ Ophion, and, from ocean sprung of old, 635

“ The fair Eurynome reign'd uncontroll'd :

“ How haughty Saturn, with superior fway

“ Exil'd Ophion from the realms of day ;

“ Eurynome

“ Eurynome before proud Rhea fled,
“ And how both sunk in ocean’s billowy bed. 640
“ Long time they rul’d the blest Titanian Gods,
“ While infant Jove possess’d the dark abodes
“ Of Dictè’s cave; yet uninform’d his mind
“ With heavenly wisdom, and his hand confin’d.
“ Forg’d by earth’s giant sons, with livid rays 645
“ Flam’d not as yet the lightning’s piercing blaze;
“ Nor roar’d the thunder thro’ the realms above,
“ The strength and glory of almighty Jove.”

Here the sweet bard his tuneful lyre unstrung,
And ceas’d the heavenly music of his tongue; 650
But, with the sound entranc’d, the listening ear
Still thought him singing, and still seem’d to hear:
In silent rapture every chief remains,
And feels within his heart the thrilling strains.
Forthwith the bowl they crown with rosy wine, 655
And pay due honours to the powers divine;
Then on the flaming tongues libations pour,
And wait salubrious sleep’s composing hour.
Soon as the bright-ey’d morning’s splendid ray
On Pelion’s summit pour’d the welcome day, 660
Light skimm’d the breezes o’er the liquid plain,
And gently swell’d the fluctuating main;

Then

Then Tiphys rose, and, summon'd by his care,
Embark the heroes, and their oars prepare.

Portentous now along the winding shores 665

Hoarse founding Pagasæan Neptune roars :

From Pelian Argo's keel loud murmurs broke,

Urgent to sail ; the keel of sacred oak,

Endu'd with voice, and marvellously wrought,

Itonian Pallas from Dodona brought. 670

Now on their destin'd posts, arrang'd along,

In seemly order sat the princely throng ;

Fast by each chief his glittering armour flames :

The midmost station bold Ancæus claims,

With great Alcides, (whose enormous might 675

Arm'd with a massy club provokes the fight,)

Close plac'd beside him : in the yielding flood

The keel deep-sinking owns the demigod.

Their hauers now they loose, and on the brine

To Neptune pour the consecrated wine: 680

Then from his native shore sad Jason turns

His oft-reverted eye, and silent mourns.

As in Ortygia, or the Delphic fane,

Or where Ismenus laves Bœotia's plain,

Apollo's altar round, the youthful quire, 685

The dance according with the founding lyre,

The

The hallow'd ground with equal cadence beat,
And move in measure their alternate feet ;
Together so Thessalia's princes sweep
With well-tim'd oars the silver-curling deep : 690
While, raising high the Thracian harp, presides
Melodious Orpheus, and the movement guides.
Dash'd by their oars the foaming billows broke,
And loud remurmur'd to each mighty stroke.
Swift sail'd the ship, the sun refulgent beam'd, 695
And bright as flame their glittering armour gleam'd.
While to their outstretch'd oars the heroes bow,
The parted ocean whitening foams below.
So shines the path, along some grassy plain,
Worn by the footsteps of the village-swain. 700
Th' immortal powers that Jove's proud palace crown,
All on that memorable day look'd down,
The godlike chiefs and Argo to survey,
As thro' the deep they urg'd their daring way.
Then too on Pelion's cloud-capt summit stood 705
The Nymphs that wander in that sacred wood ;
Wondering they view'd below the sailing pine,
(Itonian Pallas fram'd the work divine)
And bold Thessalia's labouring heroes sweep
With stretching oars the navigable deep. 710

Lo !

Lo! from the mountain's topmost cliff descends
The Centaur Chiron; to the shore he bends
His hasty footsteps: on the beach he stood,
And dipp'd his fetlocks in the hoary flood.
He hail'd the heroes with his big, broad hand, 715
And wish'd them safe to gain their native land.
With Chiron came Chariclo to the shore;
The young Achilles in her arms she bore.
Peleus, his sire, with secret pleasure smil'd,
As high in air she rais'd the royal child. 720
And now the winding bay's safe precincts past,
Thessalian Argo plough'd the watery waste;
On Tiphys' care the valiant chiefs rely'd,
To steer the vessel o'er the foaming tide,
The smooth well-modell'd rudder to command, 725
Obsequious to the movement of his hand.
And next inserting in the keel below
The mast tall-tapering, to the stern and prow,
With ropes that thro' the rolling pulleys glide,
They rear upright, and firm on every side. 730
Then high in air the swelling sails they raise,
While on their bosoms buxom Zephyr plays.
With favouring gales their steady course they keep
To where Tifæum frowns upon the deep.

Meanwhile sweet Orpheus, as they sail'd along, 735
Rais'd to Diana the melodious song,
Who sav'd them, where her guardian power presides,
From treacherous rocks that lurk beneath the tides.
The fish in shoals, attentive to his lay,
Pursu'd the poet o'er the watery way; 740
And oft emerging from their liquid sphere,
Strove more distinct his heavenly notes to hear.
As sheep in flocks thick-pasturing on the plain
Attend the footsteps of the shepherd-swain,
His well-known call they hear, and fully fed, 745
Pace slowly on, their leader at their head;
Who pipes melodious, as he moves along,
On sprightly reeds his modulated song:
Thus charm'd with tuneful sounds, the scaly train
Pursu'd the flying vessel o'er the main. 750
And now the winds with favouring breezes blew,
Corn-crown'd Thessalia lessen'd to the view,
The Grecian heroes pass by Pelion's steep,
Whose rocky summit nodded o'er the deep.
Now Sepias' cliffs beneath the waves subside, 755
And sea-girt Sciathos surmounts the tide.
Next, but far distant, was Pireniæ seen,
(Built on Magnesia's continent serene)

And

And Dolops' tomb, for this pacific shore,
 Blest with mild evening's soften'd gales, they bore.
 To him with victims was an altar crown'd, 761
 While night prevail'd, and ocean roar'd around.
 Two days they tarried, till propitious gales
 Rose with the third, and bellied all their sails.
 Assiduous then, the well-known shore they fill, 765
 The shore call'd Aphetæ of Argo still.
 Next Melibœa, on Thessalia's shore,
 They pass, where winds and thundering tempests roar.
 At early dawn, incumbent o'er the deep,
 They view high Omole's aspiring steep. 770
 Next by the streams of Amyrus they steer,
 And where thy vales, Eurymena, appear,
 And Ossa and Olympus' shady brow;
 Loud from deep caverns gush the waves below.
 By night beside Pallene's heights they sail, 775
 And rough Canastra frowning o'er the vale.
 But when the morn display'd her orient light,
 Tall Athos rose conspicuous to the sight;
 Which tho' from Lemnos far remov'd it lay,
 As far as ships can sail till noon of day, 780
 Yet the proud mountain's high-exalted head,
 A gloom umbrageous o'er Myrina spread.

All day till eve the soft, indulgent gales
Their succour lent, and fill'd the swelling sails.
But when with eve the breezes ceas'd to blow, 785
The mariners to Sintian Lemnos row,
Ill-fated island ! where the female train
Had all the males, the year preceding, slain.
For, deep-enamour'd with the nymphs of Thrace,
The men declin'd the conjugal embrace ; 790
Their wives they slighted, and unwary led
War's pleasing spoils, fair captives, to their bed.
For angry Venus robb'd of love's delights
The Lemnian females, for neglected rites.
Ah miserable train ! with envy curs'd 795
And jealousy, of passions far the worst !
One fatal night this unrelenting crew
Their mates, and all the lovely captives, slew,
And every male ; left in the course of time
Should rise some hero to revenge the crime. 800
Hypsipyla alone, illustrious maid,
Spar'd her sire Thoas, who the sceptre sway'd ;
With pious care, in reverence to his age,
In a capacious ark she plac'd the sage,
Confiding in the mercy of the wave 805
The monarch from the massacre to save.

Some

Some faithful fishers, to their mandate just,
 Convey'd with care the delegated trust
 Safe to a neighbouring, sea-surrounded shore,
 Ænœa nam'd, so nam'd in days of yore, 810
 Now Sicinum; from Sicinus it takes
 Its title, whom a naiad of the lakes,
 The nymph Ænœa, beautiful and fair,
 Compress'd by Thoas, to the monarch bare.
 The widow'd Lemnians, tho' by waves secur'd, 815
 Oft shone in arms, to martial toils inur'd.
 To feed their cattle was their daily care,
 Or cleave the furrow with the crooked share:
 Expert at these, Minerva's arts they scorn'd,
 Which once employ'd them, and which once adorn'd.
 Oft to the main, oppress'd with dire alarms, 821
 They look'd; for much they fear'd the Thracian arms.
 And when Thessalian Argo caught their view,
 Quick from Myrina to the shore they flew.
 All clad in glittering arms they press'd the strand,
 Impetuous; (like the Bacchanalian band, 826
 When with raw flesh their horrid feasts they close;)
 They deem'd the vessel stor'd with Thracian foes.
 Hypsipyla advanc'd among the rest,
 In the bright armour of her father dress'd; 830

Anxious, astonish'd all the dames appear,
And by their silence testified their fear.
Meanwhile Æthalides the heroes send ;
To him their peaceful mandates they commend.
Invested with the office of the God, 835
They grace their herald too with Hermes' rod,
Hermes his fire ; who bless'd his favourite heir
With memory nor time, nor place impair.
In vain around him Acheron's waters roll ;
They pour no dull oblivion o'er his soul. 840
To him the fates this privilege bestow,
By turns to wander with the shades below ;
By turns with men to view the golden day,
And feel the sun's invigorating ray.
But why expatiate on such themes as these ? 845
Why tell the fame of great Æthalides ?
The herald to Hypsipyla address'd,
With mild benevolence, this joint request ;
That now, at evening-close, the friendly land
Might hospitably treat this gallant band, 850
Who fear'd at morn to hoist their swelling sails,
For Boreas blew with unpropitious gales.

The queen had summon'd to the council-hall
The Lemnian dames, the dames obey'd her call ;

Who

Book I. APOLLONIUS RHODIUS. 39

Who mildly, with persuasion in her look, 855

In order rang'd, the heroines bespoke :

‘ Let us, my mates, and ye my words attend,
‘ Commodious presents to these strangers send ;
‘ Such as their friends to mariners consign,
‘ Salubrious viands, and delicious wine ; 860
‘ So will they peaceful on our borders stay,
‘ Nor need compel them to the town to stray.
‘ Here will they learn the story of our guilt,
‘ The vows we broke, the kindred blood we spilt ;
‘ And sure a tale, thus horrid, must appear 865
‘ Cruel and impious to a foreign ear.
‘ These are the counsels of your faithful friend,
‘ Prompt to advise, and steady to defend.
‘ She who can furnish counsel more discreet,
‘ Now let her offer—for this cause we meet.’ 870

Thus spoke the queen, and press'd her father's
throne,

A royal seat, compos'd of solid stone.

Then rose Polyxo, venerable dame,

Once the queen's nurse, oppress'd with age, and lame ;

A staff sustain'd her (for her limbs were weak) 875

Tottering with age, yet vehement to speak.

Near her four damsels, blooming, fresh and fair,

Sat crown'd with ringlets of the whitest hair.

Full in the midst she stood, then rais'd her head,
Her back was bent with years, and thus she said : 880

‘ The queen’s advice I greatly must commend,
‘ Commodious presents to our guests to send.
‘ And what more saving counsel shall I give
‘ To those my friends who shall hereafter live ;
‘ Whene’er the sons of Thrace, or hostile hosts 885
‘ From other kingdoms shall infest our coasts ;
‘ Which well may happen, we must all allow,
‘ As this invasion that alarms us now ?
‘ But should some God avert th’ impending ill,
‘ Yet greater evils may befall, and will. 890
‘ For when the oldest die, as die they must,
‘ And our wise matrons be transform’d to dust,
‘ And you, now young, oppress’d at last with age,
‘ Shall unprolific tread life’s irksome stage :
‘ What wretched mortals ye, who then survive ! 895
‘ Who to their labour, then, the steers shall drive ?
‘ Will oxen then their necks spontaneous bow
‘ Beneath the yoke, and drag the ponderous plough ?
‘ Or will they reap the harvest on the plain,
‘ And every autumn house the golden grain ? 900
‘ I, tho’ preserv’d to this important day,
‘ (For death from me abhorrent turns away,)

‘ Yet,

‘ Yet, ere the sun compleats his annual round,
‘ If right I judge, shall mingle with the ground,
‘ Lodg’d in the lap of Earth, at Nature’s call, 905
‘ And ’scape the ruin that involves you all.
‘ Hear then, young damsels, what my years advise;
‘ Before you now the fair occasion lies :
‘ Commit your city to these strangers’ care,
‘ Let them your mansions and possessions share.’ 910

She spoke, pleas’d murmurs fill’d the spacious hall;
Polyxo’s counsel was approv’d by all.

From her fire’s throne Hypsipyla arose,

Thus in few words the conference to close :

“ My mates, since all this sage advice commend, 915
“ An instant message to the ship I send.”

She said, and to Iphinoë gave command ;

“ Haste, find the leader of yon martial band,

“ Invite him (of our amity a proof)

“ To lodge beneath my hospitable roof ; 920

“ There time will furnish leisure to relate

“ The genius and the manners of our state.

“ But let his comrades rove, as pleasure leads,

“ And pitch their tents along the fertile meads ;

“ Or to the tower-defended town repair, 925

“ Assur’d of safety, and our royal care.”

Th’

Th' assembly rose, as thus the princess spoke,
Then to the regal dome her way she took.
Iphinoë, mindful of the queen's command,
Approach'd the Minyans scatter'd o'er the strand, 930
Who throng'd around her, eager to explore
Wherefore she came, and what commands she bore.
Then thus she said; ' Strangers, to you as friends
' Hypsipyla, the seed of Thoas, sends
' Her faithful herald, with this strict command 935
' To find the leader of your martial band;
' Him she invites (of amity a proof)
' To lodge beneath her hospitable roof:
‡ There time will furnish leisure to relate
' The genius, and the manners of our state. 940
' But let his comrades rove, as pleasure leads,
' And pitch their tents along the fertile meads;
' Or to the tower-defended town repair,
‡ Assur'd of safety, and the royal care.'

These words were grateful to the warlike band; 945
From her they learn'd whose sceptre rul'd the land;
Instant they urg'd their chief's assent, and all
Prepar'd obsequious to accept the call.
A mantle doubly lin'd, of purple hue,
The son of Æson o'er his shoulders threw. 950

This

This Pallas gave him, when, with wondrous art,
She plann'd his ship, and measur'd every part.
'Twere safer to survey the radiant globe
Of rising Phœbus, than this splendid robe.
Full in the middle beam'd a crimson blaze, 955
The verge surrounding darted purple rays.
In every part historic scenes were wrought;
The moving figures seem'd inform'd with thought.
Here, on their work intent, the Cyclops strove
Eager to forge a thunder-bolt for Jove; 960
Half-rough, half-form'd the glowing engine lay,
And only wanted the fire-darting ray;
And this they hammer'd out on anvils dire;
At each collision flash'd the fatal fire.
Not distant far, in lively colours plann'd, 965
Two brothers, Zethus and Amphion stand,
Sons of Antiopa: no turrets crown'd
Thy city, Thebes, but walls were rising round.
A mountain's rocky summit Zethus bore
On his broad back, but seem'd to labour fore. 970
Behind, Amphion tun'd his golden shell,
Amphion, deem'd in music to excel:
Rocks still pursu'd him as he mov'd along,
Charm'd by the music of his magic song.

Crown'd with soft tresses, in a fairer field, 975

Gay Venus toy'd with Mars's splendid shield.

Down from her shoulder her expanded vest

Display'd the swelling beauties of her breast.

She in the brazen buckler, glittering bright,

Beheld her lovely image with delight. 980

On a rich plain appear, not distant far,

The Taphians, and Electryon's sons at war ;

Fat steers the prize for which the swains contend,

Those strive to plunder, these their herds defend ;

The meads were moist with blood and rosy dew : 985

The powerful many triumph'd o'er the few.

Two chariots next roll'd lightly o'er the plains,

This Pelops drove, and shook the sounding reins ;

Hippodamia at his side he view'd :

In the next chariot, Myrtilus pursu'd, 990

And with him Oenomas ; approaching near,

At Pelops' back he aim'd the vengeful spear ;

The faithless axle, as the wheels whirl'd round,

Snapp'd short, and left him stretch'd along the ground.

Here young Apollo stood, in act to throw 995

The whirring arrow from the twanging bow,

At mighty Tityus aim'd, who basely strove

To force his mother, erst lov'd by Jove :

He

He from fair Elara deriv'd his birth,
 Tho' fed and nourish'd by prolific Earth. 1000
 There Phryxus stoop'd to listen to the ram,
 On whose broad back the Hellespont he swam.
 The beast look'd speaking ; earnest could you gaze,
 The lively piece would charmingly amaze.
 Long might you feast your eye, and lend an ear,
 With pleasing hope the conference to hear. 1006

Such was the present of the blue-ey'd maid—
 In his right hand a missile lance he sway'd,
 Which Atalanta, to reward the brave,
 Sure pledge of friendship, to the hero gave, 1010
 When on the breezy Mænalus she rov'd,
 And wish'd the company of him she lov'd ;
 But he, of suitors' amorous strife afraid,
 Repress'd the fond intention of the maid.
 Thus rob'd, thus arm'd, he to the city went, 1015
 Bright as a star that gilds the firmament,
 Which maids assembled view with eager eyes
 High o'er their roof in orient beauty rise.
 On the bright signal, as it darts its rays,
 Attentive they with silent transport gaze. 1020
 Each, with this omen charm'd, expects, tho' late,
 Return'd from distant climes her destin'd-mate.

Thus shone the chief, for high achievements known;
Majestic as he mov'd to Lemnos' town.

The noble heroines his footsteps meet, 1025

With courteous joy the Grecian guest to greet,
Whose downcast eye ne'er wander'd, till he came
To the proud palace of the royal dame;

Obsequious damsels at the portal wait,

And quick unbar the double-folding gate: 1030

Then thro' the various courts extending wide,
And stately rooms, Iphinoë was his guide;

On a bright throne, with rich embroidery grac'd,
Fronting her sovereign she the hero plac'd.

Th' embarrass'd queen, her face with blushes spread,
In courteous terms address'd the prince, and said:

' Why, gentle stranger, should your warlike train

' At distance far, without the walls remain?

' The men who till'd these ample fields before,

' Now turn rich furrows on the Thracian shore. 1040

' But hear, while I our matchless woes relate;

' So shall you know the story of our fate.

' When o'er this realm my father Thoas reign'd,

' The Lemnian youth, to fraud and rapine train'd,

' On Thracian borders seiz'd the trembling prey,

' And brought whole flocks, and lovely maids away.

' This

‘ This Venus plann’d, with mischievous intent,
‘ And fierce among them fatal discord sent.
‘ Their wives they loath’d, and vainly impious led
‘ War’s spoils, fair captives, to the lawless bed. 1050
‘ Long we endur’d, forgiving insults past,
‘ And hop’d the faithless would reform at last.
‘ In vain ; each day but doubled our disgrace,
‘ Our children yielded to a spurious race.
‘ The widow’d mother, the discarded maid, 1055
‘ Forlorn, neglected thro’ the city stray’d,
‘ No tender pity touch’d the parent’s breast,
‘ To see his darling child abus’d, oppress’d
‘ Beneath a step-dame’s proud, imperious sway :
‘ No sons would then maternal duty pay, 1060
‘ Nor, as before, their mother’s cause defend ;
‘ No sister then to sister prov’d a friend :
‘ But the gay troops of Thracian captives fair
‘ Inthrall’d the men, and challeng’d all their care ;
‘ At home, abroad, the first, at pleasure’s call, 1065
‘ To share the banquet, and conduct the ball.
‘ At length, but strange ! some favouring power divine
‘ In female minds inspir’d this bold design,
‘ That, when return’d from Thracia’s hateful shore,
‘ Our roofs these traitors might protect no more ;

‘ That, thus constrain’d, they might forego their
crimes, 1071

‘ Or with their captives flee to distant climes.

‘ They sail, return, the few remaining males

‘ Demand, then quit us with auspicious gales;

‘ And now the frigid fields of Thrace they plough,

‘ And countries whiten’d with Sithonian snow. 1076

‘ Haste then, conduct your comrades to the town:

‘ Here fix your seat, and Lemnos is your own.

‘ And if to high dominion you aspire,

‘ Reign here, and wield the sceptre of my fire. 1080

‘ You must approve; for not so fair a coast,

‘ Or isle so fertile can the Ægean boast.

‘ Haste to your friends, and make my pleasure known,

‘ Nor let them longer lodge without the town.’

Artful she spoke, forbearing to relate 1085

How in one night each woman slew her mate.

Then Jason thus: “Whate’er your bounty grants,

“Stores for our voyage, or our present wants,

“Pleas’d we accept: I to my valiant bands

“Will speed to signify your kind commands, 1090

“Then soon conduct my comrades to the town:

“But still, O Queen, still wear your father’s crown.

“Not from disdain I shun Imperial sway,

“But great achievements call me hence away.”

He

He spoke, and gently press'd her fair right hand,
Then fought his comrades scatter'd o'er the strand.
Unnumber'd damsels round the hero wait,
Gazing with joy, and follow to the gate ;
Then grateful presents in swift cars convey
To the land's margin, where the warriors lay. 1100
When Jason now to his adventurous bands
Had signified Hypsipyla's commands,
With eager joy the Minyans haste to share
Her friendly roofs, and hospitable fare.
The Queen of Love Thessalia's chiefs inspires, 1105
For Vulcan's sake, with amorous desires ;
That Lemnos, Vulcan's sacred isle, agen
May flourish, peopled with a race of men.
Great Jason hastens to the regal walls ;
The rest proceed where chance or pleasure calls, 1110
Save great Alcides ; with a chosen train,
Ambitious he in Argo to remain.
Eager with joy the jolly crowds advance
To share the genial feast, or lead the dance ;
To Venus' and to Vulcan's fane they throng, 1115
And crown the day with victims and with song.
Sunk in soft ease th' enamour'd heroes lay,
(Their voyage still deferr'd from day to day)

And longer still, and longer had declin'd,
 Full loath to leave the lovely place behind, 1120
 Had not Alcides, the fair dames apart,
 Thus spoke incens'd the language of his heart :

‘ Mistaken comrades, does our kindred, say,
 ‘ From our own country drive us far away ?
 ‘ Or are we fondly thus enamour'd grown 1125
 ‘ Of foreign damsels, and despise our own ?
 ‘ Here shall we stay to till the Lemnian fields ?
 ‘ Small fame to heroes this base commerce yields.
 ‘ No God, propitious to the sons of Greece,
 ‘ Without our toil, will grant the golden Fleece.
 ‘ Our course pursue we; for the breeze invites; 1131
 ‘ And let him revel in Love's soft delights,
 ‘ Who here but stays to propagate his kind,
 ‘ And leave a memorable name behind.’

Alcides thus : none dar'd to lift his eye, 1135
 To breathe a murmur, or to make reply ;
 But keenly stung with this sarcastic stile,
 They haste to leave the lov'd Vulcanian isle.
 Soon as the damsels their fix'd purpose knew,
 Around the chiefs in busy crowds they flew. 1140
 As bees from some deep-cavern'd rock proceed,
 Buzz o'er the lilies of the laughing mead,

The sweets of all ambrosial herbs devour,
And suck the soul of every fragrant flow'r;
Thus they in swarms the parting Greeks address, 1145
With hands salute, with soothing words caress;
Then to the Powers above with fervour pray,
Safe to their arms the heroes to convey.
Hypsipyla the hand of Jason press'd,
And thus with tears the parting chief address'd: 1150
" Adieu!—and may you with the sons of Greece
" Return triumphant with the golden Fleece.
" Here shall you then my father's sceptre sway,
" And his domains your sovereign will obey.
" The neighbouring states will furnish large supplies,
" And a vast empire by your wisdom rise. 1156
" But if on nobler plans your thoughts are bent,
" And vainly I presage the wish'd event;
" Absent or present, to my memory kind,
" Still let Hypsipyla possess your mind. 1160
" And if with offspring heaven should bless me, say,
" How shall I then my Jason's will obey?"

The prince beheld the queen with rapturous look,
And thus with mild benevolence bespoke:

' May these events, foredoom'd by heaven's decree,
' Successful prove, Hypsipyla, to thee. 1166

' But still of Jason nobler thoughts retain :
 ' Enough for me o'er my own realms to reign ;
 ' May but the powers of heaven (I ask no more)
 ' Safe reconvey me to my native shore. 1170
 ' If that's denied, and you, my source of joy,
 ' Bear, the soft token of our loves, a boy ;
 ' Him, when mature, in kindness to your friend,
 ' My parents' solace, to Iölcös send ;
 ' If then perchance the venerable pair 1175
 ' Survive their woes, and breathe this vital air.
 ' There may he live, from Pelias far remov'd,
 ' By Grecians honour'd, who his father lov'd.
 He spoke his last farewell : then first ascends
 The ship, and with him his illustrious friends. 1180
 In their due stations plac'd, each seiz'd an oar,
 While Argus loos'd the cable from the shore.
 With active strokes the vigorous heroes sweep
 The founding bosom of the billowy deep.
 As Orpheus counsel'd, and mild evening near, 1185
 To Samothrace, Electra's isle, they steer ;
 That there initiated in rites divine,
 Safe might they sail the navigable brine.
 But, Muse, presume not of these rites to tell :
 Farewell, dread isle ! dire deities, farewell ! 1190
 Let

Let not my verse these mysteries explain ;
 To name is impious, to reveal profane.
 Thence the black main they lash'd with all their might,
 Thrace on their left, and Imbros on the right ;
 And safely, with the now-declining sun, 1195
 To far-projecting Chersonesus run.
 Then stemm'd they, aided by the southern gales,
 The stormy Hellespont with swelling sails,
 Left the high-furging sea with morning light,
 And reach'd Sigæum with approaching night. 1200
 Dardania past, and high exalted Ide,
 They saw Abydos on the stormy tide.
 Thence sail'd they by Percote's pasture lands,
 Pityæa's meadows, and Abarnis' sands :
 And nightly, favour'd by the friendly blast, 1205
 The purple-foaming Hellespont they past.
 An ancient island in Propontis lies,
 That towering lifts its summit to the skies ;
 Near Phrygia's corn-abounding coast it stands,
 And far-projecting all the main commands ; 1210
 An island this, save where the isthmus' chain
 Connects both lands, and curbs the boisterous main.
 Round its rough sides the thundering tempests roar,
 And a safe bay is form'd on either shore.

Æsepus' waters near this isthmus fall : 1215

And bordering tribes the mountain Arcton call.

On this rough mountain, barbarous, fierce and bold,

Dwell mighty giants, hideous to behold ;

And, wonderful to tell ! each monster stands

With six huge arms, and six rapacious hands ; 1220

Two pendent on their shaggy shoulders grow,

And four deform their horrid sides below.

The lowland isthmus, verging to the main,

The Dolions till'd, and all the fertile plain.

O'er these reign'd Cyzicus the brave, the young, 1225

Who from the gallant warriour, Æneus, sprung.

The daughter of Euforus, first in fame,

Bore Cyzicus, Æneta was her name.

Secure they liv'd, and free from war's alarms,

Tho' Earth's huge sons were terrible in arms. 1230

Sprung from the monarch of the hoary tide,

On Neptune's aid the Dolian race rely'd.

To this fair port, with gentle-breathing gales,

This friendly shore, Theſſalian Argo sails.

Here the rope-fasten'd stone they heave on shore, 1235

Which serv'd as anchor to the ship before,

But now too light, so Typhis bids, they bring,

And leave it at the pure Artacian spring ;

Then

Then choofe another on the rocky bay,
 More ponderous far, the rolling ſhip to ſtay. 1240
 There the firſt ſtone unnumber'd years remain'd,
 Till, as Apollo's oracle ordain'd,
 Th' Ionians found, with rites myſterious grac'd,
 And ſacred to Jaſonian Pallas plac'd.
 Soon as the Dolians, near approaching, knew 1245
 Theſſalian Argo, and the godlike crew,
 Led on by Cyzicus they haſte to meet
 The princely band, and amicably greet;
 Invite them down the winding bay to fall,
 And fix their cable near the city-wall. 1250
 Thus friendly treated, the Pelafgic train
 Strive with their oars th' interiour port to gain.
 Then firſt Ecbaſian Phœbus they adore,
 And rear an altar on the founding ſhore.
 To them the king diſpatch'd, with heart benign, 1255
 Fat ſheep, and ſtrong, exhilarating wine.
 For thus the ſacred oracle foretold,
 ' When here arrives a band of heroes bold,
 ' With kind complacence treat the godlike crew,
 ' Meet not in arms, but pay them honours due!' 1260
 Scarce had the down the monarch's cheeks o'erſpread;
 No children yet had bleſs'd the nuptial bed.

Clita, his lovely queen, the young, the fair,
Renown'd for beauty, and her golden hair,
Sprung from Percosian Merops, still remains 1265
A stranger to Lucina's cruel pains.

Late from her father's court the king convey'd,
With ample dower enrich'd, the blameless maid;
Yet he neglects the genial bed, and feasts,
All fears far banishing, with foreign guests. 1270

Oft he enquires of Pelias' stern command,
And why the heroes left their native land.
As oft they ask'd what cities neighbouring lay,
And in Propontis which the safest bay.

But scanty knowledge could the king bestow, 1275
Tho' it behov'd them much these truths to know.

When morning rose, the Dindymean steep
Some mount, to view the navigable deep,
And all its winding bays; the road they came
They honour'd with illustrious Jason's name. 1280

The chiefs, who chose aboard the ship to stay,
Remov'd her from the moorings where she lay.
Mean while the sons of Earth, a numerous train,
From their bleak mountains rush into the plain,
Besiege the pervious bay, and strive to block 1285
Its mouth with massy fragments from the rock;

Intending

Intending there Theffalia's pine to keep
Hemm'd up, like some huge monster of the deep.
But Hercules remain'd ; his bow he drew,
And heaps of giants with his arrows flew. 1290
The rest enrag'd, rough, rocky fragments tore,
Hurl'd high in air, and thunder'd from the shore.
(This labour still for Hercules remain'd,
By Juno, Jove's imperial queen, ordain'd)
And fiercely now the glowing battle burn'd, 1295
When lo ! the chiefs from Dindymus return'd,
Attack'd the desperate giants in the rear,
And dealt destruction with the dart and spear ;
Till Earth's fierce sons, defil'd with wounds and gore,
Dropp'd dead ; their bodies cover'd half the shore. 1300
As near the sea's broad brink, with sturdy strokes,
Assiduous woodmen fell aspiring oaks ;
Then draw them in due order from the flood,
And thus well drench'd they cleave with ease the wood :
Thus at the entrance of the hoary bay, 1305
The frequent corse of many a giant lay ;
Some, tumbled headlong, made the sea their grave,
While their legs rose above the briny wave ;
Some o'er the sands their horrid visage show,
Their feet deep-rooted in the mud below. 1310
Thus

Thus their huge trunks afford abundant fare
 To Neptune's fishes, and the birds of air.
 Soon as concluded was the bloody fray,
 And favouring breezes call'd the chiefs away,
 They loos'd ; o'er swelling ocean southern gales 1315
 Breath'd all day long, and fill'd their bellying sails.
 Night rose, the favouring gales no longer last,
 The ship drives backward with the stormy blast.
 Again they harbour on the friendly coast,
 Where late the Dolians entertain'd the host ; 1320
 And round the rock the steady cable bind,
 The rock ev'n now to sacred fame consign'd.
 Here thro' the gloom of night again they came,
 And knew not that the country was the same.
 Nor knew the Dolians, so dark night prevail'd, 1325
 That back to Cyzicum the Greeks had sail'd ;
 But deem'd the chiefs a band of Macrian foes :
 To arms they call, and force to force oppose.
 A gleamy lustre glanc'd along the field,
 While spear met spear, and shield encounter'd shield.
 In sun-scorch'd bushes thus the bickering blaze 1331
 Flames forth, and crackling on the branches preys.
 Dire was the conflict ; on the fatal plain
 Their prince, alas ! was number'd with the slain,
 His queen and bridal bed beheld he ne'er again.

Book I. APOLLONIUS RHODIUS. 59

For Jason spy'd the prince advancing near, 1336
And thro' his bosom plung'd the furious spear;
The ribs it broke, and circumscrib'd his date,
Wing'd with th' inevitable will of Fate.

Fate, like a wall, devoted man furrounds, 1340
And fast confines him in its circling bounds.
Himself he deem'd, in that disorder'd fight,
Vainly he deem'd! protect'd by the night:
The favouring night, alas! produc'd his bane,
And chiefs unnumber'd with their prince were slain.

For Hercules, with his all-conquering bow, 1346
Dispatch'd Telecles to the shades below,

And Megabrontes: by Acastus' hand
Pale Sphodris lay extended on the strand.

Peleus to Pluto's dark dominions gave 1350
Zelys the hardy, and Gephyrus brave.

Bold Telamon, well-skill'd the lance to wield,
Left Basileus expiring on the field.

Next Idas vanquish'd Promeus by his side;
By warlike Clytius Hyacinthus died. 1355

Fair Leda's sons, in bloody combat skill'd,
Fierce Megaloffacus and Phlogius kill'd.

And Meleager added two to these,
Itymoneus and valiant Artaces,

These

These all were chiefs in fighting fields approv'd, 1360
Deplor'd as heroes, and as brothers lov'd.

The rest for safety on their flight rely ;
(As trembling doves before the falcon fly)

Then to the city-gates tumultuous prels,
And raise the piercing cry of deep distress ; 1365
The city mourn'd : they deem'd, return'd from far,
That hostile Macrians had renew'd the war.

But when the rosy morn began to wake, ;
All found their irretrievable mistake.
Heart-rending grief oppress'd the Grecian train, 1370
To see the hospitable monarch slain,
A clay-cold corse, extended on the shore,
Deform'd with dust, and all besmear'd with gore.
The Greeks and Dolians, sunk in deep despair,
Mourn three long days, and rend their graceful hair.
A tomb they rear upon the rising ground, 1376
And clad in brazen arms thrice march around ;
Then for the monarch, on Limonia's plain,
Of rites observant, funeral-games ordain.
There stands the tomb, adorn'd with honours due,
Which distant ages will with sorrow view. 1381
When the sad news at Clita's ear arriv'd,
Not long the queen her monarch's fate surviv'd ;

But

But woe augmenting, round her neck she tied
 The noose dishonest, and unseemly died. 1385
 Her mournful dirge the weeping Dryads sung,
 While Dindymus with lamentations rung;
 And all the tears that from their eye-lids fell,
 The Gods transform'd, in pity, to a well;
 In crystal streams it murmurs still, and weeps, 1390
 And still the name of wretched Clita keeps.
 A day so dismal, so replete with woes,
 Till this sad day, to Dolians never rose.
 Deep, deep immers'd in sorrow they remain'd,
 And all from life-supporting food abstain'd; 1395
 Save such poor pittance as man's needs require,
 Of corn unground, or unprepar'd by fire.
 And annual, on this day, the Dolians still
 Sift coarsest meal, and at the public mill.

Thenceforth twelve days and nights dire storms
 prevail, 1400

Nor could the chiefs unfurl the swelling sail.
 The following night, by sleep's soft power oppress'd,
 Once more in Cyzicum the heroes rest;
 Mopsus alone and brave Acastus keep
 The watch nocturnal, while their comrades sleep;
 When, lo! a Halcyon, of cerulean hue, 1406
 O'er the fair head of slumbering Jason flew,

In airy circles, wondrous to behold,
 And, screaming loud, the ceasing storm foretold.
 The grateful sound attentive Mopsus heard, 1410
 And mark'd the meaning of the sea-bred bird;
 (Which gently rising from the deck below,
 Perch'd on the summit of th' aerial prow)
 Then rous'd he Jason from his fleecy bed,
 Of sheep's soft skins compos'd, and thus he said; 1415
 ' O son of Æson, hear! be this thy care,
 ' Haste, to the fane of Dindymus repair;
 ' There Cybele with sacrifice implore,
 ' So will the winds tempestuous cease to roar.
 ' For this proclaim'd the boding Halcyon true, 1420
 ' As round thee, sunk in deep repose, she flew.
 ' By Cybele's dread power the vast profound;
 ' And all the winds in harmony are bound.
 ' By her subsists prolific earth below,
 ' And high Olympus, ever crown'd with snow. 1425
 ' Jove yields, when she ascends the courts of day,
 ' And all the powers immortal own her sway.'

To Jason thus the venerable seer;
 And welcome came the tidings to his ear.
 Instant the chief, exulting with a bound, 1430
 Sprung from the bed, and wak'd his comrades round.

Elate

Elate with joy his looks, his words unfold
 The glad presage which Mopfus had foretold.
 Then from the stalls the youths appointed drove
 Selected oxen to the heights above. 1435

Some from the rock unloos'd the corded stay,
 And with fleet oars approach'd the Thracian bay.
 From thence the top of Dindymus they gain'd ;
 Few were the heroes that aboard remain'd :
 By those the Macrian rocks, and Thracian land 1440

Directly opposite, appear'd at hand ;
 The Thracian Bosphorus here, involv'd in shade,
 And Mysia's rising mountains were survey'd ;
 There, where his waters black Æsepus pours,
 Nepea's plain, and Adraстеia's tow'rs. 1445

A vine's vast trunk adorn'd with branches stood,
 Though old, yet sound, and long had grac'd the wood ;
 This trunk they hew'd, and made, by Argus' skill,
 An image of the Goddess of the hill ;
 Which on the rocky eminence they plac'd, 1450

With the thick boughs of circling beeches grac'd,
 They rear an altar, then, on rising ground,
 Of stones that readiest lay, and wide around
 Dispose the branches of the sacred oak,
 And Dindymus's deity invoke, 1455

The

The guardian power of Phrygia's hills and woods,
The venerable mother of the Gods.

On Tityas and Cyllenus too they call,
Of all her priests most lov'd, and honour'd most of all:
For skill prophetic they alone are fam'd; 1460

Idean Daëtyli these priests are nam'd;

Both whom Anchiala in Dicte's cave
Brought forth, where chill Oaxis rolls his wave.

While on the burning victims Jason pours
Libations due, the Goddesses he implores 1465

To smile propitious on the Grecian train,
And still the tempests of the roaring main.

Then Orpheus call'd, and youthful chiefs advance,
All clad in arms, to lead the martial dance;

With clashing swords they clatter'd on their shields,
'And fill'd with festive sounds th' aerial fields. 1471

Lost in these sounds was every doleful strain,
And their loud wailings for their monarch slain.

The Phrygians still their Goddesses' favour win
By the revolving wheel and timbrel's din. 1475

Of these pure rites the mighty mother show'd
Her mind approving, by these signs bestow'd;
Boughs bend with fruit, Earth from her bosom pours
Herbs ever green, and voluntary flow'rs.

Fierce

Book I. APOLLONIUS RHODIUS: 65

Fierce forest-beasts forsake the lonely den, 1480
Approach with gentleness, and fawn on men.
A pleasing omen, and more wondrous still
The Goddess gave: the Dindymean hill,
That ne'er knew water on its airy brow,
Bursts into streams, and founts perennial flow. 1485
This wonder still the Phrygian shepherds sing,
And give the name of Jason to the spring.
Then on the mount the chiefs the feast prolong;
And praise the venerable queen in song.
But when the morning rose, they plied their oars, 1490
And, the wind ceasing, left the Phrygian shores.
Then fair contention fir'd the princely train,
Who best the toil of rowing could sustain.
For now the howling storm was lull'd to sleep;
Ethereal mildness had compos'd the deep. 1495
On the calm sea the labouring chiefs rely'd;
Fleet flew the ship along the yielding tide;
Not Neptune's steeds so swift, with loosen'd reins,
Skim the light-level of the liquid plains.
But when with even-tide the blustering breeze 1500
Brush'd the broad bosom of the swelling seas,
The wearied chiefs their toilsome course repress'd,
And all, save great Alcides, sunk to rest.

Swift thro' the waves his arm unaided drew
 The ship, deep-laden with the drowsy crew. 1505
 Thro' all her planks the well-compacted pine
 Shook, as his oar dispers'd the foamy brine.
 But soon the heroes view'd the Mysian shore,
 As by the mouth of Rhyndacus they bore.
 On Phrygia's fields a wishful look they cast, 1510
 And huge Ægæon's promontory pass'd,
 When great Alcides, at one luckless stroke,
 His oar, hard straining, near the middle broke.
 One part was swallow'd in the whelming main,
 One, though he fell, his grasping hands retain; 1515
 Backward he fell, but soon his feat regain'd,
 And, loathing rest, in mute amaze remain'd.
 What time the weary labourer, wanting rest,
 Hies to his cot with pining fast oppress'd;
 Ev'n in the entrance of his rural door 1520
 His tottering knees he bends, and moves no more;
 His dusty limbs he views, and callous hands,
 And curses hunger's insolent demands:
 Then, nor till then, the chiefs to Chius row,
 Chius, whose streams around Arganthon flow. 1525
 The friendly Mysians on their peaceful coast
 Receive with hospitality the host;

Abundant stores they send, with hearts benign,
Fat sheep, and strong exhilarating wine.
Some bring dry wood, and some in order spread 1530
Soft leaves and herbage for a spacious bed;
Some from the flint elicit living fire;
Some mix the wines that generous deeds inspire:
The feast they crown, and rites to Phœbus pay,
Ecbaſian Phœbus, at the cloſe of day. 1535
But Hercules the genial feaſt declin'd,
And ſought the wood, a fitting oar to find.
Nor long he ſought before a fir he found;
Few leaves adorn'd it, and few branches crown'd;
Yet as the poplar's ſtem aſpires on high, 1540
This fir, ſo ſtout and tall, attracts his eye.
On the green graſs his bow he laid aſide,
His arrowy quiver, and the lion's hide.
Firſt with his club the ſolid ſoil he ſhook,
Then in both arms, aſſur'd, the fir-tree took; 1545
Firm on his feet he ſtood, with bended knee;
His big broad ſhoulder lean'd againſt the tree;
Then heav'd it up, deep-rooted in the ground,
Clogg'd with the ſoil's impediments around.
As when, beneath Orion's wintry reign, 1550
The ſudden tempeſt ruſhes from the main,

Some tall ship's mast it tears, and every stay,
And all the cordage, all the sails away :
Thus he the trunk ; then took, in haste to go,
The hide, the club, his arrows and his bow. 1555

Meanwhile, preparing for his friend's return
A ready supper, with his brazen urn
Alone rov'd Hylas o'er the fields, to bring
The purest water from the sacred spring.
For to such tasks Alcides train'd his squire, 1560
Whom first he took an infant from his fire
Theodamas ; but him with sword severe
He slew, who churlish had refus'd a steer.
For when Theodamas, oppress'd with care,
Turn'd the fresh furrow with his shining share, 1565
He disobey'd, ah wretch ! the chief's command,
Who claim'd the labouring ox that till'd the land.
But know, Alcides fought for cause to bring
War on Dryopia's kingdom and the king,
For barbarous acts, and rights neglected long. 1570

But rove not, Muse, digressive from the song.
Soon faithful Hylas to the fountain came,
Which Mysian shepherds crystal Pegæ name ;
It chanc'd the nymphs, in neighbouring streams that
dwell,

Then kept a concert at the sacred well. 1575

In

In Dian's praise they rais'd the nightly song,
All who to high, aerial hills belong ;
All who in caverns hide, or devious rove
The mountain-forest, or the shady grove.
When from her spring, unfullied with a stain, 1580
Rose Ephydatia, to attend the train,
The form of Hylas rush'd upon her sight,
In every grace of blushing beauty bright :
For the full moon a beamy lustre shed,
And heighten'd all the honours of his head. 1585
Fir'd with love's sudden flame, by Venus rais'd,
The frantic naiad languish'd as she gaz'd :
And soon as, stooping to receive the tide,
He to the stream his brazen urn apply'd,
In gush'd the foaming waves ; the nymph with joy
Sprung from the deep to kiss the charming boy. 1590
Her left arm round his lovely neck she threw,
And with her right hand to the bottom drew.
First Polyphemus heard, as wandering nigh
This fatal fount, the youth's distressful cry, 1595
(In search of Hercules he rov'd the wood)
And hied with hasty footsteps to the flood.
As when a lion from his cavern'd rock,
At distance hears the bleatings of the flock,

To seize his prey he springs, with hunger bold, 1600
But faithful shepherds had secur'd the fold ;
Defeated of his prize, he roars amain,
Rends his hoarse throat, and terrifies the swain :
Thus Polyphemus call'd with voice profound,
And vainly anxious rov'd the forest round. 1605
At length retreating, he the path explor'd
Thro' which he came, and drew his trusty sword,
Lest savage beasts should seize him for their prey,
Or nightly robbers intercept his way.
And as he brandish'd the bright burnish'd blade, 1610
He met Alcides in the gloomy shade,
Unknown at first, but as he nearer drew,
His friend returning to the ship he knew.
Though his breath falters, and his spirits fail,
He thus reveals the melancholy tale : 1615
' Hard is my lot, and much averse my will,
' To be the first sad messenger of ill ;
' Young Hylas went to fetch fresh water late,
' Not yet return'd ; I tremble for his fate :
' By robbers seiz'd or beasts, 'tis hard to guess ; 1620
' I heard his cry, the signal of distress :'
Thus he : the sweat from great Alcides flow'd,
And the black blood thro' all his body glow'd :
Enrag'd,

Enrag'd, the fir-tree on the ground he threw,
And, where his feet or frenzy hurried, flew. 1625

As when a bull, whom galling gadflies wound,
Forfakes the meadows, and the marshy ground,
The flowery food, the herd and herds-men shuns,
Now stands stock-still, and restless now he runs;
Stung by the breeze, he maddens with the pain, 1630
Tosses aloft his head, and roars amain :

Thus ran the raging chief with matchless force,
Then sudden stopp'd he, wearied with the course.
Anxious in vain, he rov'd the forest round,
The distant hills and vales his voice rebound. 1635

Now o'er the lofty mountains rose in view
The morning-star, and mildest breezes blew :
That instant Tiphys bade the heroes sail,
Ascend the vessel, and enjoy the gale.

The ready crew obey the pilot's word, 1640
Their anchor weigh, and haul the cords aboard ;
Then give the stretching canvass to the wind,
And leave the Posidean rocks behind.

When from the rosy orient, beaming bright,
Aurora tipp'd the foot-worn paths with light ; 1645
And o'er moist meads the glittering dew-drops shin'd,
They miss'd those friends their folly left behind,

Then rose contention keen, and pungent grief,
For thus abandoning their bravest chief.

In silence Jason sat, and long suppress'd, 1650
Though griev'd, the labouring anguish of his breast.
Brave Telamon, with anger kindling, spoke :

‘ Mute is thy tongue, and unconcern'd thy look :
‘ To leave unconquer'd Hercules behind
‘ Was a base project, and by thee design'd ; 1655
‘ Left, when to Greece we steer the sailing pine,
‘ His brighter glories should out-dazzle thine.
‘ But words avail not—I renounce the band,
‘ Whose selfish wiles this stratagem have plann'd :’

Thus spoke Æacides, inflam'd with ire, 1660
His eye-balls sparkling like the burning fire ;
On Tiphys then, by rage impell'd, he flew :
And once more Myfia had receiv'd the crew ;
Again the heroes the same course had sail'd,
Though roaring winds and raging waves prevail'd,
Had not bold Boreas' sons the chief address'd, 1666
And, nobly daring, his rough rage repress'd.
(Ill fated youths ! for that heroic deed
Doom'd by the hands of Hercules to bleed.
For when returning home their course they sped, 1670
From funeral games perform'd for Pelias dead,

In sea-girt Tenos he the brothers slew,
And o'er their graves in heapy hillocks threw
The crumbling mould; then with two columns crown'd,
Erected high the death-devoted ground; 1675
And one still moves, how marvellous the tale!
With every motion of the Northern gale—
But these are facts reserv'd for future years)
Lo! sudden, Glaucus to their sight appears,
Prophet of Nereus, rising from the main, 1680
Most skill'd of all his fate-foretelling train.
High o'er the waves he rear'd his shaggy head,
With his strong hand the rudder seiz'd, and said:
 ' Why strive ye thus, tho' Jove's high will with-
 stands,
 ' To bear Alcides to the Colchian lands? 1685
 ' He must at Argos, so the fates ordain,
 ' And so Eurystheus has decreed, sustain
 ' Twelve mighty labours, thence be rais'd above,
 ' To high Olympus, and the court of Jove.
 ' Cease for Amphytrion's son, your murmurs cease,
 ' And lull the sorrows of your souls to peace. 1691
 ' In Mysia, where meandering Chius strays,
 ' Must Polyphemus a proud city raise:
 ' Then, mid' the Calybes, a desperate clan,
 ' Expires on Scythian plains the gallant man. 1695
 ' But

‘ But strange is Hylas’ fate: his youthful charms
 ‘ Entic’d a nymph, who clasp’d him in her arms.
 ‘ Now the blest pair the bands of Hymen bind ;
 ‘ In search of him the chiefs are left behind.’

This said, he plung’d into the gulf profound, 1700
 The purple ocean foam’d in eddies round.
 The God descending with resistless sway,
 Impell’d the hollow vessel on her way.

The chiefs rejoic’d this prodigy to view,
 And instant Telamon to Jason flew 1705
 In friendly fort, and in his right he took
 The prince’s hand, and thus embracing spoke :

‘ Illustrious chief, let not thine anger rise
 ‘ At aught I said impetuous and unwise.
 ‘ Grief for my friend has made me indiscreet, 1710
 ‘ And utter words for Jason’s ear unmeet ;
 ‘ Those to the winds wide-scattering let us give,
 ‘ And, as before, in friendly concord live.’

Then Jason thus ; “ Thy censures wound my mind,
 “ Which say, I left the bravest Greek behind. 1715
 “ Yet though thy words reproachful guilt suggest,
 “ Rage dwells not long in Jason’s generous breast ;
 “ Since not for flocks or riches we contend,
 “ But a bold hero, and a faithful friend.

“ And

“ And thou, I trust, if reason calls, wilt be 1720

“ As firm and warm an advocate for me.”

He spoke ; and now, the hateful contest o’er,
The chiefs resum’d the seats they held before.
But for those heroes, whom they left behind,
By Jove’s decree are various cares design’d. 1725

Nam’d from its stream, the boast of future days,
Must one on Mysian plains a city raise :
One (great Alcides) other toils must share,
And learn Euristheus’ stern commands to bear.

Long time he threaten’d, for his Hylas lost, 1730
Instant destruction to the Mysian coast,
Unless the Mysians to his arms restor’d,
Alive or dead, the partner of his board.

Of all their bands the choicest youths they chose,
And them as pledges of their faith propose ; 1735
Then swore they all, their search should never end,
Till haply they had found the hero’s friend.

Still to this day the fond Ceanians seek
(All who at Trachin dwell) the lovely Greek.

For beauteous youths, to Trachin’s walls convey’d,
Were there as pledges to Alcides paid. 1741

Meanwhile all day and night brisk breezes blew,
Fleet o’er the foaming flood the vessel flew ;

But

But when the dawn gave promise of the day,

The winds expiring gently died away. 1745

A land projecting o'er the bay below

The chiefs discover'd, and to this they row;

This peaceful port awhile the Minyans chose,

And, as they reach'd it, grateful morning rose.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

(77)

THE

SECOND BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

*This Book contains the combat between Amycus and Pol-
lux; the former of whom is slain. A battle ensues be-
tween the Argonauts and Bebrycians, in which the
Argonauts come off conquerors. They sail to Salmy-
dessus, a city of Thrace, where they consult Phineus, a
soothsayer, on the success of their expedition. He pro-
mises, if they would deliver him from the Harpies, to
direct them safely to Colchus. His request is granted,
and he gives them instructions. The story of Paræ-
bius, Cyrene and Aristæus. They sail through the
Symplegades, and thence to the island Thynia, where
they land. Apollo, who here appears to them, is ren-
dered propitious by sacrifice. The course of the river
Acheron is described. They land on the coast of the Ma-
riandyni, and are hospitably entertained by Lycus, the
king of that country. Here Idmon is killed by a wild
boar, and here Tiphys dies. Ancæus is appointed pilot
in his stead. They sail by the monument of Sthenelus,
whose ghost is released by Proserpine, and gratified with
the sight of the Argonauts. At the island of Mars
they meet the sons of Phrixus, who had just before
been shipwrecked. They are kindly received by the Ar-
gonauts, who take them on board. Sailing by Mount
Caucasus they come in sight of the eagle that preys on
the entrails of Prometheus. The end of their voyage.*

THE

T H E
A R G O N A U T I C S
O F
A P O L L O N I U S R H O D I U S.

B O O K II.

TENTS o'er the beach Bebrycia's king had spread,
And stalls erected where fat oxen fed.

To genial Neptune a Bithynian dame
Bore the fierce tyrant, Amycus his name,
Proudest of men; who this hard law decreed, 5
That from his realm no stranger should recede,
Till first with him compell'd in fight to wield
The dreadful gauntlet in the list'd field.
Unnumber'd guests his matchless prowess slew:
Stern he accosts swift Argo's valiant crew, 10
Curious the reason of their course to scan,
Who, whence they were; and scornful thus began:
' Learn what 'tis meet ye knew, ye vagrant host;
' None that e'er touches on Bebrycia's coast,

‘ Is thence by law permitted to depart, 15
‘ Till match’d with me he prove the boxer’s art.
‘ Choose then a chief who can the gauntlet wield,
‘ And let him try the fortune of the field :
‘ Should ye contemptuous scorn my fix’d decree,
‘ Know, your proud hearts shall yield to fate and me.’
Thus spoke the chief with insolent disdain, 21
And rous’d resentment in the martial train ;
But Pollux most his vaunting words provoke,
Who thus, a champion for his fellows, spoke :
“ Threat not, whoe’er thou art, the bloody fray ; 25
“ Lo, we obsequious thy decrees obey !
“ Unforc’d, this instant, to the lists I go,
“ Thy rival I, thy voluntary foe.”
Stung to the heart with this severe reply,
On him he turn’d his fury-flaming eye : 30
As the grim lion, pierc’d by some keen wound,
Whom hunters on the mountain-top surround ;
Though close hemm’d in, his glaring eye-balls glance
On him alone who threw the pointed lance.
The Greek stript off his mantle richly wrought, 35
Late from the Lemnian territory brought,
Which some fair nymph, who had her flame avow’d,
The pledge of hospitable love bestow’d :

His

His double cloak, with clasps of fable hue,
Bebrycia's ruler on the greensword threw, 40
And his rough sheep-hook of wild olive made,
Which lately flourish'd in the woodland shade.
Then fought the heroes for a place at hand
Commodious for the fight, and on the strand
They plac'd their friends, who saw, with wondering
eyes, 45
The chiefs how different, both in make and size;
For like Typhœus' race the tyrant stood
Enormous; or that miscreated brood
Of mighty monsters, which parturient Earth,
Incens'd at Jove, brought forth, a hideous birth. 50
But Pollux shone like that mild star on high,
Whose rising ray illumines fair Evening's sky.
Down spread his cheek, ripe manhood's early sign,
And in his eye-balls beam'd the glance divine.
But like a lion, glorying in his might, 55
Stood Jove's puissant son, prepar'd for fight.
His arms he poiz'd, advancing in the ring,
To try if still they kept their pristine spring;
If pliant still, and vigorous as before,
Nor rigid grown with labouring at the oar. 60
Trial like this the haughty king disdain'd:
Aloof and silent Amycus remain'd.

Full on his foe his vengeful eyes he turn'd,
 For blood he thirsted, and for conquest burn'd.
 With that his squire Lycoreus, full in view, 65
 Two pair of gauntlets in the circle threw,
 Of barbarous fashion, harden'd, rough and dry'd.
 Then thus the king, with insolence and pride :
 ' Lo, two stout pair ; the choice I leave to thee ;
 ' (No lot appoints them) choose, and blame not me.
 ' Bind them secure, and after trial tell, 71
 ' How greatly I in either art excel,
 ' Whether to form the cestus firm and good,
 ' Or stain the cheeks of mighty men with blood.'
 He spoke : brave Pollux nothing deign'd to say, 75
 But smiling chose the pair which nearest lay.
 To cheer their champion, Castor, honour'd name !
 And Talaüs, the son of Bias, came ;
 Firm round his arms the gloves of death they bind,
 And animate the vigour of his mind. 80
 Aratus, and bold Ornytus his friend,
 To Amycus their kind assistance lend :
 Fools ! for they knew not, this one conflict o'er,
 Those gauntlets never should be buckled more.
 Accoutred thus each ardent hero stands, 85
 And raises high in air his iron hands ;

With clashing gauntlets fiercely now they close,
 And mutual meditate death-dealing blows.
 First Amycus a furious onset gave,
 Like the rude insult of the battering wave, 90
 That, heap'd on high by driving wind and tide,
 Bursts thundering on some gallant vessel's side ;
 The wary pilot, by superior skill,
 Foresees the storm, and shuns the menac'd ill.
 Thus threatening Amycus on Pollux press'd, 95
 Nor suffer'd his antagonist to rest :
 But Jove's brave son observes each coming blow,
 Quick leaps aside, and disappoints the foe ;
 And where a weak unguarded part he spies,
 There all the thunder of his arms he plies. 100
 As busy shipwrights stoutly labouring strive
 Through sturdy planks the piercing spikes to drive,
 From head to stern repeated blows go round,
 And ceaseless hammers send a various sound ;
 Thus from their batter'd cheeks loud echoes sprung,
 Their dash'd teeth crackled, and their jaw-bones rung :
 Nor ceas'd they from the strokes that threaten'd death,
 Till tir'd with toil they faintly gasp'd for breath :
 Awhile they then remit the bloody fray,
 And panting wipe the copious sweat away. 110

But adverse soon they meet, with rage they glow,
Like bulls fierce fighting for some favourite cow.
Then Amycus, collecting all his might,
Rose to the stroke, resolv'd his foe to smite,
And by one blow the dubious war conclude: 115
The wary prince, his ruin to elude,
Bent back his head; defeated of its aim,
The blow impetuous on his shoulder came.
Then Pollux with firm steps approaching near,
Vindictive struck his adversary's ear; 120
Th' interior bones his ponderous gauntlet broke;
Flat fell the chief beneath his dreadful stroke:
The Grecians shouted, with wild rapture fir'd,
And, deeply groaning, Amycus expir'd.

The griev'd Bebrycians saw their monarch slain, 125
And big with vengeance rush'd into the plain;
With season'd clubs and javelins arm'd they ran,
And aim'd their fury at the conquering man.
Their keen-edg'd swords the friends of Pollux drew,
And to the succour of their comrade flew. 130
First Castor slaughter'd, with victorious hand,
A hero of the bold Bebrycian band,
The griding sword at once his head divides,
And on his shoulders hang the parted sides.

Book II. APOLLONIUS RHODIUS. 85

Mimans, Itymoneus of giant-size, 135

Each by the arm of conquering Pollux dies.

On this his foot impress'd a deadly wound

Full on his side, and stretch'd him on the ground :

His right hand dash'd, with unresisted sway,

Mimans' left eye, and tore the ball away, 140

Orcides, Amycus's proud compeer,

Then launch'd at Talaüs his brazen spear ;

Just near his flank the point he lightly felt,

That ras'd the skin beneath his broider'd belt.

Aratus, with his club of harden'd oak, 145

Aim'd at brave Iphitus a deadly stroke :

Vain thought ! too soon, alas ! it is decreed,

The hero by his brother's sword must bleed.

Then rush'd, to succour the Theſſalian band,

Ancæus, with his pole-axe in his hand ; 150

O'er his broad back a bear's dark spoils he threw,

And boldly mingled with the hostile crew,

The sons of Æacus, renown'd for might,

And Jason join'd them in the fields of fight.

As when, what time both dogs and shepherds keep 155

Close in warm cots, neglectful of their sheep,

Wolves, pinch'd with hunger and bleak winter's cold,

Leap o'er the fence, and terrify the fold,

With ravening eyes the crowded sheep survey,
And doubt where first to rend the trembling prey; 160
Thus the bold Greeks, as near their foes they drew,
Intimidate the congregated crew.

As swains with smoke, of honey studious, strive
From some rock's cleft the swarming bees to drive;
Alarm'd and trembling, with a murmuring sound, 165
They crowd to all their waxen rooms around;
But if the fumes prevail, their wings they ply,
And rove uncertain thro' the various sky:
Dispersing thus, the wild Bebrycians fled,
And loud proclaim'd that Amycus was dead. 170
Ah, hapless race of men! they little knew,
That, soon, far greater evils must ensue:
Soon must they see, their monarch now no more,
Their lands a drear, depopulated shore;
Their vineyards spoil'd, and wasted all their coast 175
By Lycus, and the Mariandine host:
For 'twas their fate, with spear and steely brand,
Hard lot! to battle for an iron land.

The Greeks then seiz'd their herds, an easy prey,
And from the sheep-folds drove the flocks away; 180
The live provision to their ship they sent:
Then thus some sailor gave his boasting vent;

What

‘ What had these miscreants done, with fears dismay’d,
‘ Had heaven indulg’d us with Alcides’ aid ?
‘ No fierce contention then, I judge, had been, 185
‘ No bloody boxing on the lifted green :
‘ The chief’s stout club had tam’d the tyrant’s pride,
‘ And set his execrable laws aside.
‘ But now, impell’d by swelling waves and wind,
‘ We leave at land the matchless chief behind; 190
‘ Whose loss distress to every Greek will prove.’

He said ;-----but all things own the will of Jove.
All night the heroes on the coast remain,
To heal the bruises of the wounded train.
First to the gods they give the honours due, 195
And next, a banquet for the princely crew.
Nor can night’s shades the chiefs to sleep incline,
Or o’er the sacrifice, or o’er the wine ;
Mirthful they sit, their brows with laurel crown’d :
To a green laurel was the cable bound. 200
While Orpheus strikes the lyre, the hymn they raise,
And Jove’s fam’d offspring, mighty Pollux, praise :
Soft breathes the breeze, the billows cease to roar,
And festive joy exhilarates the shore.
But when the sun illum’d the hills and plains, 205
Dank with the dew, and rous’d the shepherd-swains,

They sent abundant flocks and herds aboard,
And from the laurel-stem unloos'd the cord;
And while the favourable winds prevail'd,
Thro' the rough-rolling Bosphorus they sail'd. 210
When, lo! a wave by gathering surges driv'n,
Swoln big for bursting, is up-heav'd to heav'n,
Still rises higher, and still wider spreads,
And hangs a watery mountain o'er their heads;
Like a black cloud it frowns, prepar'd to fall, 215
And threatens quick destruction to them all.
Yet the train'd pilot, by superior skill,
Well knows to 'scape this last impending ill:
Safe through the storm the vessel Tiphys steer'd,
And sav'd the heroes from the fate they fear'd. 220

Fronting Bithynia's coast, next morn, they reach
New land, and fix their halbers on the beach.
There on the margin of the beating flood
The mournful mansions of sad Phineus stood,
Agenor's son; whom heaven ordain'd to bear 225
The grievous burden of unequall'd care.
For, taught by wise Apollo to descry
Unborn events of dark futurity,
Vain of his science, the presumptuous seer
Deign'd not Jove's awful secrets to revere; 230
But

But wantonly divulg'd to frail mankind
The sacred purpose of th' omniscient mind :
Hence Jove indignant gave him length of days,
But dimm'd in endless night his visual rays.
Nor would the vengeful God indulge his taste 235
With the sweet blessings of a pure repast,
Tho' (for they learn'd his fate) the country round
Their prophet's board with every dainty crown'd.
For, lo ! descending sudden from the sky,
Round the pil'd banquet shrieking Harpies fly, 240
Whose beaks rapacious, and whose talons tear
Quick from his famish'd lips th' untasted fare.
Yet would some slender pittance oft remain,
Life to support, and to perpetuate pain.
Such odours still the nauseous scraps exhal'd, 245
That with the stench the loathing stomach fail'd.
Aloof the guests amaz'd and hungry stood,
While their sick hearts abhorr'd the putrid food.

But now the princely crew approaching near,
The welcome sound invades the prophet's ear ; 250
Taught by almighty Jove, that now was come
The long-wish'd period of heaven's vengeful doom ;
When, by these heroes' destin'd aid restor'd,
Peace should hereafter bless his feastful board.

Then

Then heaves he from the couch his haggard head, 255
(Like some pale, lifeless, visionary shade)

Propp'd on his staff his way explores, and crawls
With lingering step along the lonely walls :

Diseas'd, enfeebled, and by age unbrac'd,

Thro' every limb he trembled as he pass'd ; 260

Shrunk was his form, with want adust and thin,

The pointed bones seem'd bursting thro' his skin :

But faint and breathless as he reach'd the gate,

Down on the threshold, tir'd with toil, he sat,

In dizzy fumes involv'd, his brain runs round, 265

And swims beneath his feet the solid ground ;

No more their functions the frail senses keep,

But speechless sinks he in a death-like sleep.

This saw the chiefs amaz'd, and gather'd round ;

When from his labouring lungs a hollow sound 270

(His breath and utterance scarce recover'd) broke,

And thus th' enlighten'd seer prophetic spoke :

‘ Princes of Greece, attend ; if ye be they

‘ Whom o'er the main Theffalia's pines convey,

‘ And Jason leads to Colchos' magic land ; 275

‘ Such is your cruel tyrant's stern command.

‘ Yes, ye are they ; for yet my mental eye

‘ Undimm'd, past, present, future can descry :

‘ Thanks

- ‘ Thanks to thy son, Latona, who bestows
‘ This grace, this only solace of my woes; 280
‘ By Jove, to whom the suppliant’s cause belongs,
‘ Who hates the cruel, and avenges wrongs;
‘ By Phœbus, and by Juno, from on high
‘ Who marks your progress with compassion’s eye,
‘ Aid me, and, oh ! a sufferer’s pangs assuage, 285
‘ And bid corrosive famine cease to rage :
‘ Leave me not thus, unpitied and unblest’d ;
‘ But ere you sail, ah ! pity the distress’d.
‘ For not these orbs alone, depriv’d of sight,
‘ Vindictive Heaven hath veil’d in doleful night; 290
‘ But to extreme old age his cruel law
‘ Dooms me th’ unwasting thread of life to draw.
‘ Still weightier woes from sorrow’s lengthen’d chain
‘ Depend, and pain is ever link’d to pain.
‘ From secret haunts, ærial, unexplor’d, 295
‘ Flights of devouring Harpies vex my board ;
‘ Swift, instantaneous, sudden they descend,
‘ And from my mouth the tasteful morsel rend.
‘ Meanwhile my troubled soul, with woe oppress’d,
‘ No means of aid, no comfort can suggest. 300
‘ For when the feast I purpose to prepare,
‘ They see that purpose, and prevent my care :
‘ But

‘ But cloy’d, and glutted with the luscious spoil,
 ‘ With noisome ordure parting they defile
 ‘ Whate’er remains, if aught perchance remain, 305
 ‘ That none approaching may the stench sustain,
 ‘ Tho’ his strong heart were wrapp’d in plated mail,
 ‘ The filthy fragments such dire steams exhale.
 ‘ Yet me fell hunger’s all-subduing pain
 ‘ Compels reluctant, loathing to remain ; 310
 ‘ Compels the deadly odours to endure,
 ‘ And gorge my craving maw with food impure.
 ‘ From these invaders (so hath Fate decreed)
 ‘ By Boreas’ offspring shall my board be freed.
 ‘ Nor on a stranger to your house and blood, 315
 ‘ O sons of Boreas, is your aid bestow’d.
 ‘ Phineus behold, Agenor’s hapless son,
 ‘ Once for prophetic skill and riches known ;
 ‘ Who, while I sway’d the Thracian sceptre, led
 ‘ Your portion’d sister to my spousal bed.’ 320
 Here Phineus ceas’d, and touch’d each pitying
 chief :

But Boreas’ sons were pierc’d with double grief ;
 Compassion kind was kindled in their breast :
 Their tears abating, friendly Zetes press’d
 His trembling hand, and thus the seer address’d :

“ O most

- “ O most disastrous of all human kind, 326
 “ Whence spring these evils that o’erwhelm thy mind?
 “ Hast thou, intrusted with the book of Fate,
 “ By folly merited celestial hate?
 “ Hence falls this indignation on thy head? 330
 “ Fain would the sons of Boreas grant thee aid;
 “ Fain would they execute what heaven ordains,
 “ But awful dread their willing hands restrains.
 “ To frightened mortals well thy sufferings prove
 “ How fierce the vengeance of the Gods above. 335
 “ Swear, or we dare not, as we wish, essay
 “ To drive these hateful Harpies far away :
 “ Swear that the succours, which our arms intend,
 “ Shall no superior deity offend.”

He spoke; and straight to heaven disclosing wide
 His sightless eye-balls, thus the seer reply’d : 341

- ‘ My son, th’ injustice of thy tongue restrain,
 ‘ Nor let such thoughts thy pious soul profane.
 ‘ By Phœbus, heavenly augur, who inspires
 ‘ My conscious bosom with prophetic fires ; 345
 ‘ By every woe fate destines me to bear,
 ‘ And by these eyes, involv’d in night, I swear ;
 ‘ By the fell demons of the realms below,
 ‘ (Whom ever unpropitious may I know,

‘ From

‘ From their repentment not in death secure, 350

‘ If falsely their dread godheads I adjure ;)

‘ That, should a captive by your arms be freed,

‘ No God vindictive will avenge the deed.’

Then acquiescing in the solemn pray’r,

To aid the prophet Boreas’ sons prepare. 355

The youthful train a banquet spread ; the last

Which those fell Harpies were decreed to taste.

Nigh stand the brothers, ardent to oppose

With glittering falchions their invading foes.

But scarce the first sweet morsel Phineus took, 360

When from the clouds with swift prevention broke,

(Swift as the lightning’s glance, or stormy blast,

Whose rapid fury lays the forest waste)

Shrill-clamouring for their prey, the birds obscene ;

The watchful heroes shouting rush’d between ; 365

But they with speediest rage the cates devour’d,

And round intolerable odours pour’d ;

Then o’er th’ Ægean far away they flew ;

The sons of Boreas arm’d with swords pursue ;

Close they pursue ; for Jove, that signal day, 370

Their strength proportion’d to the desperate fray ;

The strength he gave had Jove, that day, deny’d,

In vain their pinions had the brothers plied.

For when to Phineus furious they repair,
 Or quitting Phineus seek the fields of air, 375
 The light-wing'd monsters, fleetier than the wind,
 Leave the careering Zephyrs far behind.

As when swift hounds, experienc'd in the chace,
 Through some wide forest, o'er the scented grass
 The bounding hind, or horned goat pursue, 380
 Near, and more near their panting prey they view;
 And eager stretching, the short space to gain,
 They snap, and grind their gnashing fangs in vain:

Thus ever near, the rapid chiefs pursu'd,
 The Harpies thus their grasping hands elude. 385
 But now far off in the Sicilian main,

By the wing'd brothers, sons of Boreas, slain,
 The Harpy-race, tho' every God withstood,
 Had stain'd the Plotian isles with sacred blood;
 Their fore distress had Iris not survey'd, 390
 And darting from the skies the heroes staid:

' O sons of Boreas, the dread laws above
 ' Permit you not to wound the *dogs of Jove*:
 ' And, lo! my oath I pledge, that never more
 ' Shall these fell *dogs* approach the Thracian shore.'

This said, adjuring the tremendous floods, 396
 Most fear'd, most honour'd by immortal Gods;

By

By the slow-dripping urn of Styx she swore ;
 The prophet's peaceful mansions on the shore
 For ever from those spoilers should be free ; 400
 Such was the fatal sisters' fix'd decree.

The Goddess swore, the brothers straight obey,
 And back to Argo wing their airy way :
 The Strophades from thence derive their name,
 The Plotian islands styl'd by ancient fame. 405

Disparting then, to different regions flew
 The maid celestial and the monster-crew.
 Those to the grots retir'd, the dark retreat
 Of Dicte's caverns in Minoian Crete ;
 While the gay Goddess of the watery bow 410
 Soar'd on fleet pinions to Olympus' brow.

Mean-while the princes, with unwearied pains,
 Wash from their feer the Harpies' filthy stains :
 Next from the spoils, which on Bebrycia's shore
 From vanquish'd Amycus brave Pollux bore, 415
 The fleecy victims they select with care ;
 And sooth the Gods with sacrifice and pray'r.
 Then in the palace each heroic guest
 Partakes the pleasures of the sumptuous feast :
 With them sat Phineus, and refresh'd his soul 420
 With savoury viands, and the cheering bowl :

While

While yet he feasts, insatiate still he seems,
And shares a bliss beyond the bliss of dreams.

Tho' now the rage of hunger was repress'd,
And generous wine had open'd every breast; 425
Yet still the chiefs prolong the banquet late,
And for the feather'd sons of Boreas wait.

Plac'd in the midst, before the cheerful fire,
Thus of their voyage spoke the sacred fire :

' Hear what the Gods permit me to relate; 430
' For 'tis profane to publish all your fate.
' Unnumber'd woes I felt, and feel them still,
' For erst divulging Jove's almighty will :
' To man he gives Fate's dark events to scan
' In part, but always leaves dependent man. 435
' When hence your destin'd voyage ye pursue,
' Two rocks will rise, tremendous to the view,
' Just in the entrance of the watery waste,
' Which never mortal yet in safety past :
' Not firmly fix'd ; for oft with hideous shock 440
' Adverse they meet, and rock encounters rock :
' The boiling billows dash their airy brow,
' Loud thundering round the ragged shore below.
' Safe if ye hope to pass, my counsel hear,
' Be rul'd by prudence, and the Gods revere; 445

- ‘ Nor on your unexperienc’d youth depend,
‘ The want of caution brings you to your end.
‘ First from your ship a nimble dove let fly,
‘ And on the sure prognostic bird rely ;
‘ Safe thro’ the rocks if she pursue her way, 450
‘ No longer ye the destin’d course delay ;
‘ Steer for the strait, and let the rowers sweep
‘ With stretching oars the close-contracted deep :
‘ For not in prayers alone your safety stands ;
‘ But nervous vigour, and the strength of hands. 455
‘ Ply then your oars, and strain at every stroke ;
‘ But first with prayer the Deities invoke.
‘ The dove’s sad fate should you desponding view,
‘ Crush’d by the closing fragments as she flew,
‘ Steer back, lest you against those rocks be driv’n,
‘ Steer back ; ’tis safest to submit to Heav’n. 461
‘ ’Twere death thro’ them to force the foaming keel,
‘ Tho’ heaven-built Argo were compos’d of steel.
‘ O friends, be warn’d by me, nor rashly dare
‘ To venture farther than my words declare ; 465
‘ Me though ye deem the righteous Gods pursue
‘ With direful vengeance, threefold more than due ;
‘ Tempt not without the dove this dangerous strait,
‘ For man must suffer what’s ordain’d by Fate.

‘ But

' But if with active oars ye safely gain, 470
 ' Through these tremendous rocks, the distant main ;
 ' Close to Bithynia let your vessel run,
 ' And on the left the dangerous shallows shun ;
 ' Till Rhebas, rapid-rolling stream, ye reach,
 ' The gloomy shore, and Thynia's sheltering beach.
 ' Thence o'er the billows fronting Thynia's strand,
 ' Soon will ye gain the Mariandine land.
 ' Here lies the path to Pluto's dreary caves,
 ' Here Acherusia frowns above the waves,
 ' Whose skirts the gulfy Acheron divides, 480
 ' And from deep whirlpools disembogues his tides.
 ' Thence, not far distant, with the western gale,
 ' Near Paphlagonia's towering heights ye sail,
 ' The hardy sons of which inclement coast
 ' Enetean Pelops for their founder boast. 485
 ' Full to the north a promontory fam'd
 ' Lifts the high head in air, Carambis nam'd ;
 ' The northern winds below its summit sweep,
 ' So loftily it rises o'er the deep.
 ' This point once doubled, a new coast expands 490
 ' Its ample plains, and on the limit stands
 ' A cape far-jutting, from whose rocky shores
 ' The rapid Halys in old ocean roars.

- ‘ Near him clear Iris draws his humbler train,
‘ In silver torrents foaming to the main. 495
‘ Beyond projects an headland tall and steep,
‘ And forms a peaceful harbour in the deep.
‘ Here o’er extensive fields Thermodon pours,
‘ Near Themiscyria’s heights, his watery stores.
‘ Next lie the spacious Dœan plains, and near 500
‘ Three cities of the Amazons appear :
‘ And next the Chalybes, inur’d to toil,
‘ Work at the forge, and turn the stubborn foil.
‘ Near these the wealthy Tiberenians till,
‘ Sacred to Jove, the Genetæan hill. 505
‘ The Mossynœcians, next, the country round
‘ Possess, with mountains and with forests crown’d.
‘ In towers they live of solid timber fram’d,
‘ Mossynes call’d, and thence the nation nam’d.
‘ When these are past, an island bleak and bare 510
‘ Lies full in view, there guide your ship with care,
‘ And thence with care those noxious birds expel,
‘ Which on the desert shore unnumber’d dwell.
‘ Here form’d of solid stone, and seen from far,
‘ Stands the rough temple of the God of war. 515
‘ Two Amazonian queens, renown’d for arms,
‘ Had rais’d the fane, when stunn’d with war’s alarms.
‘ Steer

‘ Steer to this island through the stormy main,
 ‘ And, all that mariners can wish, ye gain.
 ‘ But why should I each circumstance disclose, 520
 ‘ And make again the powers of heaven my foes?
 ‘ Beyond that isle, but on the fronting shores,
 ‘ The Philyreans feed their fleecy stores :
 ‘ The brave Macronians till the neighbouring coast ;
 ‘ Next these the numerous Bechirian host : 525
 ‘ Near them Sapirians and Byzerians dwell,
 ‘ And next the Colchians, who in arms excel.
 ‘ But ye, your steady course in Argo keep,
 ‘ Shun the false shores, and plough secure the deep,
 ‘ Till that rich coast ye reach, where Phasis leads 530
 ‘ From Amarantine hills o’er Colchian meads
 ‘ His liquid stores, and through fam’d Circe’s plain ;
 ‘ Then rolls his widening current to the main.
 ‘ To this fam’d stream pursue your watery way,
 ‘ Soon will your eyes Æeta’s towers survey, 535
 ‘ And Mars’s grove, where, wondrous to behold !
 ‘ Hangs on a spreading oak the fleecy gold.
 ‘ A hideous dragon of enormous size
 ‘ Turns all around his circumspective eyes :
 ‘ O’er the bright spoil the strictest watch he keeps ; 540
 ‘ He never slumbers, and he never sleeps.’

He spoke, and terror curdled all their blood ;
 Deep fix'd in silence long the warriors stood.

At length thus Jason, though possess'd with fear :

“ Tell us, O tell us, venerable seer, 545

“ Th' event of all our toils ; the sign explain

“ How safely we may pass into the main

“ Thro' those dire rocks : and, O ! indulgent, say,

“ Shall we once more our native land survey ?

“ Unskill'd am I, unskill'd our martial train ; 550

“ How shall I act, how measure back the main ?

“ For far as ever flying sails were furl'd

“ Lies Colchos, on the limits of the world.”

Thus Jason spoke ; and thus the prophet old :

‘ Those dangerous rocks once pass'd, my son, be
 bold. 555

‘ Some God from Æa shall thro' seas untry'd,

‘ Skirted by others coasts, your vessel guide,

‘ But you, to Æa sailing, on your crew confide. }

‘ But, friends, to Venus be due honours paid ;

‘ Still in remembrance keep her secret aid. 560

‘ On all your toils she kindly will bestow

‘ A glorious end-----expect no more to know.’

Scarce had he spoke, when speeding back repair
 The ions of Boreas through the fields of air,

At

At the seer's door with nimble feet they light; 565
 Up rose the chiefs rejoicing at the sight.
 When Zetes trembling, and with toils oppress'd,
 While thick short sobs incessant heav'd his chest,
 Tells how they drove the Harpies far away,
 How Iris screen'd them, and forbad to slay, 570
 And pledg'd her solemn oath: while they retreat
 To the huge caves of mountain-cover'd Crete.
 These joyful tidings cheer'd the hearts of all,
 But most the prophet's, in the feastful hall;
 Whom Jason, thus: "Sure from his heavenly state 575
 " Some God look'd down, and wail'd thy woeful fate,
 " And fore-decreed from far our bands to send,
 " That Boreas' sons might their assistance lend.
 " Should the same God restore thy long-lost sight,
 " My gladden'd soul would feel as great delight, 580
 " As ev'n my native country could bestow."

Then thus sage Phineus with dejected brow:
 ' My eyes, alas! shall ne'er behold the day;
 ' Shrunk are these balls, and quench'd the visual ray:
 ' Heaven round me soon death's gloomy shade shall
 spread, 585
 ' And every honour will await me dead.'

With converse thus the fleeting hours they cheer'd,
 When rosy morning beaming bright appear'd.

The neighbouring peasants round, with early day,
Flock to the seer, their due regards to pay ; 590
This daily custom love and reverence taught,
And some provision for the sage they brought.
All came to learn by his prophetic lore ;
He to the rich divin'd, and to the poor :
For numerous votaries he reliev'd from dread, 595
Who dearly lov'd him, and who daily fed.
With these his steady friend Paræbius came,
Who saw with joy these gallant sons of fame.
To him prophetic Phineus had foretold,
That a young band of Grecians, brave and bold, 600
Should, in their voyage to the Colchian shore,
In Thynia's bay their well-built vessel moor,
And from these coasts, those ravenous birds of prey,
The Harpies drive, though sent by Jove, away.
The seer well pleas'd dismiss'd his friendly train, 605
But bade Paræbius with the Greeks remain,
And fetch him instant from his numerous stock
A sheep, the best and fairest of the flock.
The willing swain obey'd the seer's request,
And Phineus thus the mariners address'd : 610
• We are not all unciviliz'd and rude,
• My friends, nor guilty of ingratitude.

• That

' That shepherd to my mansion came of late,
 ' To learn from me the colour of his fate;
 ' For the more labours and fatigues he bore, 615
 ' Pale, pining want oppress'd him still the more;
 ' New woes succeeded to the woes that past,
 ' And every day was darker than the last:
 ' And yet no crime had poor Paræbius wrought,
 ' Alas! he suffered for his father's fault: 620
 ' Who, when alone, and on the mountain's brow,
 ' With cruel axe he laid the forest low;
 ' Deaf to a doleful Hamadryad's pray'r,
 ' The nymph neglected, and refus'd to spare,
 ' Though oft she urg'd this lamentable plea; 625
 " Pity, ah! pity my coeval tree,
 " Where I so many blissful ages dwelt!"
 ' But his hard heart no soft compassion felt;
 ' The tree he fell'd; and for this foul disgrace
 ' The nymph ordain'd him woes, and all his race. 630
 ' To me Paræbius came oppress'd with fear,
 ' The cause I found, and counsell'd him to rear
 ' An altar to the goddess of the shore,
 ' And pardon for his father's crimes implore.
 ' Thus was the guilt aton'd; e'er since the man 635
 ' Pays all regards that grateful mortal can;
 ' For

‘ For ever at my side he loves to stay,

‘ And always goes unwillingly away.’

Thus Phineus spoke, when from his fleecy stock

His friend brought two, the fairest of the flock. 640

Then Jason rose, and, urg’d by Phineus blind,

Rose the bold offspring of the northern wind ;

Their sacred offerings on the flames they lay,

Invoking Phœbus at the dawn of day.

The choicest viands with assiduous care. 645

The younger heroes for their friends prepare.

Thus feasted, some their vessel’s cordage press’d,

Some in the prophet’s mansion sunk to rest.

Etesian breezes with the morning blow,

Which, sent by Jove, o’er every region flow. 650

The nymph Cyrene, in old times, ’tis said,

Her flocks beside Thessalian Peneus fed,

Pleas’d with the honours of her virgin-name,

Till day’s bright God seduc’d the rural dame.

Far from Hæmonia he convey’d the fair, 655

Brought to the nymphs, and trusted to their care,

The mountain-nymphs that in parch’d Libya keep

Their airy mansions on Myrtosia’s steep.

Cyrene there, along the winding shore,

Thee, Aristæus, to Apollo bore ; 660

To

To whom rich swains, who in Thessalia live,
The names of Agreus, and of Nomius give.
With length of days the God her love repaid,
And fix'd her huntress of the woodland shade;
But the young boy to Chiron's care he gave, 665
To reap instruction in his learned cave.
To him, when blooming in the prime of life,
The Muses gave Autonoe to wife;
And taught their favourite pupil to excel
In arts of healing, and divining well. 670
To him they gave their numerous flocks to feed,
Which Phthia's Athamantine pastures breed;
And those that stray on Othrys' lofty brow,
Or where Apidanus' fam'd waters flow.
But when fierce Syrius scorch'd the Cyclades, 675
The realms of Minos, in th' Ægean seas,
Nought could the burning malady allay;
The islanders implor'd the God of day,
Who sent young Aristæus to their aid,
By whom the fatal pestilence was staid. 680
At his fire's call he left fair Phthia's land,
Attended by a bold Arcadian band,
Who from Lycaon their extraction boast,
And sail'd to Céos with his numerous host.

He there an altar rais'd to showery Jove, 685
And made oblation on the heights above
To the red star that defolates the land,
And to heaven's king; at whose supreme command
Th' Etesian-winds, while forty days they blow,
Refresh with balmy gales the soil below. 690
Ev'n now the Cean priests pay rites divine
Before the burning star begins to shine.
Thus fame reports; and by these winds detain'd,
With Phineus still the Argonauts remain'd.
The grateful Thynians daily, while they staid, 695
To their lov'd seer abundant stores convey'd.
Yet, ere they leave this hospitable land,
To the twelve Gods erect they on the strand
An altar, and with sacrifice and pray'r
Appease the powers of heaven, and to their ship repair,
Eager their long-neglected oars to prove; 701
Yet not unmindful of the timorous dove:
Which safely fasten'd by a slender band
Euphemus carry'd trembling in his hand.
Quick from the stay they lopp'd the doubled cord: 705
Minerva saw the heroes haste aboard:
On a thin cloud she lighted from above,
(The cloud upheld the mighty seed of Jove)

And

And sped her voyage to the Euxine main,
For much she lov'd the delegated train. 710

So when some shepherd quits his native home,
(As men adventurous much delight to roam)
No roads too distant, or too long appear,
In thought he sees, and thinks his mansion near;
O'er sea, o'er land with keen enquiring eyes 715
He views all ways, and in idea flies:

Thus to the Thynian shore, from heaven above,
Swift flew the daughter of imperial Jove.

When now the heroes through the vast profound
Reach the dire straits with rocks encompass'd round,
Though boiling gulphs the sailing pine detain'd, 721
Still on their way the labouring Grecians gain'd,
When the loud-jostling rocks increas'd their fears:
The shores resounding thunder'd in their ears.
High on the prow Euphemus took his stand, 725
And held the dove that trembled in his hand.
The rest with Tiphys on their strength rely'd,
To shun the rocks, and stem the roaring tide.
Soon, one sharp angle past, the joyful train
Saw the cleft crags wide opening to the main. 730
Euphemus loos'd the dove, the heroes stood
Erect to see her skim the foaming flood.

She

She through the rocks a ready passage found ;
The dire rocks met, and gave a dreadful sound.
The salt-sea spray in clouds began to rise ; 735
Old ocean thunder'd ; the cerulean skies
Rebellow'd loudly with the fearful din ;
The caves below remurmur'd from within.
O'er wave-worn cliffs, the coast's high margin o'er
Boil'd the light foam, and whiten'd all the shore. 740
Round whirl'd the ship ; the rocks with rapid sway
Lopp'd from the dove her steering tail away ;
Yet still securely through the straits she flew :
Loud joy inspir'd the circumspective crew.
But Tiphys urg'd the chiefs their oars to ply, 746
For the rocks yawn'd, tremendous to the eye.
Then terror seiz'd them, when with sudden shock
The reflux billows forc'd them on the rock ;
With chilling fears was every nerve unstrung,
While o'er their heads impending ruin hung. 750
Before, behind they saw the spacious deep,
When instant, lo ! a billow, vast and steep,
Still rises higher, and still wider spreads,
And hangs a watery mountain o'er their heads.
The heroes stoop'd, expecting by its fall 755
That mighty billow would o'erwhelm them all ;
But

But Tiphys' art reliev'd the labouring oars:
 On Argo's keel the impetuous torrent pours,
 Which rais'd the ship above the rocks so high,
 She seem'd sublimely sailing in the sky. 760

Euphemus hastening urg'd the valiant crew
 Their course with all their vigour to pursue.
 Shouting they plied their oars, but plied in vain;
 For the rough billows beat them back again.
 And as the heroes unremitting row, 765

Their labouring oars were bent into a bow.
 Swift down the mountainous billows Argo glides,
 Like a huge cylinder along the tides,
 Entangled with thick, craggy rocks around,
 Her seams all bursting, and her planks unbound. 770

In that nice moment the Tritonian maid
 To sacred Argo lent the timely aid.
 Her left-hand heav'd her from the craggy steep;
 Her right dismiss'd her gently to the deep:
 Then like an arrow from th' elastic yew, 775

Swift o'er the foaming waves the vessel flew.
 Yet had the clashing rocks with adverse sway
 Torn the tall prow's embellishments away.
 When thus the Greeks had safely reach'd the main,
 To heaven Minerva wing'd her flight again. 780

The

The parted rocks at once concurrent stood,
 Fix'd on one firm foundation in the flood :
 This had been long determined by the fates,
 If mortal ever past those dangerous straits.
 Now freed from fears, the Greeks with eager eyes 785
 View the broad ocean and serener skies :
 Their anxious doubts for Argo they dispel,
 And deem her rescued from the jaws of hell.
 Then Tiphys thus : ' Sure to this ship we owe
 ' That fearless safety we experience now. 790
 ' For tho' wise Argus with ingenious art
 ' Form'd the fair ship compact in every part,
 ' Vigour divine propitious Pallas gave,
 ' And power assign'd her o'er the wind and wave.
 ' All now is safe : fear not thy haughty lord, 795
 ' But mark, illustrious chief, the prophet's word,
 " The rocks escap'd, no future fears remain,
 " Your toils are easy, and your voyage plain."

Thus he ; and steering through the spacious sea,
 Near fair Bithynia plough'd the liquid way. 800

Then Jason mild the pilot thus address'd :
 " Why, Tiphys, this to me with grief oppress'd ?
 " Yes, I have err'd---my faults afflict my soul :
 " When Pelias gave command without controul,
 " 'Twas

" 'Twas mine to've shunn'd this wild-projected plot,
 " Though instant death had been my certain lot. 806
 " Now fears and cares my tortur'd bosom rend ;
 " I dread those ills that from the deep impend,
 " I dread the savage coast, and every place
 " Where dwells the bloody, or the barbarous race. 810
 " No peace by day, no sleep at night I take,
 " Since these brave chiefs assembled for my sake.
 " With cold indifference may'st thou look down,
 " For no man's safety anxious but thy own ;
 " But I, the least solicitous for mine, 815
 " Feel for this friend's, that comrade's, and for thine.
 " Much shall I feel for all this martial band,
 " Unless they safe regain their native land."
 Thus spoke the prince, his gallant host to try ;
 With animating sounds they rend the sky. 820
 The loud acclaim was grateful to his ears,
 And thus he boldly hails his brave compeers :
 " Your valour, friends, encourages my soul :
 " And since no fears your gallant hearts controul,
 " Boldly will I each coward-thought repel, 825
 " Though doom'd to enter the abyfs of hell.
 " For these rocks past, no dangers can dismay,
 " If we the counsel of the seer obey."

The Greeks applauding what their leader spoke,
 Ply their stout oars and bend to every stroke; 830
 And first by Rhebas, rapid stream, they fly,
 And where Colona's rocks invade the sky,
 And where the black-brow'd promontory low'rs,
 And where lov'd Phillis his broad current pours.
 There Dipfacus receiv'd, in days of yore, 835
 Young Phryxus landing on his friendly shore,
 When, exit'd from Orchomenos, he swam
 On the broad shoulders of the gold-fleec'd ram.
 For to that stream a nymph of rural race
 Bore Dipfacus, who, fearful of disgrace, 840
 Dwelt with his mother, and along the mead
 Chose, near his father's stream, his fleecy flocks to feed.
 The chiefs soon pass'd his celebrated fane,
 The river Calpis, and th' extended plain;
 And all the night, along the tranquil tide, 845
 And all the day their oars incessant ply'd.
 As when laborious steers, inur'd to toil,
 With the bright plow-share turn the stubborn soil;
 Sweat from their sides distils in foamy smoke;
 Their eyes obliquely roll beneath the yoke; 850
 Their scorching breath heaves quick with panting
 sound,
 While all day long they tread the weary ground:

So toil'd the Greeks ; nor yet the morning-light
 Had pass'd the doubtful confines of the night,
 But, faintly glimmering on this earthly ball, 855
 Produc'd what mortals morning-twilight call.

To Thynia's neighbouring isle their course they bore,
 And safely landed on the desert shore,

When bright Apollo shew his radiant face,
 From Lycia hastening to the Scythian race. 860

His golden locks, that flow'd with grace divine,
 Hung clustering like the branches of the vine :

In his left hand, his bow unbent he bore,

His quiver pendent at his back he wore :

The conscious island trembled as he trod, 865

And the big rolling waves confess'd the God.

Nor dar'd the heroes, seiz'd with dire dismay,

The splendors of his countenance survey,

But on the ground their downward eyes they cast :

Meanwhile Apollo o'er the watery waste, 870

And through thin ether on his journey flew.

Then thus spoke Orpheus to the martial crew :

“ Let us, my honour'd chiefs, with joint acclaim

“ This island sacred to bright Phœbus name,

“ Who early here to all this host appear'd ; 875

“ Here let an altar on the shore be rear'd,

“ And paid the rites divine : and if he deign
“ That safe we reach our native land again,
“ Young horned goats shall on his altars bleed,
“ And the choice thighs to Phœbus be decreed. 880
“ Now, comrades, due libations let us pay :
“ Be gracious, O be gracious, God of day !”

Thus he : and some the stony altar raise,
And some explore the forest's devious maze ;
Haply within its lone retreats to find 885
A kid wild wandering, or a bounding hind :
Latona's son soon led them to the prey ;
Then on the altar, blazing bright, they lay
The choicest parts involv'd in sacred smoke,
And fair Apollo, early God, invoke. 890
Around the flame in sprightly dance they spring,
And Iō Pæan, Iō Pæan sing.

Then on the Thracian harp Oeager's son
In soothing strains his tuneful tale begun :

How once beneath Parnassus' rocky brow 895
He lanch'd an arrow from his deadly bow,
And the fell serpent flew ; though young and fair
And beardless yet, but grac'd with golden hair :
(O prove propitious, thou whose radiant head
Is deck'd with curls unclip'd, that never shed, 900
Worthy

Worthy thyself ! Latona only knows
With nicest art those ringlets to dispose)
Corycian nymphs their joys in rapture shew'd,
And Iö, Iö Pæan call'd aloud :
Encomium grateful to the God of day. 905
Thus having prais'd him in the solemn lay,
They swear devoutly, due libations made,
To league for ever, and lend mutual aid ;
Then touch the hallow'd altar with their hands
Concordant ; and ev'n now a temple stands 910
Sacred to Concord, by the Grecians rais'd,
When here that mighty Deity they prais'd.

Now the third morn began on earth to smile,
When with fresh gales they left the lofty isle.
The foaming Sangar at a distance seen, 915
The Mariandine meads for ever green,
And Lycus' winding waters they forsake
All on the right, and Anthemoisia's lake.
So fast before the wind the vessel went,
Crack'd was the cordage, and the canvass rent : 920
But the gale ceasing with the dawning day,
Joyful they reach the Acherusian bay,
Begirt with rocks so towering tall and steep,
They frown tremendous on Bithynia's deep ;

And yet so firmly founded in the main, 925
The raging billows round them roar in vain :
Above, upon the promontory's brow,
Umbrageous planes in beauteous order grow.
Thence, downward, thro' a deep and dreary dell,
Descends the path-way to the cave of hell, 930
With woods and shaggy rocks obscure ; from whence
Exhaling vapours, chilly, damp and dense,
Scatter hoar frost along the whitening way,
Which melts before the sun's meridian ray.
On these rough cliffs, which many a storm molests, 935
The pleasing power of silence never rests.
From hollow caverns through the leafy boughs,
Above, the whistling wind for ever blows ;
And while mad billows lash the sounding shores,
Below, the raging main for ever roars. 940
There, bursting from the promontory's sides,
Sad Acheron along the valley glides ;
Deep-hollow'd beds his turbid streams convey,
As eastward to the main he winds his way.
This fable flood, in ancient story fam'd, 945
The Megarensians Soönautes nam'd
In after ages, when their course they bore
By ocean to the Mariandine shore ;

For when the deep in deathful billows heav'd,
 This peaceful port their shatter'd ships receiv'd. 950
 To this the labouring Grecians bent their way,
 Row'd round the cape, and anchor'd in the bay.
 When Lycus and his Mariandine host,
 Lycus, the mighty monarch of the coast,
 Knew these brave Greeks who Amycus had slain, 955
 They welcom'd Jason and his conquering train:
 But most on Pollux fix'd their wondering eyes,
 And view'd him as a hero from the skies:
 For long the fierce Bebrycians' rude alarms
 Had rous'd the Mariandyni to arms. 960
 That day, the Grecian band with one consent
 To the king's hospitable palace went:
 Cheerful they there on choicest dainties din'd,
 And there with converse sweet regal'd the mind.
 Then Jason to the king recounts the name, 965
 And race of all these chosen sons of fame,
 Who lent their aid at Pelias' dire command;
 Their strange adventures on the Lemnian land;
 What griefs, what woes at Cyzicus they bore;
 And how they landed on the Mysian shore, 970
 Where Hercules, distress'd his friend to find,
 They left at land, unwillingly, behind.

What Glaucus spoke prophetic from the main,
How with his subjects Amycus was slain,
The prince relates: what Phineus poor and old, 975
Worn out with sufferings to the chiefs foretold;
How thro' Cyanean rocks they safely steer'd,
And in what isle the God of day appear'd.

The king rejoic'd his guests so well had sped,
But griev'd that Hercules was left, and said: 980

‘ Think how, my friends, this hero's aid deny'd,
‘ Rashly ye tempt a length of seas untry'd.

‘ Full well I knew that valiant son of fame,

‘ When here on foot thro' Lydia's coast he came

‘ (For here my hospitable father dwelt) 985

‘ To fetch Hippolita's embroider'd belt.

‘ The hero found me then a beardless swain,

‘ Mourning my brother by the Mysians slain;

‘ (The nation dearly lov'd the blooming chief,

‘ And still lament in elegies of grief) 990

‘ Then at the funeral games he prov'd his might,

‘ And vanquish'd Titias in the gauntlet-fight;

‘ Tho' young and stout, and eager for the fray,

‘ From his bruis'd jaws he dash'd the teeth away:

‘ The Mysian country, and the Phrygian plains 995

‘ The conqueror added to my sire's domains;

‘ And

‘ And the rude nations that Bithynia till,
‘ To foaming Rhebas and Colona’s hill ;
‘ And Paphlagonia to its utmost bounds,
‘ Which fable Billis with his waves furrounds. 1000
‘ But now proud Amycus, and all his host,
‘ Since Hercules has left the neighbouring coast,
‘ Have spoil’d my realms, and spread their hostile
bands

‘ Wide as where Hipias’ streams enrich the lands.
‘ At length their lawless insolence they rue, 1005
‘ And by your hands have suffer’d vengeance due.
‘ And sure some God afforded his relief
‘ When Pollux slew that proud Bebrycian chief.
‘ I for this deed my due regard will show ;
‘ ’Tis what the meanest to the mighty owe. 1010
‘ My son, your comrade, shall at my command
‘ Attend o’er distant seas your gallant band :
‘ O’er distant seas, with Dascylus your guide,
‘ You still with faithful friends shall be supply’d, }
‘ Far as Thermodon rolls his foaming tide. 1015 }
‘ Meanwhile on yon bold cape that mates the skies
‘ To Leda’s sons a sacred fane shall rise,
‘ Admir’d by all that cross the boundless main,
‘ For all shall venerate the sacred fane :

‘ To

‘ To them will I, as to the powers divine, 1020

‘ Some fruitful acres near the town assign.’

Conversing thus, the genial feast they share,
And to the ship at early day repair :

With his brave son the friendly Lycus went,
Who store of viands to the ship had sent. 1025

’Twas here the cruel destinies decreed
That Idmon, fam’d for augury, should bleed :
The fate of others he had oft foreshown,
But fail’d, unhappy ! to prevent his own.

Here, in a covert near the reedy flood, 1030
A fell wild boar lay deep immers’d in mud.

With horrid tusks so dreadful he appear’d,
The fountain-nymphs the savage monster fear’d :
No living wight in miry marsh or moor
E’er saw so fierce, so horrible a boar. 1035

On the lake’s verge as luckless Idmon stood,
From his close covert, in the reedy mud,
Up sprung the furious beast with might and main,
Tore the chief’s thigh, and snapp’d the bone in twain ;
He groans, he falls, and on the bank he lies, 1040
His griev’d companions answer to his cries ;
When Peleus instantly approaching near,
Launch’d at the boar his unavailing spear :

But Idas aim'd his pointed dart so well,
Low in the marsh the dying monster fell. 1045

The chiefs with Idmon to the ship retir'd,
Who deeply groaning in their arms expir'd;
Immers'd in grief, they now neglect to sail;
For three whole days their comrade they bewail;
But on the fourth, with pensive sorrow, paid 1050
The last sad honours due to Idmon's shade.

The king, the people join'd the mournful crew,
And, loud-lamenting, numerous victims flew :
They dug the grave, and on the greensword raise
A tomb on which posterity will gaze : 1055

For near the tomb a tall wild olive grows,
Beneath the cape, and beautifully blows.

Me would the Nine commission to unfold
This truth, which Phœbus had long since foretold;
This, this is he, the tutelary lord, 1060

Henceforth to be by mighty states ador'd :
For here Bæotians and Megarians join'd,
Near the wild olive wavering in the wind,
To build a city ; though due honours they
To Agamestor, not to Idmon, pay. 1065

Who fell beside ? for, lo ! the chiefs intend
Another tomb for some lamented friend.

Ev'n

Ev'n now two mournful monuments appear :
 Tiphys, Fame says, was stretch'd upon the bier.
 Him cruel fate ordain'd no more to roam ; 1070
 He died far distant from his native home.
 For while to Idmon funeral rites they pay,
 Untimely sickness snatch'd the chief away.
 Then heart-felt sadness seiz'd the pensive train,
 Who, prostrate on the margin of the main, 1075
 Forgetful of their necessary food,
 Mourn'd in sad silence to the roaring flood.
 For they, now skilful Tiphys is no more,
 Despair'd returning to their native shore ;
 And here had staid, with bitter grief oppress'd, 1080
 Had not Saturnia in Ancæus' breast
 Breath'd courage : him Astypalæa bore,
 Near winding Imbrasus on Samos' shore,
 To ocean's God ; a chief expert to guide
 The flying vessel o'er the foaming tide. 1085
 Then thus to Peleus, Neptune's valiant son,
 By heaven inspir'd, in cheering terms begun :
 ' Ill suits the brave in foreign climes to stay,
 ' And waste, O Peleus, precious time away.
 ' I left not Samos less for sailing skill'd 1090
 ' Than fierce contention in the fighting field.

' For Argo cherish not one abject fear,
 ' Since many skill'd, besides myself, are here.
 ' And he, to whom the steerage we ordain,
 ' Will safely guide the vessel o'er the main. 1095
 ' 'Tis thine to stimulate the fainting crew
 ' With ready oars their voyage to pursue.'

He spoke, and transport touch'd the Phthian's breast,
 Instant he rose, and thus the host address'd :

" Why are we here by fruitless grief detain'd? 1100
 " Two friends are dead, and this the fates ordain'd ;
 " Yet many pilots in this host remain,
 " To steer firm Argo o'er the watery plain.
 " To sorrows unavailing bid adieu !
 " Let us, bold peers, our destin'd course pursue." 1105

He said, and Jason anxious thus reply'd ;
 ' Where are those pilots, say, our course to guide ?
 ' For those whom late we boasted as the best
 ' And ablest chiefs, are most with grief oppress'd.
 ' I therefore deem a like sad fate attends 1110
 ' On us, as on our late departed friends,
 ' If neither in Æeta's ports we moor,
 ' Nor thro' those rocks regain our native shore,
 ' But here inactive and inglorious stay,
 ' Years following years, and linger life away.' 1115

He

He spoke; Ancæus seiz'd the steerage, driv'n
 By power instinctive from the queen of heav'n.
 Erginus next the glorious charge desir'd;
 Euphemus, Nauplius to the helm aspir'd.
 But these the congregated chiefs declin'd;
 And bold Ancæus to the post assign'd.

1120

With the twelfth rising morn the heroes sail;
 Favonius breath'd a favourable gale;
 And soon they leave sad Acheron behind,
 Then give the swelling canvass to the wind:
 On the smooth sea the ship serenely rides,
 And light along the liquid level glides.
 Ere long with stretching sails the coast they gain,
 Where broad Callichorus augments the main.
 To Thebes returning from his Indian fights,
 Here Bacchus solemniz'd mysterious rites,
 The dance before the sacred cave ordain'd,
 And here full many a doleful night remain'd.
 This name the country to the river gave,
 Callichorus; and Aulion to the cave.

1135

Still as their course the daring Greeks pursue,
 The monument of Sthenelus they view.
 With honours grac'd, obtain'd in realms afar,
 Returning from the Amazonian war,

On

Book II. APOLLONIUS RHODIUS. 127

On the bleak shore (Alcides at his side) 1140

Pierc'd by a fatal dart the hero died.

Slow sail'd they on, for, eager to survey

His kindred warriors on the watery way,

At his request, from her infernal coast

Pluto's grim queen releas'd the pensive ghost. 1145

The pensive ghost beheld with eager ken

From the tall monument the ship and men.

As arm'd for war the martial phantom seem'd;

Four crests high-towering on his helmet beam'd,

With purple rays intolérably bright; 1150

Then soon it sunk beneath the shades of night.

In mute amazement stood the Grecian host;

But Mopsus counsel'd to appease the ghost

With offerings due; the chiefs approach the strand,

And round the tomb of Sthenelus they stand. 1155

They pour libations, and the victims slay,

And on the fire the destin'd offerings lay.

Apart, to guardian Phœbus next they raise

An altar meet, and bid the victims blaze.

Here Orpheus plac'd his lyre for music fam'd; 1160

Apollo's altar hence was Lyra nam'd.

And now, invited by the favouring gales,

They climb the ship and spread their swelling sails;

Swift

Swift o'er the deep the winged vessel flies,
Swift as the rapid hawk that cleaves the skies, 1165
And lightly thro' the liquid ether springs,
Nor moves, self-poiz'd, his wide-expanded wings.
Thence by Parthenius sail'd the social train,
The gentlest stream that mingles with the main.
Fatigued with traversing the mazy grove, 1170
Here, ere she re-ascends the courts of Jove,
The chaste Diana, huntress of the wood,
Bathes her fair limbs, and gambols in the flood.
Then during night by Sesamus they sail,
And Erythinus rising o'er the vale; 1175
By Cromna and Crobrialus, and where
Thy groves, Cytorus, ever green appear.
Thence with the rising sun they stoutly row
Near where Carambis lifts his rocky brow.
All day, all night with unremitted oar 1180
They coast along Ægialus's shore.
Then to the Syrian clime the heroes sped,
Where Jove, by hasty promises misled,
Sinope plac'd, and, all she wish'd to claim,
Gave her the honours of a virgin's name. 1185
For, know, the God, by Love's strong power oppress'd,
Promis'd to grant whate'er she might request :

And

And this request th' infidious damsel made,
That her virginity might never fade.

Hence Phœbus foil'd could no one wish obtain; 1190

Hence winding Alys wooed the maid in vain.

No mortal force such virtue could o'ercome,

Defeat Jove's promise, and impair her bloom.

Here dwelt Deïmachus's offspring fam'd,

Deileon, Autolycus and Phlogius nam'd, 1195

What time they ceas'd with Hercules to roam,

And at Sinope found a settled home.

They, when they saw the bold Theſſalian band,

Met them on ſhore and welcom'd them to land;

And, loathing longer in theſe climes to ſtay, 1200

Join'd the brave crew, and with them fail'd away.

Bleſs'd with the zephyr's breeze that briskly blew,

Near Halys' ſtream and Iſis' fail'd the crew;

Near Syria's coaſt, and, ere night's ſhades abound,

Near th' Amazonian cape, for many a bay renown'd.

Where Hercules ſurpriz'd, in days of yore, 1206

Bold Menalippe wandering on the ſhore:

A belt Hippolyta her ſiſter paid,

And for this ranſom he reſtor'd the maid.

Here in Thermodon's bay firm Argo moor'd; 1210

For laſh'd with tempeſts the vex'd ocean roar'd.

No river like the fam'd Thermodon leads
Such numerous currents o'er the fertile meads :
A hundred streams to him their waters owe ;
Yet from one source, one only source they flow. 1215
On Amazonian hills, that reach the skies,
The great Thermodon first begins to rise ;
Hence soon emerging many a course he takes,
Sinks but to mount, and various channels makes.
The different streams from different founts distil, 1220
In soft meanders wandering down the hill ;
Some public notice and fair titles claim,
Some flow obscurely, and without a name ;
But confluent soon, along the winding plain,
He rolls his waves, and foams o'er half the main. 1225

Had the Greeks landed on this hostile coast,
War would have soon pursu'd the gallant host :
(For the fierce Amazons regard not right,
Strife is their sport, and battles their delight :
From Mars and Harmony these warlike maids 1230
Sprung where Acmonius spreads its bowery shades)
But favour'd with the soft Favonian wind,
The heroes left the crooked shore behind,
Where the bold Amazons, perceiv'd from far,
Stood sheath'd in arms, prepar'd for speedy war. 1235

Not

Not in one city dwelt this martial band,
 But in three parties scatter'd o'er the land:
 The first tribe at Themiscyra remain'd,
 O'er this Hippolyta, their empress, reign'd;
 There dwelt the fair Lycastian dames apart, 1240
 Here the Chadesians, skill'd to lance the dart.
 Th' ensuing day the delegated band
 Approach'd with oars the rough Chalybian land;
 Whose sons ne'er yoke their oxen to the plough,
 Nor healing plants, nor fruits delicious know: 1245
 Nor aught delight they in th' irriguous mead,
 Retir'd and still, their fleecy flocks to feed;
 But they dig iron from the mountain's side,
 And by this ore are nature's wants supply'd.
 Devoid of toil ne'er beam'd Aurora's ray, 1250
 And dust and smoke obscur'd the dismal day.

From thence they pass where Tibarenians till,
 Sacred to Jove, the Genetæan hill.

Here, when the teeming wives are brought to bed,
 Their groaning husbands hang the drooping head;
 Equal attendance with their wives they claim; 1256
 The same their diet, and their baths the same.

Next by the sacred hill their oars impel
 Firm Argo, where the Mossynœcians dwell.

In towers they live, of solid timber fram'd, 1260
Mossynes call'd, and thence the nation nam'd :
Of manners strange ; for they with care conceal
Those deeds which others openly reveal ;
And actions, that in secret should be done,
Perform in public and before the sun : 1265
For, like the monsters of the bristly drove,
In public they perform the feats of love.
Exalted in his tower that mates the sky,
The monarch here dispenses law from high :
But if his judgment err, this rigid state 1270
Condemns their chief, and starving is his fate.
These nations past, with unremitting oar
They reach, Aretias, thy sea-girt shore.
Then sunk the breezes with the closing day,
When down the sky descending they survey 1275
A winged monster of enormous might,
Which toward the ship precipitates her flight.
Her wings she shook, and from her pinions flung
A dart-like quill, which on Oïleus hung ;
Down his left shoulder swift it fell : no more, 1280
Faint and enfeebled, could he hold his oar.
In silence long the Grecian heroes gaze,
And view the feathery javelin with amaze.

But

But Erybotes, soon approaching near,
 Extracted from the chief the winged spear; 1285
 Then from his side his pendent belt unbound,
 And wrapp'd that bandage o'er the gaping wound.
 When, lo! a second bird appear'd in view,
 But ready Clytius first had bent his yew;
 By his keen shaft the feather'd monster slain 1290
 Fast by the ship fell headlong in the main.
 Then thus Amphidamas: 'My friends, ye know,
 'And these obscene voracious fiends foreshow
 'Aretias near: then list to what I say,
 'Fruitless are shafts to drive these pests away; 1295
 'But, would you here a fit reception find,
 'Recall th' advice of Phineus to your mind.
 'For when Alcides to Arcadia went
 'Well arm'd with arrows, on his toils intent,
 'From the Stympthalian lake he fail'd to fright 1300
 'These ravenous Harpies (I beheld the fight)
 'But when he rung a cymbal with his spear;
 'The clanging cymbal fill'd the birds with fear:
 'In wild confusion far away they fly,
 'And with shrill clamours pierce the distant sky. 1305
 ' 'Tis ours to practise this expulsive art;
 'But hear ye first the counsel I impart;

‘ Let half our crew, in glittering armour dress’d,
 ‘ Nod, as by turns they row, the high-plum’d crest;
 ‘ The rest bright spears and swords and shields pro-
 vide, 1310

‘ And meet dispose them round the vessel’s side,
 ‘ Then all at once your voices raise on high,
 ‘ And with loud pealing shouts assail the sky;
 ‘ The deafening clamours, the protended spears,
 ‘ And nodding crests will fill the birds with fears. 1315
 ‘ And when Aretias’ barren isle ye gain,
 ‘ Ring your broad bucklers, and all shout amain.’

He spoke, the chiefs approv’d the wise design;
 High on their heads the brazen helmets shine,
 Whose purple crests wav’d dreadful in the wind; 1320
 To these alternate were stout oars assign’d;
 The rest with care their vessel’s side conceal’d
 With glittering spears, and many a shining shield.
 As when industrious builders cover o’er
 With tiles the walls their hands had rais’d before; 1325
 In chequer’d squares they decorate the roof,
 And make it fair to view, and tempest-proof;
 Thus they with shields, dispos’d in order due,
 Shelter’d their vessel, and adorn’d it too.

As when embattled hosts their foes assail, 1330
 Tumultuous shouts, and martial sounds prevail;

So from the ship loud clamours pierc'd the sky ;
 No more the Greeks their feather'd foes descry :
 Rattling their bucklers, near the land they drew,
 And far away the winged furies flew. 1335

So when great Jove on close-throng'd cities pours
 From hyperborean clouds his haily show'rs ;
 Within, the dwellers sit in peace profound,
 Nor heed the rattling storms that rage around ;
 In vain the hail descends, the tempests roar, 1340
 Their roofs from harm were well secur'd before :
 Thus on their shields the furies shot their quills,
 Then clamouring vanish'd to far distant hills.

Say, Muse, why Phineus counsel'd here to land,
 On Mars's isle, this delegated band ? 1345

And what advantage could the Grecians gain
 From all the toils and perils of the main ?

To fam'd Orchomenos, with favouring gale,
 From Æa's walls the sons of Phrixus sail,
 Their grandfire's vast inheritance to share, 1350
 Who dying left this voyage to their care.

Near Mars's island on this signal day
 The sons of Phrixus plough'd the liquid way.
 But Jove ordain'd that Boreas' blasts should blow,
 While moist Arcturus soak'd the vales below. 1355

First on the mountains, rising by degrees,
 All day rough Boreas shook the trembling trees ;
 Then, night approaching, he with hideous sound
 Roll'd the big wave, and heav'd the vast profound.
 No stars appear translucent thro' the clouds, 1360
 But gloomy darkness every object shrouds.
 The sons of Phrixus, tost by whelming waves,
 With horror shudder'd at the watery graves ;
 For the fierce blast, impell'd with might and main,
 Tore all their canvass, split the ship in twain 1365
 And dash'd to pieces ; but by heaven's kind aid
 On a large fragment of the wreck convey'd,
 The winds and waves the trembling brothers bore
 Aghast, and half expiring to the shore.
 Instant in floods descended copious rain, 1370
 Drench'd the whole island, and increas'd the main ;
 (These shores, the neighbouring coast, and sacred hill
 The rude, the barbarous Mossynœcians till)
 Borne on a broken plank, the forceful blast
 The sons of Phrixus on this island cast, 1375
 Who met the Grecians with the rising sun ;
 Ceas'd was the rain, and Argus thus begun :
 ' Adjur'd by Jove, whose circumspective ken
 ' Surveys the conduct and the cares of men,
 ' ' Whate'er

‘ Whate’er your name or race, our tale attend, 1380
 ‘ And to the wretched your assistance lend.
 ‘ The raging storms that Neptune’s empire sweep,
 ‘ Have wreck’d our luckless vessel in the deep ;
 ‘ To you we pray, if pity touch your heart,
 ‘ Some scanty raiment for our wants impart ; 1385
 ‘ The sons of misery for mercy call ;
 ‘ To one low level sorrow sinks us all.
 ‘ They who, to prostrate suppliants lend an ear,
 ‘ The laws of hospitable Jove revere.
 ‘ All-present he hath listen’d to our pray’r, 1390
 ‘ And sinking fav’d us with a parent’s care.’

Then Æson’s son (fulfilling Phineus’ plan)
 Thus question’d mild the miserable man ;
 “ But first, of truth observant, frankly tell,
 “ In what far region of the world ye dwell ; 1395
 “ What business call’d you from your native coast,
 “ What race ye sprung from, and what names ye
 boast.”

Then Argus thus : ‘ Ye, sure, have heard the fame
 ‘ Of Phrixus, who from Greece to Æa came.
 ‘ To great Æeta’s citadel he swam 1400
 ‘ Supported on the shoulders of the ram,
 ‘ Whose fleece now high-suspended ye behold,
 ‘ By Hermes metamorphos’d into gold.

- ‘ On the tall oak’s high top it hangs in view,
 ‘ The ram to Jove, propitious, Phrixus flew. 1405
 ‘ The generous king receiv’d him as his guest,
 ‘ And with undower’d Chalciope he blest’d.
 ‘ From these we sprung; but Phrixus breathes no more,
 ‘ His bones lie buried on the Colchian shore.
 ‘ We now to fam’d Orchomenos repair, 1410
 ‘ The wide domains of Athamas to share ;
 ‘ Such were the last injunctions of our sire :
 ‘ Our business this—if ye our names require,
 ‘ This Cytisorus, that will Phrontis claim,
 ‘ He furnam’d Melas, Argus is my name.’ 1415

He spoke: the Argonauts with still amaze,
 And secret transport on the strangers gaze.

Then Jason mark’d the much-enduring man,
 And thus with mild benevolence began :

- “ Friends as ye are, and near relations too, 1420
 “ To us for succour not in vain ye sue.
 “ Cretheus and Athamas their sire the same ;
 “ And Cretheus was my honour’d grandfire’s name :
 “ With these companions join’d, I sail from Greece
 “ To Colchos, famous for the golden fleece— 1425
 “ Some distant day, at ease may we relate
 “ These strange events, and all our various fate.

“ Now

“ Now shall warm robes to clothe your limbs be giv’n,

“ We meet conducted by the hand of heav’n.”

He said, and from the ship rich vestments sent; 1430
Then to the sacred fane of Mars they went.

From fleecy flocks they drain’d the life-warm blood,
And all devoutly round the altar stood ;

This, of small stones compos’d, was plac’d before
The lofty temple’s double-folding door : 1435

(Within the fane a stone of fable hue
Stood where the Amazons their victims flew ;
Who held it lawless, when they sojourn’d here,
To slay the sheep, or sacrifice the steer ;
Instead of these the full-fed, pamper’d steed 1440
Was doom’d, a victim at this fane, to bleed.)

These rites dispatch’d, and hunger’s rage repress’d,
Thus Æson’s son the listening host address’d :

“ Impartial Jove the race of man regards ;
“ The bad he punishes, the just rewards : 1445

“ As from a bloody stepdame’s rage of yore
“ He fav’d your fire, and blest with ample store,

“ So he preserv’d you from the whelming deep,
“ And in this vessel will securely keep ;

“ Whether for Æa in our ship ye sail, 1450
“ Or to far Phthia court the favouring gale.

“ For

“ For this fam’d ship of Pelion’s pines was made,
 “ And form’d by Argus, with Minerva’s aid ;
 “ But storms had lash’d her, ere, with hideous shock,
 “ She reach’d those straits, where rock encounters
 rock.

1455

“ Then lend your aid to gain the golden fleece,
 “ And be our guides to bring it back to Greece.
 “ Jove seems incens’d, and we this voyage take,
 “ To sooth his anger, and for Phrixus’ sake.”

Ardent he spoke ; but they despair’d to find, 1460
 Æeta of so tractable a mind,

To yield the fleece : then Argus thus replies,
 Alarm’d and troubled at their bold emprise ;

‘ Whate’er our powers can grant, or wishes gain,
 ‘ The sons of Greece shall never ask in vain. 1465

‘ But proud Æeta, cruel and severe,

‘ I loath the tyrant, and his power I fear ;

‘ The Sun his fire, so fame relates, he boasts ;

‘ Unnumber’d subjects guard his ample coasts ;

‘ For mighty strength he stands renown’d afar, 1470

‘ And voice terrific as the God of war.

‘ The golden prize a monstrous dragon keeps ;

‘ Hard task to seize it, for he never sleeps.

‘ Earth on rough Caucasus a being gave

‘ To this fierce beast near Typhaonia’s cave, 1475

‘ Where

‘ Where huge Typhœus, as old stories prove,
 ‘ Was struck by lightning from almighty Jove,
 ‘ When fierce in arms against heaven’s king he stood;
 ‘ From his head issu’d warm corrupted blood;
 ‘ To Nyfa’s hills, to Nyfa’s plains he flies, 1480
 ‘ And now beneath Serbonian marshes lies.

He said; distress’d so sad a tale to hear,
 On every countenance sat pallid fear;
 When Peleus thus with confidence reply’d,
 And gave that courage which their fears deny’d: 1485

“ Despair not, friend; for we disdain to yield,
 “ Nor dread to meet Æeta in the field.
 “ We too are skill’d in war, and draw our line
 “ From godlike chiefs, and origin divine.
 “ Incens’d should he the fleecy gold detain, 1490
 “ He’ll ask, I trust, the Colchians’ aid in vain.”

Conversing thus the chiefs their thoughts express’d,
 And fated with repast reclin’d to rest.

With rising morn the gently-breathing gales
 Play’d round the pine, and fill’d the swelling sails; 1495
 The swelling sails expanded by the wind
 Soon left Aretias’ barren shore behind;
 And swiftly skimming o’er the watery vast,
 The Philyræan isle at eve they past;

Where

Where Saturn first fair Philyra survey'd, 1500
When on Olympus he the Titans sway'd,
(Nurs'd by the fierce Curetes, yet a child,
Young Jove was hid in Cretan caverns wild)
Unknown to Rhea he the maid compress'd ;
But soon to Rhea was the crime confess'd ; 1505
Detected Saturn left his bed with speed,
And sprung all-vigorous as a mane-crown'd steed.
Swift fled fair Philyra, abash'd with shame,
And to the hills of Thessaly she came :
Fam'd Chiron sprung from this embrace so odd, 1510
Ambiguous, half a horse, and half a God.
From thence they sail by long Macronian strands,
And where Bechira's ample coast expands ;
Shores where Byzerians wander far and wide, 1515
And fierce Sapirians, stigmatiz'd for pride ;
And favour'd by the soft impelling wind,
Leave numerous coasts and lands unnam'd behind :
And, sailing swiftly o'er the waves, survey,
Far on the Pontic main, an opening bay ;
Then, Caucasus, thy hills were seen on high, 1520
That rear their rocky summits in the sky ;
Fix'd to these rocks Prometheus still remains,
For ever bound in adamantine chains :

On the rude cliffs a ravenous eagle breeds,
 That on the wretch's entrails ever feeds. 1525
 The Grecians saw him, ere th' approach of night,
 Soar high in air, loud hissing in his flight :
 Around the ship he flew in airy rings,
 The sails all shivering as he shook his wings :
 Not as a light aerial bird he soars, 1530
 But moves his pinions like well-polish'd oars.
 The ravenous bird now rushing from the skies,
 Sudden, they heard Prometheus' piercing cries :
 The heavens re-echoed to the doleful sound,
 While the fell eagle gnaw'd the recent wound. 1535
 Till gorg'd with flesh the bird of Jove they spy'd
 Again descending from the mountain's side.

Night now approaching, near the land they drew,
 And Argus well his native country knew ;
 For, Phasis, thy wide-spreading flood they gain, 1540
 And the last limits of the Pontic main.
 At length arriv'd, so many dangers past,
 They furl the mainfail, and they lower the mast :
 Their bending oars the mighty stream divide ;
 The stream receives them on his foaming tide. 1545
 All on the left, in ancient rolls renown'd,
 Rise Æa's walls with glittering turrets crown'd ;

And

And on the right the field, not distant far,
 And grove, both sacred to the God of war;
 Where on an oak the fleece, suspended high, 1550
 A dragon guards with ever-watchful eye.
 Then Jason hastes, impatient to consign
 To the pure stream the unpolluted wine,
 And from a golden vase fulfils the rite divine,
 Sacred to earth, to Gods that guard the coasts, 1555
 And ancient heroes' long-departed ghosts :
 For their protection he preferr'd his pray'r,
 To keep the ship with tutelary care.
 Then thus Ancæus : ' Numerous perils past,
 ' Colchos and Phasis we behold at last ; 1560
 ' Behoves you now your sage advice to lend,
 ' Whether to treat Æeta as a friend,
 ' With speech accordant, and compliance bland,
 ' Or in rough terms the golden prize demand.'
 Thus he ; but Jason urg'd, at Argus' call, 1565
 High up the sedgey stream the ship to haul ;
 Which, undisturb'd, might there at anchor ride
 In the calm bosom of the peaceful tide :
 There sought the chiefs the blessings of repose,
 And slept secure till grateful morning rose. 1570

T H E

THIRD BOOK.

T H E A R G U M E N T.

Juno and Pallas intercede with Venus. They request that she would persuade Cupid to inspire Medea with love for Jason. Venus consents; and the shafts of Cupid, at her suit, have their desired effect. Jason, Augias and Telamon proceed to the court of Æeta, where they are hospitably entertained. But, having heard the occasion of their voyage, Æeta is incensed, and refuses to bestow the Golden Fleece on Jason, unless on such terms, as he presumed he durst not comply with. The passion of Medea for Jason is described with great simplicity and delicacy. Medea early in the morning repairs to the temple of Hecate: thither Jason, at the suggestion of Mopsus, follows her. The poet dwells particularly on their interview and conference. Medea instructs him how to subdue the brazen bulls and armies of giants. With Jason's combat, and the success of it, the book concludes.

T H E
A R G O N A U T I C S
O F
A P O L L O N I U S R H O D I U S.

B O O K III.

C O M E, heavenly maid, thy timely succour bring,
And teach thy poet, Erato, to sing,
How Jason, favour'd by the Colchian maid,
To Grecian realms the golden prize convey'd.
Thy songs the rites of Cyprian blifs proclaim, 5
And in young virgins raise the melting flame;
For the soft passion thy behests approve,
And Erato's the kindred name of love.

Conceal'd in sedges as the herces lie,
Juno and Pallas mark'd them from the sky; 10
Apart from all the Gods their seats they took
In heaven's high hall, and thus Saturnia spoke:
" Daughter of Jove, thy sage advice impart,
" By what nice fraud, what well-dissembled art,

“ These venturous chiefs shall gain the golden fleece,

“ And safe convey it to the realms of Greece. 16

“ Say, shall they call entreaties to their aid ?

“ Will soft address the wayward king persuade,

“ So fam’d for fierce barbarity and pride ?

“ No art, no effort must be left untry’d.” 20

She said ; and Pallas thus : ‘ O Queen, I find

‘ The same ideas rising in my mind :

‘ To lend assistance to the Grecian train

‘ My heart is willing, but my counsel vain.’

This said, their minds on various projects ran, 25

On earth their eyes were fix’d, when Juno thus began :

“ To Venus instant let us speed our way,

“ (Her soft persuasions Cupid will obey)

“ Intreat her that the wily God inspire

“ Medea’s soul with love’s unconquer’d fire, 30

“ Love for great Æson’s son ; applauding Greece

“ Will by her aid regain the glorious fleece.”

She said ; Minerva patronis’d the plan,

And thus with mild benevolence began :

‘ I, who arose from Jove’s immortal brain, 35

‘ Stranger to love, his pleasure or his pain,

‘ Thy sage proposal from my soul approve ;

‘ Do thou explain it to the queen of love.’

This

This said, with speed the two immortals came
 To the grand mansion of the Cyprian dame, 40
 Which crippled Vulcan rais'd, when first he led
 The Paphian goddess to his nuptial bed.
 The gate they pass, and to the dome retire
 Where Venus oft regales the God of fire :
 (He to his forge had gone at early day, 45
 A floating isle contain'd it on the bay,
 Here wondrous works by fire's fierce power he wrought,
 And on his anvil to perfection brought.)
 Fronting the door, all lovely and alone,
 Sat Cytherea on a polish'd throne. 50
 Adown the shoulders of the heavenly fair,
 In easy ringlets flow'd her flaxen hair;
 And with a golden comb, in matchless grace,
 She taught each lock its most becoming place.
 She saw the deities approach her dome, 55
 And from her hand dismiss'd the golden comb;
 Then rose respectful, all with beauty grac'd,
 And on rich thrones the great immortals plac'd;
 Resum'd her seat, and with a ready hand
 Bound her loose ringlets, and thus question'd bland :
 ' What cause, ye visitants from heaven, relate, 61
 ' Has brought such guests to Cytherea's gate ?

‘ Ye who excel in high Olympus’ sphere,
 ‘ Such mighty deities, and strangers here ?’
 Then thus Saturnia : “ Wantonly you jest, 65
 “ When pressing grief sits heavy on our breast.
 “ Now in the Phasis, with his warlike train,
 “ Great Jason moors, the golden fleece to gain :
 “ For that fam’d chief, and for his martial host,
 “ Dire fears alarm us, but for Jason most : 70
 “ This potent arm, whate’er our prowess can,
 “ Shall snatch from misery the gallant man,
 “ Tho’ far as hell he, rash adventurer ! go,
 “ To free Ixion, link’d in chains of woe ;
 “ Lest Pelias proudly heaven’s decrees deride, 75
 “ Who on my altars sacrifice deny’d.
 “ Nay more, young Jason claims my love and grace,
 “ Whom late I met returning from the chace,
 “ Returning met, as o’er the world I stray’d,
 “ And human kind, and human works survey’d ; 80
 “ Hard by Araurus I beheld the man,
 “ Wide o’er its banks whose rapid currents ran ;
 “ (From snow-clad hills, in torrents loud and strong,
 “ Roar’d the swoln streams the rugged rocks among.)
 “ He on his back, though like a crone I stood, 85
 “ Securely brought me o’er the foaming flood ;
 “ This

“ This won my love, a love for ever true,
 “ Nor will the haughty-minded Pelias rue
 “ His flagrant crimes, till you propitious deign
 “ To speed my Jason to his Greece again.” 90

She spoke, and Venus stood amaz'd to find
 The queen of heaven to humble prayer inclin'd;
 Then thus familiar said: ‘ O wife of Jove,
 ‘ Safest of beings call the queen of love,
 ‘ Unless her every word and work conspire 95
 ‘ To give you all the succour you require:
 ‘ All that my hand, my feeble hand can do,
 ‘ Shall unrewarded be perform'd for you.’

Then Juno thus: “ Not difficult the task;
 “ No mighty force, no strength of arm I ask. 100
 “ Bid gentle Love the Colchian maid inspire,
 “ And for my Jason fan the rising fire;
 “ If kind she prove, he gains the golden fleece,
 “ And by her subtle aid conducts it safe to Greece.”

Love's queen replied: ‘ Cupid, ye powers divine, 105
 ‘ Will reverence your injunctions more than mine:
 ‘ Your looks will awe him, tho', devoid of shame,
 ‘ Of me the urchin makes eternal game,
 ‘ Oft he provokes my spleen, and then I vow,
 ‘ Enrag'd, I'll break his arrows and his bow: 110

“ Restrain your ire,” exclaims the sneering elf,

“ Lest you find reason to upbraid yourself.”

At this the Powers with smiles each other view’d,
And Venus thus her woeful tale pursu’d :

‘ Others may ridicule the pains I feel, 115

‘ Nor boots it all my sufferings to reveal.

‘ But since ye jointly importune my aid,

‘ Cupid shall yield, and Venus be obey’d.’

She said ; and Juno press’d her hand and smil’d,

Then answered thus, benevolent and mild : 120

“ O grant this boon ; do instant as you say ;

“ Chide not the boy, and he will soon obey.”

This said, both hasten’d to the realms above,

And left the mansions of the queen of love :

The Cyprian goddess o’er Olympus flies, 125

To find her son in every dale she pries,

Through heaven’s gay meads the queen pursu’d her
way,

And found him there with Ganymede at play.

Him Jove translated to the blest abodes,

And, fam’d for beauty, plac’d among the Gods. 130

With golden dice, like boon compeers they play’d :

Love in his hollow hand some cubes convey’d,

Resolv’d to cheat young Ganymede with those,

While on his cheeks the conscious crimson rose.

Book III. APOLLONIUS RHODIUS. 153

The Phrygian boy was vanquish'd to his cost, 135

Two dice alone remain'd, and those he lost.

Silent he sat in dull dejected state,

Enrag'd that Cupid should deride his fate :

His loss increasing with protracted play,

He went a wretch with empty hands away, 140

Nor saw he Venus : she her Cupid took

Fast by the cheek, and thus upbraiding spoke :

' And can you laugh, you fly, deceitful elf ?

' Such tricks will bring a scandal on yourself,

' But haste, my Cupid, my commands obey, 145

' And a nice plaything shall your toils repay,

' What once to Jove dear Adrastæa gave,

' When Jove was nourish'd in the Cretan cave,

' A sweet round ball ; oh ! keep it for my sake,

' A finer ball not Vulcan's hands can make. 150

' Gold are the circles, beauteous to behold,

' And all the finish'd seams are wrought in gold ;

' But all so close they scarcely can be found :

' And the pale ivy winds its wreaths around.

' If high in air you fling this ball afar, 155

' It shines and glimmers like a radiant star.

' This prize I'll give, if you propitious prove,

' And lure Medea to the toils of love ;

' Fire

‘ Fire all her soul for Jason : haste, away ;

‘ The favour is diminish’d by delay.’ 160

She said, and Cupid listening long’d to hear,

For her sweet words are music to his ear.

He ceas’d his pastime, and with both his hands

Hangs on the Goddess, and the ball demands.

She kiss’d her boy, and press’d him to her cheek, 165

And fondly smiling thus she answer’d meek :

‘ By thee, my son, and by myself I swear,

‘ By all that’s sacred, and by all that’s dear,

‘ This ball I’ll give thee, if thy fatal dart

‘ Thou fix unerring in Medea’s heart.’ 170

This said ; he gather’d all his dice with haste,

And in his mother’s splendid lap he plac’d.

Then snatch’d his bow and quiver from the ground,

And to his back with golden girdle bound.

From Jove’s all-fertile plains he swift withdrew, 175

And thro’ Olympus’ golden portals flew.

Thence the descent is easy from the sky,

Where the two poles erect their heads on high,

Where the tall mountains their rough tops display,

And where the sun first gives the radiant day. 180

Hence you behold the fertile earth below,

The winding streams, the cliffs’ aerial brow,

Cities extended on the distant plain,
And thro' the vast expanse the roaring main.

On the broad Phasis, in a sedgey bay, 185
Stretch'd on the deck the Grecian heroes lay ;
Till call'd to council rose each godlike man,
And Jason thus the conference began :

“ To you, my comrades, be my counsel known,
“ 'Tis yours that counsel with success to crown. 190
“ One common cause our great emprise is made ;
“ The common cause demands the common aid.
“ He who unutter'd can his counsel keep,
“ Stays our resailing o'er the sounding deep.
“ I to Æeta's court will speed my way, 195
“ The rest well-arm'd shall in the vessel stay ;
“ With me shall go, the palace to explore,
“ Phrixus' brave sons, and two associates more.
“ First will I prove the power of soft address
“ To gain the fleece ; complacence wins success. 200
“ If in his arms he sternly should confide,
“ And spurn our claims with insolence and pride,
“ Consult we whether, when such powers oppress,
“ By arms or arts to free us from distress.
“ Be force the last alternative we take, 205
“ For soothing speeches deep impressions make ;

“ And

“ And oft, where force and martial prowess fail,
 “ The milder powers of eloquence prevail.
 “ Once king Æeta kind reception gave
 “ To blameless Phrixus, when escap’d the wave 210
 “ He fled from Ino’s unrelenting hate,
 “ And the dire altars that denounc’d his fate.
 “ Savage or social, all alike approve
 “ The sacred rites of hospitable Jove.”

He said : the Greeks his sage advice rever’d ; 215
 No voice dissentient thro’ the host was heard :
 Augeas then, and Telamon attends,
 And with them Phrixus’ sons, his faithful friends ;
 Jason they follow : he thy peaceful wand,
 All-sapient Hermes, brandish’d in his hand. 220
 Soon from the ship they gain the rising ground,
 Mount every steep, and o’er the marshes bound,
 Till Circe’s plain they reach ; in many a row
 Here humble shrubs and lonely willows grow ;
 On whose tall branches, wavering o’er the fen, 225
 Suspended hang the carcases of men,

At Colchos still this barbarous rite prevails :
 They never burn the bodies of the males,
 Nor deep in earth their decent limbs compose,
 And with sepulchral dust the dead enclose ; - 230

But in raw hides they hang them high in air :
 And yet, that earth may equal portions share,
 Departed females to the grave they doom;
 (Such are their rites) and close them in the tomb.

The chiefs advance; but friendly Juno shrouds 235
 Her favourite heroes in a veil of clouds,
 That none, too curious, might their steps delay,
 While to the regal dome they bent their way :
 But when unseen they pass'd the vulgar crowd,
 The same kind deity dissolv'd the cloud. 240

Full in the court they stand with fix'd amaze,
 On the proud gates, strong walls and columns gaze,
 Which, rear'd in rows, erect their heads on high,
 And lift the brazen cornice to the sky.

The portal past, young branching vines appear, 245
 And high in air their verdant honours rear :
 Beneath whose boughs, by matchless Vulcan made,
 Four copious fountains in four currents play'd ;
 The first with milk, with wine the second glow'd,
 Ambrosial oil the third, the fourth with water flow'd ;
 This, as by turns the Pleiads set or rose, 251
 Dissolv'd in summer, and in winter froze.
 Such were the wonders which the chiefs admire,
 All highly finished by the God of fire.

With

With these were brass-hoof'd bulls, of curious frame,
From brazen nostrils breathing living flame. 256

And, near, a plough of burnish'd steel was laid,
Which for the God of day great Vulcan made,
When Phœbus brought him in his friendly car,
Sore harrafs'd in the fierce Phlegræan war. 260

The midmost court they reach ; on either side
Large folding doors the various rooms divide.

Two painted porticoes salute their eyes,
And high in air transverse two turrets rise ;
In this, which far in stately height excels, 265
Æeta with his royal consort dwells :

Ablyrtus that contains, his royal heir,
Descended from Asterode the fair,
A Scythian nymph, ere yet Æeta led
Idya, Ocean's daughter, to his bed. 270

Him Phaeton the youthful Colchians call,
For he in beauty far surpass'd them all.
The proud apartments that remain'd contain
Chalciope, Medea and their train.

Ordain'd a priestess to the Stygian queen, 275
She at the palace now was seldom seen :
But artful Juno, on this signal day,
Within the regal court decreed her stay.

Here

Here now, from room to room, the pensive maid,
To find Chalciope her sister, stray'd. 280

Soon as she spied them in the spacious hall,
Aloud she call'd, her sister heard her call,

And with her maidens sallied from the door ;
Their growing webs were scatter'd on the floor.

Well-pleas'd her sons she sees, and raptur'd stands, 285
While high to heaven she rears her greeting hands ;
With equal joy to her embrace they fly.

Then thus Chalciope with plaintive cry :

' Here tho' you left me, heedless of my cries,
' See ! fate hath frown'd upon your bold emprise ; 290

' Hath check'd your voyage o'er the distant main,
' And soon restor'd you to these arms again.

' Wretch that I was, when by your fire's command,
' Ye fought in evil hour the Grecian land !
' Sad was the task your dying fire enjoin'd, 295
' Sad and distressful to a mother's mind.

' Ah ! whence the wish Orchomenos to see,
' His city visit, and abandon me ?

' Yes, Athamas's fancied wealth to gain,
' Ye left me sorrowing, and ye fought the main.' 300

Rous'd by her cries, at length Æeta came,
And to the hall repair'd his royal dame.

With

With busy crowds the spacious hall is fill'd ;
The steer is chosen, and the victim kill'd.
Some heat the baths, some cleave the knotty wood, 305
And all attentive round their monarch stood.

Cupid mean time, thro' liquid air serene,
Speeds to the Colchian court his flight unseen ;
Like that large fly, which breeze the shepherds call,
That hastes to sting the heifers in the stall. 310

The nimble God, unseen, the porch ascends,
And there his bow behind a pillar bends ;
A fatal arrow from his quiver took,
And quick advancing with insidious look,
Behind great Æson's son, conceal'd from sight, 315
He fits the arrow, fatal in its flight ;

Bends the tough bow with all his strength and art,
And deep he hides it in Medea's heart.

A sudden transport seiz'd the melting maid :
The God, exulting now, no longer staid. 320

The glowing shaft the virgin's heart inspires,
And in her bosom kindles amorous fires.

On Jason beam'd the splendor of her eyes ;
Her swoln breast heav'd with unremitting sighs :
The frantic maid had all remembrance lost, 325
And the soft pain her sickening soul engross'd.

As some good housewife, who, to labour born,
 Fresh to her loom must rise with early morn ;
 Studious to gain what human wants require,
 In embers heap'd preserves the seeds of fire ; 330
 Renew'd by these the brand rekindling burns,
 And all the glowing heap to ashes turns :
 Thus, kindling flow, love's secret flames invade,
 And torture, as they rise, the troubled maid :
 Her changeful cheeks the heart-felt anguish show, 335
 Now pale they turn, now like the ruby glow.

The rich repast by seneschals prepar'd,
 Fresh from their baths return'd, the strangers shar'd ;
 And when the rage of hunger was suppress'd,
 His grandsons thus the Colchian king address'd : 340

' Sons of my child, and Phrixus, honour'd most
 ' Of all the guests that reach'd the Colchian coast,
 ' Say, why so soon return'd ? what loss constrains
 ' This speedy visit to your native plains ?
 ' In vain, with terrors for your safety fraught, 345
 ' I urg'd the distance of the climes ye fought ;
 ' Warn'd, since of old my fire's bright chariot bore
 ' Me and fair Circe to Hesperia's shore,
 ' Where now o'er Tuscan realms my sister reigns,
 ' A long, long distance from the Colchian plains. 350

‘ But what of this ? come now, the cause declare
‘ That brought you back, and who these heroes are.’

Then Argus, anxious for the Grecian band,
By birthright eldest, rose and answer’d bland :

“ Our ship, O king, by nightly tempests tost, 355
“ On Mars’s isle, a dreary coast, was lost ;
“ We, on the wreck by furious surges driv’n,
“ Were sav’d at last by kind protecting heav’n.
“ Nor did those birds then desolate the shore,
“ Dire Harpies, that infested it before ; 360
“ For these brave warriors, the preceding day,
“ Had driven the curst, infernal fiends away.
“ Sure to our prayer some God inclin’d his ear ;
“ For when of Phrixus and your name they hear,
“ Food for our wants, and raiment they convey, 365
“ And to your city now they bend their way.
“ But would you know, I’ll tell their purpos’d plan :
“ Lo ! sprung from Æolus the godlike man,
“ Whom a fierce tyrant’s stern decree constrains
“ To quit his country and his rich domains : 370
“ Nor can he scape Jove’s rage, unless the fleece,
“ Base theft of Phrixus, be restor’d to Greece.
“ Their ship was fashion’d by Minerva’s aid ;
“ How different are the Colchian vessels made !

“ Ours,

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“ Ours, far the worst that ever rear’d a mast, 375

“ Split with the tempest’s desolating blast;

“ Theirs, firm-compacted, and of fittest wood;

“ Defied each storm that heav’d the troubled flood:]

“ With equal speed their nimble vessel fails,

“ Impell’d by oars alone, or favouring gales. 380

“ In this their chief, with chosen Greeks, explores

“ Unnumber’d seas, and towns, and wide-extended
shores.

“ And now he sues the golden fleece to gain;

“ But that as best your princely will ordain—

“ Nor hostile comes he; as a friend he brings 385

“ Large gifts proportion’d to the state of kings.

“ Inform’d the fierce Sarmatians waste your lands,

“ He vows destruction to their barbarous bands.

“ Their names and lineage should you wish to hear,

“ Lend to my narrative a listening ear. 390

“ He, in whose cause the Grecian chiefs conspire,

“ Is valiant Jason, Æson is his sire,

“ The son of Cretheus : thus are we ally’d

“ By blood, relations on the father’s side :

“ The sons of Æolus were Cretheus fam’d, 395

“ And Athemas, whose heir was Phrixus nam’d.

“ ’Mid yon brave chiefs, Augeas you survey,

“ Illustrious offspring of the God of day,

“ And Telamon, who high his birth can prove,

“ His sire is Æacus, his grandfire Jove: 400

“ The rest, that visit your august abodes,

“ Are all the sons or grandsons of the Gods.”

This said, the King with indignation swell’d,

But chief enrag’d his grandsons he beheld;

Thro’ them he deem’d the Greeks to Colchos came: 405

His eye-balls redden’d with avenging flame,

While thus he spoke: ‘ Hence from my sight away,

‘ Nor longer, traitors, in my kingdom stay:

‘ Back, back to Greece your speedy course pursue,

‘ Nor idly hope the golden fleece to view. 410

‘ Not for that fleece (vain pretext ye must own)

‘ But for my sceptre came ye, and my crown.

‘ Had ye not first my feast partook to-day,

‘ Your tongues and hands, torn out and lopp’d away,

‘ Should for your bold atrocious crimes atone: 415

‘ My just revenge had spar’d your feet alone,

‘ To bear you hastily to Greece again,

‘ Dreading to visit more my just domain,

‘ And with your perjuries the Gods profane.’ } 420

He said: bold Telamon with fury burn’d,

And to the King stern answer had return’d,

But Jason check’d his warmth, and mild reply’d:

“ Let not Æeta falsely thus decide.

“ No!

“ Nor crowns, nor empires come we here to gain ;

“ Who for such wealth would measure half the
main ? 425

“ But fate, and Pelias’ more severe command,

“ Have forc’d the suppliant on your friendly land.

“ Aid us, and Greece your praises shall record,

“ And thank you, sovereign, with their conquering
sword ;

“ Whether the fierce Sarmatians to inthrall, 430

“ Or realms more barbarous for your vengeance call.”

While Jason thus in gentlest terms reply’d,

The tyrant’s breast distracting thoughts divide,

Whether with vengeance on the foe to fly,

Or in the field of Mars his courage try. 435

On this resolv’d, ‘ What need (he thus begun)

‘ With tedious tales my harass’d ears to stun ?

‘ For whether from immortals ye descend,

‘ Or match’d in might ye dare with me contend,

‘ Soon will I prove ; that proof must thou display ; 440

‘ Then, if victorious, bear the fleece away ;

‘ Nor shall my hand the golden prize withhold :

‘ Like your proud lord, I envy not the bold.

‘ This nervous arm shall now sustain the fight,

‘ Which calls to speedy proof thy boasted might. 445

- ‘ Two bulls in Mars’s field your wonder claim,
 ‘ Their hoofs of brass, their nostrils breathing flame,
 ‘ These oft I seize, and to the yoke constrain
 ‘ To plough four acres of the stubborn plain.
 ‘ No feeds I sow, but scatter o’er the land 450
 ‘ A dragon’s teeth; when, lo! an armed band
 ‘ Of chiefs spring up: but soon as they appear,
 ‘ I slay th’ embattled squadrons with my spear.
 ‘ Each morn I yoke the bulls, at eve resign:
 ‘ Perform this labour, and the fleece is thine. 455
 ‘ These are the terms; on these the prize I quit:
 ‘ The weaker to the stronger must submit.’

He said; and Jason, sunk in thought profound,
 Sat mute, his eyes fast fix’d upon the ground;
 Long time he ponder’d o’er the vast design, 460
 Nor dar’d with confidence the battle join.
 So hard the task, he stood embarrass’d long,
 At last these words dropp’d cautious from his tongue:
 “ Cruel thy terms, but just: my strength I’ll try
 “ In this dread conflict, though ordain’d to die. 465
 “ For, say, what law so rigorous can there be,
 “ As the hard law of fix’d necessity?
 “ That law which forc’d me from my native home,
 “ And bad me thus in search of dangers roam?”

Perplex’d

Perplex'd he spoke: then thus the king in rage, 470
 ' Rejoin thy comrades, since thou dar'st engage.
 ' But if the bulls constrain thy heart to yield,
 ' Or the dread dangers of the martial field,
 ' Be mine the toil; that hence the coward-slave
 ' May dread to combat with the bold and brave.' 475

Imperious thus the haughty king replies:
 And from their seats incens'd the heroes rise.
 To warn his brothers here, at home, to wait,
 Argus stopp'd short awhile: then rush'd they thro'
 the gate.

Far o'er the rest, in grace unmatched alone, 480
 And charms superior youthful Jason shone.
 Him thro' her veil the love-distracted maid
 With melting eyes, and glance oblique survey'd:
 Her mind, as in a dream, bewilder'd ran,
 And trac'd the footsteps of the godlike man. 485
 Sorrowing they went: to shun the monarch's ire,
 With fond Chalciope her sons retire;
 Medea follow'd, but with cares oppress'd;
 Such cares as love had rais'd within her breast.
 His graceful image in her mind she bore, 490
 His gait, his manner, and the robe he wore,
 His pointed words: thro' earth's remotest bound
 No prince she deem'd with such perfections crown'd.

His tuneful voice still, still she seems to hear,
 Still the sweet accents charm her listening ear. 495
 The bulls and wrathful king excite her dread :
 She mourns his fate, as if already dead.

From her bright eyes the shower of anguish breaks,
 And thus, o'erwhelm'd with woe, Medea speaks :

“ Why fall the tears of sorrow from my eyes, 500
 “ Tho’ he the first or last of heroes dies ?
 “ Perish the man !—no, safely let him sail ;
 “ And may my prayer, kind Hecate, prevail !
 “ Safe sail he home : but, ah ! if doom’d to bleed,
 “ Teach him, that I rejoice not in the deed.” 505

Thus mourn’d the maid : meantime to join their
 train,

The chiefs pursue their course along the plain ;
 Then Argus thus : ‘ Though, Jason, you may blame,
 ‘ And spurn the counsel which I now proclaim ;
 ‘ Yet sure for us, with threatening dangers press’d,
 ‘ To try some safe expedient must be best. 511
 ‘ A maid there is whose wondrous art excels,
 ‘ Long taught by Hecate, in magic spells :
 ‘ If she propitious to our wishes yield,
 ‘ Thou com’st victorious from the martial field : 515
 ‘ But if Chalciope decline her aid,
 ‘ Be mine with tenderest motives to persuade.

‘ Instant I’ll go, on her for succour call ;

‘ For lo ! one general ruin threatens all.’

Humane he spoke, and Jason thus rejoin’d ; 520

“ Much I admire the purpose of thy mind.

“ Go, friend, to thy Chalciope repair,

“ Sue her with soft entreaty and with pray’r :

“ But, ah ! vain hopes our vacant minds must fill,

“ Who trust for conquest to a woman’s skill.” 525

He said ; and soon they join’d their social train,
Rejoic’d to meet their princely peers again.

Then Jason thus began his mournful tale :

“ With proud Æeta soft entreaties fail ;

“ Our purpos’d end unable to attain, 530

“ Vain are my words, and your enquiries vain.

“ Two monstrous bulls the tyrant bids me tame ;

“ Their hoofs of brass, their nostrils breathing flame ;

“ These must my prowess to the yoke constrain,

“ To plough four acres of the stubborn plain ; 535

“ My seed a dragon’s teeth, to sow the land ;

“ When lo ! up springs a formidable band

“ Of bright-arm’d giants ; soon as they appear,

“ Poiz’d by this arm, my well-directed spear

“ Must pierce the foe : intrepid I accede 540

“ To the hard terms, nor future dangers heed.”

He said : they deem’d it all a desperate deed ;

}
Silent

Silent they stood, with sad dejected look

Each gaz'd on other, till bold Peleus spoke :

' Time calls for our resolves ; our safety stands 545

' No more in counsel, but in strength of hands.

' If, Jason, eager of the honour, thou

' Wilt yoke these fiery monsters to the plough,

' Haste to the charge ; but if thy soul relent,

' Sunk in sad bodings of the dire event, 550

' Nor dar'st thou go ; then go not, nor look round,

' If haply here some fitter man be found ;

' Myself will go, and risk my dearest breath ;

' No greater evil can befall than death.'

He spoke ; and Telamon with rage inspir'd 555

Starts up, and Idas with like fury fir'd ;

Next the twin-race of Tyndarus arise ;

Last Oeneus' son, who with the bravest vies ;

Tho' o'er his cheeks scarce spreads the callow down,

His heart beats high for honour and renown. 560

And while the rest in mute attention stand,

Argus bespeaks the emulative band :

" Tho' hard the task, O chiefs, I still portend

" My parent will assist, and prove a friend.

" Still in your ship awhile with patience wait ; 565

" For rashness will accelerate your fate.

“ Know, at Æeta’s court a maiden dwells,
 “ Deep skill’d by Hecate in magic spells :
 “ All plants she knows that grow on mountains steep,
 “ On vales, or meads, or in the boundless deep ; 570
 “ By these she quells the fire’s relentless force,
 “ Stops the mad torrent in its headlong course,
 “ Retards the planets as they roll on high,
 “ And draws the moon reluctant from the sky.
 “ As from the palace o’er the plain we came 575
 “ We mention’d oft my mother’s honour’d name ;
 “ If she perchance her sister could persuade,
 “ And fix our interest in the magic maid.
 “ Back, if you bid, my ready steps I bend ;
 “ Fortune may smile, and fair success attend.” 580
 He said ; when, lo ! this signal of their love,
 Was kindly given them by the Powers above ;
 For, by the falcon chas’d, a trembling dove,
 Far from his foe, to Jason’s bosom flies ;
 Stunn’d on the deck the felon falcon lies. 585
 Then Mopsus thus divin’d : ‘ The Powers of heav’n,
 ‘ They, they alone this gracious sign have giv’n.
 ‘ Be then the maid in mildest terms address’d ;
 ‘ She’ll listen friendly to our joint request,
 ‘ I ween she will ; if Phineus could foreknow 590
 ‘ That we to Venus must our safety owe.

‘ For,

‘ For, lo ! her bird escapes : oh ! may we prove
 ‘ With safety crown’d, like her auspicious dove.
 ‘ Entreat we now for Cytherea’s aid,
 ‘ And let th’ advice of Argus be obey’d.’ 595

Thus he ; the chiefs approv’d, remembering well
 What Phineus deign’d prophetic to foretell :

Idas alone with indignation burn’d,
 And with loud voice thus insolent return’d :
 ‘ Gods ! what a crew hath Argo wafted o’er ! 600
 ‘ Women, not heroes throng the hostile shore.
 ‘ Women, who still to Venus’ altars fly,
 ‘ Nor dare but only on her aid rely.
 ‘ No warlike deeds your dastard souls inflame :
 ‘ To you is Mars an unregarded name. 605
 ‘ As doves or falcons but direct your flight,
 ‘ You flinch at danger, and you dread the fight.
 ‘ Go ; and all manly, martial toils forbear,
 ‘ Sue to weak women, and deceive the fair.’

Furious he spoke ; a general murmur ran 610
 Thro’ the whole train ; yet none oppos’d the man :
 Indignant then he sat. Of dauntless breast
 Thus Æson’s son the listening train address’d :
 “ This instant Argus to the town I send,
 “ For thus the general suffrages intend : 615

“ Meanwhile

“ Meanwhile approach we nearer to the land,
“ And fix, in fight, our halbers to the strand :
“ Ill suits us longer thus to lie conceal’d ;
“ We neither shun, nor dread the fighting field.”

He said, and Argus went without delay, 620
And to the city backward sped his way ;
At Jason’s call they ply the labouring oar,
And land their beds and couches on the shore.

Meantime the king a council call’d, and sat,
(So were they wont) without the palace-gate. 625
Assembled there, unceasing toils they plann’d,
And wiles destructive to the Grecian band.

Thus he ordain’d, that when the bulls had slain
And stretch’d this dauntless hero on the plain,
Himself would lay the lofty forest low, 630
And for the funeral-pile prepare the bough :
Their boasted ship should be consum’d with fire,
And every traitor in the flames expire.

No hospitable rites had Phrixus shar’d,
Though much he wish’d and merited regard, 635
Had not Jove hasten’d Hermes from above
To win his favour and bespeak his love.

Were these invaders of his native soil
To thrive unpunish’d by rapacious spoil,

Soon

Soon would they make his lowing herds a prey, 640
And drive the shepherds and their flocks away.
But Phrixus' sons, who join'd the lawless crew,
He vow'd with double vengeance to pursue :
Base plunderers ! come to spoil him of his crown,
So had the Sun, his sapient fire, foreshown : 645
Who warn'd him to suspect his faithless race,
And dread from them destruction and disgrace.
Therefore dismiss'd he, by his fire's command,
The youths far distant, ev'n to Grecian land.
His daughters gave him no perplexing care, 650
Nor young Absyrtus, his adopted heir ;
But from Chalciopé's detested race
He look'd for injuries, and fear'd disgrace.
Thus stern denouncing, as with rage he swells,
Death on each daring subject that rebels, 655
His guards he charg'd, and threaten'd vengeance due,
If either 'scap'd, the vessel or the crew.

Swift to the palace Argus now repairs,
And to his pitying mother pours his pray'rs,
That she might importune Medea's aid ; 660
Nor had the queen her son's request delay'd,
But boding fears her willing mind restrain,
Left all her fond entreaties should be vain ;

And

And should the project be disclos'd to view,
Her father's ire the magic maid must rue. 665

As on her couch reclin'd the virgin lay,
Soft slumbers chas'd her anxious cares away ;
But frantic dreams, which love-sick minds infest,
Present false terrors, and disturb her rest.

Her hero seem'd the task to undertake, 670
But not for honour, or the fleece's sake ;
For her alone he risk'd the glorious strife,
To gain her love, and win her for his wife.

She then in dreams her utmost succour lends,
And with the bulls herself in fight contends. 675

Her parents she, in fancied rage, aver'd
False and regardless of their promis'd word,
Who Jason doom'd the brazen bulls to foil,
But made not her a partner of the toil.

Then warm disputes and fierce contentions reign 680
Between Æeta and the Grecian train :

On her decision both the parties wait,
And deem what she determines to be fate.

In spite of parents, the fond maid express'd
Her choice in favour of her godlike guest. 685

Rage wrung their souls, and grief, and dire dismay,
Till the loud clamour chas'd her sleep away.

Trembling

Trembling she starts ; pale fears confus'd her look ;
Her soul reviv'd, and thus the virgin spoke :

‘ Alas ! what frightful dreams alarm my breast 690
‘ For these fam'd chiefs, but most the royal guest ?
‘ I fear, some mighty mischief will ensue
‘ From this bold leader and his gallant crew.
‘ Yes, let him wed far off some Grecian dame ;
‘ Be mine my parents' house, my virgin's fame. 695
‘ If from my headstrong purpose I refrain,
‘ My sister's counsel might relieve my pain :
‘ Oh ! for her sons would she my aid implore,
‘ My griefs would cease, my sorrows be no more !’
She said, and rose, nor longer deign'd to wait, 700
But past the threshold of her sister's gate,
Barefoot, undrest ; long time she there remain'd,
(For modest fears her passing step restrain'd ;)
Then back retreats ; new courage soon acquires ;
Again advances, and again retires : 705
Passions so various sway'd the virgin's breast,
That when fierce love impell'd her, fear repress'd :
Thrice she essay'd, and thrice retreating fled ;
Then on the pillow sunk her drooping head :

As some young damsel, whom her friends had join'd
In marriage to the darling of her mind, 711

Conceal'd

Conceal'd in secret, mourns her blooming mate
 Snatch'd from her arms by some untimely fate,
 Ere yet kind heaven indulg'd them to employ
 The golden moments in connubial joy : 715

In silence she, tho' stung with torturing grief,
 Seeks on the widow'd bed the wish'd relief ;
 Looks eager round, then sheds the trembling tear,
 Screen'd from the female eye, and tongue severe.
 Thus mourn'd Medea, not unseen ; her pain 720
 Was mark'd by one, the youngest of her train ;
 Who told Chalciope Medea's grief ;
 And the sad tale exceeded her belief :

Her sons consulting, she with them essay'd
 To sooth the sorrows of the love-sick maid. 725
 Instant she rose, and trembling with dismay
 Came to the chamber where her sister lay ;
 Torn were her cheeks, the tears her grief confess'd ;
 And thus Chalciope the maid address'd :

‘ Say, why those tears that thus incessant fall ? 730
 ‘ What mighty ills your feeble mind appal ?
 ‘ Say, does some heaven-sent woe your grief inspire ?
 ‘ Or in your bosom dwells Æeta's ire,
 ‘ My sons and I the cause ? Oh ! far from home,
 ‘ On the world's utmost limits may I roam, 735

N

‘ Nor

‘ Nor see my parents, nor my native shore,
 ‘ Nor hear the hated name of Colchos more !’

She said : Medea’s cheeks the crimson stain’d ;
 She strove to speak, but shame her words restrain’d.
 Now on her lips the ready accents hung, 740
 Now stifled in her breast : her faltering tongue
 Long time the purpose of her soul withheld,
 Artful at length she spoke, by love impell’d :

“ Dire fears, Chalciope, my soul dismay,
 “ Left with these guests my fire thy children slay, 745
 “ My frightful dreams such horrid scenes present ;
 “ May some kind deity these woes prevent !
 “ Left for thy sons the tears eternal flow :”

Thus spoke the maid, inquisitive in woe,
 If haply, for her children’s fate afraid, 750
 Chalciope might first solicit aid.

Mix’d grief and terror all the mother shook,
 At last, impassion’d, thus she trembling spoke :

‘ ’Tis for their sakes I now before thee stand ;
 ‘ Lend me, O lend thy salutary hand ! 755
 ‘ But swear by earth and heaven what I unfold
 ‘ Rests in thy bosom, never to be told :
 ‘ By the great Gods, and all that’s dear I call,
 ‘ Swear thou wilt never see my children fall,

‘ Left

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‘ Left I too perish, and in fell despite 760

‘ Rise a dread fury from the shades of night.’

Earnest she spoke, and tears incessant shed,

Then on her sister’s breast reclin’d her head,

And mix’d their mutual sighs ; groan answer’d groan,

And the wide palace echo’d to their moan. 765

Medea thus in mournful terms replies :

“ Alas ! what succour can my thoughts devise,

“ Thus with thy cruel menaces oppress’d ?

“ Oh, still uninjur’d may thine offspring rest !

“ By heaven above I swear, and earth below, 770

“ Earth, the great mother of the Gods, I vow,

“ (If aught my power can do, or words persuade)

“ To give thee counsel, and to lend my aid.”

Thus spoke the maid ; and thus Chalciope ;

‘ Perhaps, in favour of my sons and me, 775

‘ Thy mind, to save the hero, might impart

‘ Some secret counsel, some mysterious art.

‘ From Jason Argus comes, imploring aid ;

‘ They rest their safety on the magic maid.’

Thus she ; with joy exults the virgin’s heart, 780

And rising blushes rosy charms impart ;

But soon o’ercast with grief she thus reply’d :

“ To serve thee, sister, be no art untry’d.

“ Ne’er may I see with pleasurable eyes
 “ In yon bright orient cheerful morning rise, 785
 “ If aught on earth be half so dear to me
 “ As is the welfare of thy sons and thee.
 “ As brethren they my fond regard engage,
 “ By blood related, and the same our age.
 “ My sister, most esteem’d, and ever dear, 790
 “ Thee with a daughter’s love I still revere.
 “ For with thy children, nurs’d by thee, I shar’d
 “ (So fame reports) a mother’s fond regard.
 “ Go then, and from my prying parents hide
 “ The means of succour which I now provide. 795
 “ All-potent spells will I, at dawn of day,
 “ To Hecate’s mysterious shrine convey.”

Pleas’d with the tale, Chalciope departs,
 And with the proffer’d aid transports her children’s
 hearts.

Fear mix’d with shame now seiz’d the lonely maid, 800
 Who dare, her fire reluctant, lend her aid.

Now rising shades a solemn scene display
 O’er the wide earth, and o’er th’ etherial way ;
 All night the sailor marks the northern team,
 And golden circlet of Orion’s beam : 805
 A deep repose the weary watchman shares,
 And the faint wanderer sleeps away his cares ;

Ev'n the fond maid, while yet all breathless lies
 Her child of love, in slumber seals her eyes :
 No sound of village-dog, no noise invades 810
 The death-like silence of the midnight shades ;
 Alone Medea wakes : to love a prey,
 Restless she rolls, and groans the night away :
 For lovely Jason cares on cares succeed,
 Left vanquish'd by the bulls her hero bleed ; 815
 In sad review dire scenes of horrors rise,
 Quick beats her heart, from thought to thought she
 flies :

As from the stream-stor'd vase with dubious ray
 The sun-beams dancing from the surface play ;
 Now here, now there the trembling radiance falls, 820
 Alternate flashing round th' illumin'd walls :
 Thus fluttering bounds the trembling virgin's blood,
 And from her eyes descends a pearly flood.
 Now raving with resistless flames she glows,
 Now sick with love she melts with softer woes : 825
 The tyrant God, of every thought possess'd,
 Beats in each pulse, and stings and racks her breast:
 Now she resolves the magic to betray—
 To tame the bulls—now yield him up a prey.
 Again the drugs disdaining to supply, 830
 She loaths the light, and meditates to die :

Anon, repelling with a brave disdain

The coward thought, she nourishes the pain.

Then pausing thus : “ Ah wretched me ! she cries,

“ Where’er I turn what varied sorrows rise ! 835

“ Toss in a giddy whirl of strong desire,

“ I glow, I burn, yet blest the pleasing fire :

“ Oh ! had this spirit from its prison fled,

“ By Dian sent to wander with the dead,

“ Ere the proud Grecians view’d the Colchian skies,

“ Ere Jason, lovely Jason, met these eyes ! 841

“ Hell gave the shining mischief to our coast,

“ Medea saw him, and Medea’s lost---

“ But why these sorrows ? if the powers on high

“ His death decree,---die, wretched Jason, die ! 845

“ Shall I elude my fire ? my art betray ?

“ Ah me ! what words shall purge the guilt away !

“ But could I yield-----O whither must I run

“ To find the chief---whom virtue bids me shun ?

“ Shall I, all lost to shame, to Jason fly ? 850

“ And yet I must-----if Jason bleeds I die !

“ Honour farewell ! adieu for ever shame !

“ Hail black disgrace ! and branded be my fame !

“ Live, Jason, live ! enjoy the vital air !

“ Live thro’ my aid ! and fly where winds can bear. 855

“ But when he flies, cords, poisons lend your pow’rs :
 “ That day Medea treads th’ infernal shores !
 “ Yet what reproach will after death be cast ?
 “ The maids of Colchos will my honour blast---
 “ I hear them cry---the false Medea’s dead, 860
 “ Thro’ guilty passion for a stranger’s bed ;
 “ Medea, careless of her virgin fame,
 “ Preferr’d a stranger to a father’s name !
 “ O may I rather yield this vital breath,
 “ Than bear that base dishonour worse than death !”

Thus wail’d the fair, and seiz’d, with horrid joy, 866
 Drugs foes to life, and potent to destroy ;
 A magazine of death ! again she pours
 From her swollen eye-lids tears in shining show’rs.
 With grief insatiate, comfortless she stands, 870
 And opes the casket, but with trembling hands.
 A sudden fear her labouring soul invades,
 Struck with the horrors of th’ infernal shades :
 She stands deep-musing with a faded brow,
 Absorb’d in thought, a monument of woe ! 875
 While all the comforts that on life attend,
 The cheerful converse, and the faithful friend,
 By thought deep-imag’d in her bosom play,
 Endearing life, and charm despair away.

Enlivening suns with sweeter light arise, 880

And every object brightens to her eyes.

Then from her hand the baneful drugs she throws,

Consents to live, recover'd from her woes ;

Resolv'd the magic virtue to betray,

She waits the dawn, and calls the lazy day : 885

Time seems to stand, or backward drive his wheels ;

The hours she chides, and eyes the eastern hills :

At length the morn displays her rosy light,

And the whole town stands pictur'd to her sight.

Back to the ship (his brothers left behind 890

To mark the motions of Medea's mind)

Argus return'd ; meanwhile her golden hair,

That flow'd diffusive in the wanton air,

The virgin binds ; then wipes the tears away,

And from her eyes bids living lightning play ; 895

On every limb refreshing unguents pours,

Unguents, that breathe of heaven, in copious show'rs.

Her robe she next assumes ; bright clasps of gold

Close to the lessening waist the robe infold :

Down from her swelling loins the rest unbound 900

Floats in rich waves redundant o'er the ground :

Then takes her veil, and stately treads the room

With graceful ease, regardless of her doom.

Thus

Thus forward moves the fairest of her kind,
 Blind to the future, to the present blind. 905
 Twelve maids, attendants on her virgin bow'r,
 Alike unconscious of the bridal hour,
 Join to the car her mules ; dire rites to pay,
 To Hecate's fair fane she bends her way.
 A juice she bears, whose magic virtue tames 910
 (Thro' fell Persephone) the rage of flames ;
 For one whole day it gives the hero might,
 To stand secure of harms in mortal fight ;
 It mocks the sword ; the sword without a wound
 Leaps as from marble shiver'd to the ground. 915
 This plant, which rough Caucasian mountains bore,
 Sprung from the venom of Prometheus' gore,
 (While on the wretch the savage eagle storm'd)
 In colour like Corycian crocus form'd :
 On two tall stems up-springs the flowery shoot, 920
 A cubit high ; like red raw flesh its root.
 From this root's juice, as black as that distill'd
 From mountain beeches, the fair maid had fill'd
 A Caspian conch ; but first, as best beseems,
 Array'd in black seven times in living streams 925
 She bath'd ; and call'd seven times on Brimo's name.
 At midnight hour, the ghost-compelling dame.

She pluck'd the root, earth murmur'd from below,
 And sad Prometheus groan'd with agonizing woe.
 This root the Colchian maid selecting plac'd 930
 In the rich zone that bound her slender waist :
 Then issuing mounts the car, but not alone,
 On either side two lovely damsels shone :
 Her hand with skill th' embroider'd rein controuls,
 Back fly the streets as swift the chariot rolls. 935
 Along the wheel-worn road they speed their way,
 The domes retreat, the sinking towers decay :
 Bare to the knee succinct a damsel-train
 Close throng behind them, hastening to the plain.
 As when her limbs divine, Diana laves 940
 In fair Parthenius, or th' Amnesian waves,
 Sublime in royal state the bounding roes
 Whirl her bright car along the mountain brows :
 Swift to some sacred feast the goddess moves,
 The nymphs attend that haunt the shady groves ; 945
 Th' Amnesian fount, or silver-streaming rills,
 Nymphs of the vales, or Oreads of the hills :
 The fawning beasts before the goddess play,
 Or, trembling, savage adoration pay :

 Thus on her car sublime the nymph appears, 950
 The croud falls back, and, as she moves, reveres :

Swift

Swift to the fane aloft her course she bends,
 The fane she reaches, and on earth descends ;
 Then to her train----- “ Ah me ! I fear we stray,
 “ Missed by folly to this lonely way ! 955
 “ Alas ! should Jason with his Greeks appear,
 “ Where should we fly ? I fear, alas, I fear !
 “ No more the Colchian youths, and virgin train,
 “ Haunt the cool shade, or tread in dance the plain.
 “ But since alone---with sports beguile your hours, 960
 “ Collect sweet herbs, and pluck the fairest flow’rs :
 “ If due attention to my words ye pay,
 “ With richest spoils ye shall return to-day.
 “ For Argus and Chalciopé require,
 “ (But sacred keep this secret from my fire) 965
 “ That for large presents, for my succour paid,
 “ To this rash stranger I should lend my aid.
 “ I pass’d my word, and soon without his train
 “ The Grecian will attend me at the fane :
 “ In equal portions we the spoil will share--- 970
 “ For him a dose more fatal I prepare---
 “ But when he comes, ye nymphs, retire apart.”
 She spoke ; the nymphs approv’d the virgin’s art.
 When Argus heard the maid with early day
 To Hecate’s fair fane would speed her way, 975

He

He beckon'd Jason from his bold compeers
 Apart, and Mopsus most renown'd of seers ;
 For prescient Mopsus every omen knew
 Of birds that parting or approaching flew.
 No mortal ever of the first-born race 980
 Display'd like Jason such superior grace,
 Whether from demigods he trac'd his line,
 Or Jove himself immortal and divine,
 As grac'd by Juno, Jove's imperial queen,
 With soft address, and dignity of mien. 985
 His comrades gaz'd with wonder as he went ;
 Mopsus foresaw and hail'd the blest event.
 Hard by the path, and near the temple, stands
 A poplar tall that wide its arms expands ;
 Here frequent rooks their airy pastime take, 990
 And on the boughs their spray-form'd mansions make :
 One shook its pinions, (louder than the rest)
 And croaking, thus Saturnia's mind express'd :
 ' Vain seer ! whose divinations fail to tell
 ' Those plain events which children know so well ; 995
 ' That maids will not, with comrades in the train,
 ' Tell the soft love-tale to their favour'd swain.
 ' False prophet, hence ! for thee nor love inspires,
 ' Nor Venus gratifies with soft desires.'

Then Mopfus laugh'd, 'as scoffing thus she spoke, 1000
 To hear the bird her dark predictions croak ;
 And thus : " Hence, Jason, to the fane, and find
 " The maiden to thy warmest wishes kind ;
 " Venus approves, and fortune will enfue,
 " If what prophetic Phineus said prove true. 1005
 " Myself and Argus here will wait apart,
 " Go and unfold the secrets of thy heart ;
 " Be every mode of soft persuasion try'd."
 He counsel'd wisely, and the chief comply'd.

Meanwhile the maid her secret thoughts enjoy'd,
 And one dear object all her soul employ'd : 1011
 Her train's gay sports no pleasure can restore,
 Vain was the dance, and music charm'd no more ;
 She hates each object, every face offends,
 In every wish her soul to Jason sends ; 1015
 With sharpen'd eyes the distant lawn explores,
 To find the hero whom her soul adores ;
 At every whisper of the passing air,
 She starts, she turns, and hopes her Jason there ;
 Again she fondly looks, nor looks in vain, 1020
 He comes, her Jason shines along the plain.
 As when, emerging from the watery way,
 Refulgent Sirius lifts his golden ray,

He

He shines terrific ! for his burning breath
Taints the red air with fevers, plagues and death ;
Such to the nymph approaching Jason shows, 1026
Bright author of unutterable woes ;
Before her eyes a swimming darkness spread,
Her flush'd cheeks glow'd, her very heart was dead :
No more her knees their wonted office knew, 1030
Fix'd, without motion, as to earth they grew.
Her train recedes---the meeting lovers gaze
In silent wonder, and in still amaze.
As two fair cedars on the mountain's brow,
Pride of the groves ! with roots adjoining grow ; 1035
Erect and motionless the stately trees
Short time remain, while sleeps each fanning breeze,
Till from th' Æolian caves a blast unbound
Bends their proud tops, and bids their boughs resound :
Thus gazing they ; till by the breath of love, 1040
Strongly at last inspir'd, they speak, they move ;
With smiles the love-sick virgin he survey'd,
And fondly thus address'd the blooming maid :
 ' Dismiss, my fair, my love, thy virgin fear ;
 ' Tis Jason speaks, no enemy is here ! 1045
 ' Dread not in me a haughty heart to find,
 ' In Greece I bore no proud inhuman mind.

' Whom

' Whom would'st thou fly? stay, lovely virgin, stay!
 ' Speak every thought! far hence be fears away!
 ' Speak! and be truth in every accent found! 1050
 ' Scorn to deceive! we tread on hallow'd ground.
 ' By the stern power who guards this sacred place,
 ' By the fam'd authors of thy royal race;
 ' By Jove, to whom the stranger's cause belongs,
 ' To whom the suppliant, and who feels their wrongs;
 ' O guard me, save me, in the needful hour! 1056
 ' Without thy aid thy Jason is no more.
 ' To thee a suppliant, in distress I bend,
 ' To thee a stranger, one who wants a friend!
 ' Then, when between us seas and mountains rise, 1060
 ' Medea's name shall sound in distant skies;
 ' All Greece to thee shall owe her heroes' fates,
 ' And bless Medea thro' her hundred states.
 ' The mother and the wife, who now in vain
 ' Roll their sad eyes fast-streaming o'er the main, 1065
 ' Shall stay their tears: the mother, and the wife,
 ' Shall bless thee for a son's or husband's life!
 ' Fair Ariadne, sprung from Minos' bed,
 ' Sav'd valiant Theseus, and with Theseus fled,
 ' Forsook her father, and her native plain, 1070
 ' And stem'd the tumults of the surging main;
 ' Ye

‘ Yet the stern fire relented, and forgave
‘ The maid, whose only crime it was to save ;
‘ Ev’n the just Gods forgave : and now on high
‘ A star she shines, and beautifies the sky : 1075
‘ What blessings then shall righteous heaven decree
‘ For all our heroes fav’d, and fav’d by thee ?
‘ Heaven gave thee not to kill, so soft an air ;
‘ And cruelty sure never look’d so fair !’

He ceas’d, but left so charming on her ear 1080
His voice, that listening still she seem’d to hear ;
Her eyes to earth she bends with modest grace,
And heaven in smiles is open’d on her face.
A look she steals ; but rosy blushes spread
O’er her fair cheek, and then she hangs her head. 1085
A thousand words at once to speak she tries ;
In vain---but speaks a thousand with her eyes ;
Trembling the shining casket she expands,
Then gives the magic virtue to his hands ;
And had the power been granted to convey 1090
Her heart---had given her very heart away.
For Jason beam’d in beauty’s charms so bright,
The maid admiring languish’d with delight.
Thus, when the rising sun appears in view,
On the fair rose dissolves the radiant dew. 1095

Now

Now on the ground both cast their bashful eyes,
Both view each other now with wild surprize.
The rosy smiles now dimpling on their cheeks,
The fair at length in faltering accents speaks :

- “ Observant thou to my advice attend, 1100
“ And hear what succour I propose to lend.
“ Soon as my fire *Æeta* shall bestow
“ The dragon’s teeth in Mars’s field to sow,
“ The following night in equal shares divide ;
“ Bathe well thy limbs in some perennial tide ; 1105
“ Then all retir’d, thyself in black array,
“ Dig the round fofs, and there a victim slay,
“ A female lamb ; the carcase place entire
“ Above the fofs, then light the sacred pyre,
“ And *Perseus’* daughter, *Hecate*, appease 1110
“ With honey, sweetest labour of the bees ;
“ This done, retreat, nor, while the relicks burn,
“ Let howling dogs provoke thee to return,
“ Nor human footsteps ; lest thou render vain
“ The charm, and with dishonour join thy train. 1115
“ Next morn, the whole enchantment to fulfil,
“ This magic unguent on thy limbs distil :
“ Then thou with ease wilt strong, and graceful move,
“ Not like a mortal, but the Gods above.

“ Forget not with this unguent to besmear 1120

“ Thy sword, thy buckler, and tremendous spear :

“ No giant’s falchions then can harm thy frame,

“ Nor the fell rage of bulls expiring flame.

“ One day, nor longer, wilt thou keep the field ;

“ Nor thou to perils, nor to labour yield. 1125

“ But mark my words ; when thou, with ceaseless toil,

“ Hast yok’d the bulls and plough’d the stubborn soil ;

“ And seest up-springing on the teeth-sown land

“ Of giant foes a formidable band,

“ Hurl slily ’midst their ranks a rough hard stone,

“ And they, like dogs contending for a bone, 1131

“ Will slay each other : thou with speed renew

“ The glowing fight, and conquest will ensue.

“ Thus shalt thou bear from Æa’s realms to Greece,

“ If such thy fix’d resolve, the Golden Fleece.” 1135

This said, her eyes were fix’d upon the ground,

And her fair cheeks with streaming sorrows drown’d ;

Desponding anguish seiz’d her gentle mind,

Lest he should leave her comfortless behind.

Imbolden’d thus, him by the hand she press’d, 1140

And in the language of her soul address’d ;

“ If safely hence thou sail’st, O, think of me !

“ As I for ever shall remember thee !

“ And

“ And freely tell me, to relieve my pain,
 “ Where lies thy home beyond the boundless main ?
 “ Say, is Orchomenos thy native soil ? 1146
 “ Or dwell’st thou nearer on th’ Ææan isle ?
 “ Let me that far-fam’d virgin’s name inquire,
 “ Who boasts the same high lineage with my fire.”

She said ; her tears his soft compassion won, 1150
 And thus the chief, by Love inspir’d, begun :

‘ While on my fancy bright ideas play,
 ‘ Thy image never from my soul shall stray,
 ‘ If safe I fail, preserv’d by thee, to Greece,
 ‘ Nor heavier labours interrupt my peace. 1155
 ‘ But if the distant country where I dwell
 ‘ Thy will demands, my ready tongue shall tell.
 ‘ A land there is which lofty hills surround,
 ‘ For fertile pastures and rich herds renown’d,
 ‘ Where from Prometheus good Deucalion came,
 ‘ His royal heir, Hæmonia is the name. 1161
 ‘ Deucalion here the first foundations laid
 ‘ Of towns, built fanes, and men by empire sway’d ;
 ‘ There my Iolcos stands, and many more
 ‘ Fair ample cities, that adorn the shore. 1165
 ‘ What time, as rumour’d by the voice of fame,
 ‘ Æolian Minyas to that country came,

- ‘ He built, close bordering on the Theban ground,
 ‘ Orchomenos, a city far renown’d.
 ‘ But why your wonder should I vainly raise ? 1170
 ‘ My birth-place tell, and Ariadne’s praise ?
 ‘ For this the virgin’s name you now inquire,
 ‘ A lovely maid, and Minos is her sire.
 ‘ Oh ! may, like hers, your sire propitious prove,
 ‘ Who honour’d Theseus with his daughter’s love !
 Complacent thus he sooth’d her sorrowing soul ;
 Yet anxious cares within her bosom roll.
 “ Perchance in Greece ” (the pensive maid rejoin’d)
 “ Oaths are rever’d, and solemn compacts bind.
 “ But Minos greatly differs from my sire, 1180
 “ Nor I to Ariadne’s charms aspire.
 “ Then mention hospitality no more ;
 “ But, safe conducted to thy native shore,
 “ Grant this, ’tis all I ask, Oh ! think of me,
 “ As I for ever shall remember thee, 1185
 “ In my great sire, the Colchian king’s despite :
 “ But if thy pride my ardent passion slight,
 “ Fame, or some bird the hateful news will bring ;
 “ Then will I chace thee on the tempest’s wing,
 “ Brand thy false heart, thy curs’d familiar be, 1190
 “ And prove thou ow’st thy life, thy all to me.”

Medea thus, and tears abundant shed ;

And mildly thus the son of Æson said :

‘ In vain, dear nymph, thy missive bird shall soar
 ‘ Thro’ air sublime, in vain the tempest roar. 1195
 ‘ But if towards Greece thou deign’st thy course to
 bear,

‘ Immortal honours shall attend thee there ;
 ‘ There husbands, brothers, sons, so long deplor’d,
 ‘ Safe to their native land by thee restor’d,
 ‘ Shall as a Goddess reverence thy name, 1200
 ‘ And pay thee rites which only Gods can claim.
 ‘ But would’st thou grace my bed with bridal state,
 ‘ Our love can only be dissolv’d by fate.’

His words with raptures all her soul subdue ;
 Yet gloomy objects rise before her view, 1205
 Ordain’d, ere long, Thessalia’s realms to see ;
 For such was Juno’s absolute decree,
 That soon to Greece the Colchian maid should go,
 To Pelias source of unremitting woe.

Meanwhile apart her anxious handmaids stay, 1210
 In silence waiting till the close of day :
 Such pleasing transports in her bosom roll,
 His form, his words so captivate her soul,
 On feather’d feet the hours unheeded fled,
 Which warn’d her home: ‘ Hence (cautious Jason said)

‘ Hence let us hasten unperceiv’d away, 1216

‘ And here enraptur’d pass some future day.’

Thus the blest hours in converse sweet they spent,
And both unwilling from the temple went ;
He to his comrades bordering on the main, 1220
The fair Medea to her virgin train.

Her train approach’d, but stood unnotic’d by ;
Her soul sublime expatiates in the sky.

Her rapid car she mounts ; this hand sustains
The polish’d thong, and that the flowing reins. 1225
Fleet o’er the plain the nimble mules convey’d
To Æa’s walls the love-transported maid.

Meanwhile Chalciope astonish’d stands,
And instant tidings of her sons demands ;
In vain : sad cares had clos’d Medea’s ears, 1230
No answers gives she, and no questions hears ;
But on a footstool low, beside her bed,
All bath’d in tears she sits ; her hand sustains her head.
There sits she pondering, in a pensive state,
What dire distresses on her counsels wait. 1235

But Jason, eager to return, withdrew
With his two friends, and join’d his social crew,
Who throng’d impatient round, while he display’d
The secret counsels of the Colchian maid,

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And show'd the potent herbs : Idas apart 1240

Conceal'd the choler rankling in his heart.

Meanwhile the rest, when glimmering day-light clos'd,

Wrapp'd in the mantle of the night repos'd.

Next morn they sent Æthalides the son

Of Mercury, and valiant Telamon, 1245

(For thus in council had the Greeks decreed)

Of fierce Æeta to demand the seed,

The serpent's teeth, whose ever-wakeful sight

Watch'd o'er the fountain of the God of fight.

This baneful monster was by Cadmus slain, 1250

Seeking Europa o'er the Theban plain ;

An heifer to his feat of regal sway,

So will'd prophetic Phœbus, led the way. .

These teeth Minerva from the monster rent,

And part to Cadmus and Æeta sent : 1255

Sow'd on Bœotia's ample plains, from those

A hardy race of earth-born giants rose.

To Jason these he gave, a precious spoil ;

Nor, tho' his matchless arm the bulls might foil,

Deem'd he, that victory would crown his toil. 1260

The sun now sinking with a feeble ray

To distant Ethiopians stop'd his way ;

Night yok'd her steeds : the Grecian heroes spread

Around the halbers and the sails their bed.

The northern Bear was sunk beneath the hills, 1265

And all the air a solemn silence fills :

Jafon to lonely haunts pursu'd his way ;

(All rites adjusted the preceding day.)

'Twas Argus' care a lambkin to provide,

And milk, the rest the ready ship supply'd. 1270

A sweet sequester'd spot the hero found,

Where silence reigns, and welling streams abound ;

And here, observant of due rites, he laves,

His limbs immersing in the cleansing waves ;

Then o'er his shoulders, pledge of favours past, 1275

The gift of fair Hypsipyla he cast,

A sable robe : a deep round foss he made,

And on the kindling wood the victim laid :

The mix'd libation pouring o'er the flame,

Loud he invok'd infernal Brimo's name ; 1280

Then back retires : his call her ears invades,

And up she rises from the land of shades :

Snakes, wreath'd in oaken boughs, curl'd round her
hair,

And gleaming torches cast a dismal glare.

To guard their queen the hideous dogs of hell 1285

Rend the dark welkin with incessant yell ;

The heaving ground beneath her footsteps shakes ;

Loud shriek the Naiads of the neighbouring lakes,

And

And all the fountain-nymphs astonish'd stood
 Where Amaranthine Phasis rolls his flood. 1290
 Fear seiz'd the chief, yet backward he withdrew,
 Nor, till he join'd his comrades, turn'd his view.

And now on Caucasus, with snow o'erspread,
 The rising morn her silver radiance shed,
 When proud Æeta, earlier than the rest, 1295
 The fencing corslet buckled to his breast,
 The spoils of Mimas of gigantic race,
 Whom Mars had vanquish'd on the plains of Thrace:
 His golden helmet to his head he bound,
 With four fair crests of glittering plumage crown'd,
 Bright as the sun new rising from the main; 1301
 His nervous arms a mighty spear sustain:
 From his broad shoulder beams his sevenfold shield,
 Which not a chief of all the Greeks could wield,
 Since great Alcides, of his friend bereft, 1305
 Was (sad mischance!) on Mysia's borders left.
 His son hard by with ready chariot stands;
 The king ascends; the reins adorn his hands;
 Fierce to the field he hastes in regal state,
 And crouds of Colchians round their monarch wait.

As ocean's god, when drawn by rapid steeds, 1311
 To Isthmian games, or Calauria speeds,

To

To Tænarus, or rocky Petra roves,
Or where Geræstus boasts her oaken groves,
Onchestus' woods, or Lerna's limpid spring ; 1315
So to the combat drives the Colchian king.

Meanwhile, instructed by the magic maid,
The chief his shield, his spear and trenchant blade
With unguents smear'd: the Greeks approaching nigh
In vain their efforts on his armour try ; 1320
But chief the spear such magic charms attend,
No force can break it, and no onset bend.
Idas enrag'd deals many a furious wound,
But, as hard hammers from an anvil bound,
So from the spear his sword recoiling sprung : 1325
The distant vales with loud applauses rung.
Next, with the potent charm the chief anoints
His well-turn'd limbs, and supples all his joints.
And, lo ! new powers invigorate his hands,
And arm'd with strength intrepidly he stands. 1330

As the proud steed, exulting in his might,
Erects his ears, impatient for the fight,
And pawing snuffs the battle from afar ;
So pants the hero for the promis'd war.
Firmly he moves, incapable of fear ; 1335
One hand his shield sustains, and one the spear.

Thus,

Thus, when black clouds obscure the darkening day,
And rains descend, the living lightnings play.

And now the fight draws near; the Grecian train
Sail up the Phasis to the martial plain; 1340

From which as far the towers of *Æa* stand,
As when the chieftains, who the games command
For some dead king, the bounding barriers place
For steeds or men contending in the race.

Æeta there they found, of mind elate; 1345

On Phasis' banks his chariot rolls in state.

On the Caucasian summits, that command
The field of Mars, the crowded Colchians stand.

Now Argo moor'd, the prince invades the field,
Arm'd with his magic spear, and ample shield; 1350

With serpents' teeth his brazen helm was stor'd,
And cross his shoulder gleam'd his glittering sword:

Like Mars the chief enormous power display'd,

Or Phœbus brandishing his golden blade.

O'er the rough tilth he cast his eyes around, 1355

And soon the plough of adamant he found,

And yokes of brass: his helm (approaching near)

He plac'd on earth, and upright fix'd his spear.

To find the bulls he farther went afield,

And trac'd their steps, arm'd only with his shield. 1360

In a dark cave which smoky mists surround,
Horrid and huge their safe retreat he found.
With rage impetuous forth the monsters came,
And from their nostrils issued streams of flame.
Fear seiz'd the Greeks, but he their fury braves; 1365
Firm as a rock, defies the roaring waves;
Screen'd by his shield, intrepidly he scorns
The bulls loud-bellowing, and their butting horns;
Collected firm he wards each threatening blow.
As at the forge where melting metals glow, 1370
While now the bellows heave, now sink by turns,
The flame subsides, or with fresh fury burns;
Stirr'd to the bottom roars the raging fire:
So roar the bulls, and living flame respire,
That fierce as lightning round the hero play'd, 1375
In vain, now shelter'd by the magic maid.
One bull he seiz'd, that aim'd a deadly stroke,
Seiz'd by his horns, and dragg'd him to the yoke;
Then hurl'd the roaring monster on the ground;
An equal fate his fellow-captive found. 1380
Loos'd from his arm he flung his shield aside,
And the two monsters manfully he ply'd,
Dragg'd on their knees his fiery foes o'ercame,
And shifting artfully escap'd the flame.

Book III. APOLLONIUS RHODIUS. 205

Æeta view'd him with astonish'd eyes ; 1285

When lo ! the sons of Tyndarus arise,

As erst it was decreed, and from the land

Heav'd the strong yokes and gave them to his hand :

These o'er the bulls' low-bended necks he flung ;

The brazen beam by rings suspended hung. 1390

The youths retreating from the burning field,

The chief resum'd his loaded helm, his shield

Behind him thrown ; then grasp'd his massy spear,

(Thus arm'd the hinds of Theffaly appear,

With long sharp goads to prick their bullocks' sides)

And the firm plough of adamant he guides. 1396

The restiff bulls with indignation fir'd,

From their broad nostrils living flames expir'd,

Loud as the blasts when wintry winds prevail,

And trembling sailors furl the folding sail. 1400

Urg'd by his spear the bulls their task fulfil,

Prove their own prowess, and the ploughman's skill.

As the sharp coulter cleft the clodded ground,

The roughen'd ridges sent a rattling sound.

Firm oe'r the field undaunted Jason treads, 1405

And scattering wide the serpent's teeth he spreads ;

Yet oft looks back, suspecting he should find

A legion rising up in arms behind :

Unwearied

Unwearied still the bulls their toil pursue ;
Their brazen hoofs the stubborn soil subdue. 1410

When now three portions of the day were spent,
And weary hinds at evening homeward went,
The chief had till'd four acres of the soil ;
He then releas'd the monsters from their toil.
Away they scamper'd wildly o'er the plain ; 1415
Himself rejoin'd his delegated train,
Till on the field his earth-born foes appear :
The Greeks their animated hero cheer.

He in his helm, replenish'd at the springs,
To slake his burning thirst fresh water brings. 1420
His limbs renew'd with forceful vigour play,
His heart beats boldly and demands the fray.
Thus the fell boar disdains the hunter-bands,
Foams, whets his tusks, and in defiance stands.

Now rose th' embattled squadron in the field, 1425
In glittering helms array'd, with spear and shield,
Bright o'er the Martial plain the splendors rise,
And dart in streams of radiance to the skies.

Thus, when thick snow the face of nature shrouds,
And nightly winds dispel the wintry clouds, 1430
The stars again their splendid beams display ;
So shone the warriors in the face of day.

But

But Jason, mindful of the maid's command,
 Seiz'd a vast rock, and rais'd it from the land : 1434
 Not four stout youths, for strength of limbs renown'd,
 Could lift a weight so ponderous from the ground :
 This 'midst his foes, embattled on the field,
 He hurl'd, and safe retir'd behind his shield.
 The Colchians shout, as when the raging main
 Roars round tremendous rocks, but roars in vain. 1440
 In silence fix'd, Æeta stands aghast
 To see the fragment with such fury cast.
 The host, like dogs contending o'er their prey,
 With curs'd ferocity their comrades slay,
 Then leave on earth their mangled trunks behind,
 Like pines or oaks uprooted by the wind. 1446
 As shoots a star from heaven's etherial brow,
 Portending vengeance to the world below,
 Who thro' dark clouds descry its radiant light :
 Thus Jason rush'd, in glittering armour bright. 1450
 His brandish'd falchion fell'd the rising foes :
 Succinct in arms, some half their lengths disclose,
 Some scarce their shoulders ; other feebly stand,
 While others, treading firm, the fight demand.

As on the bounds which separate hostile states, 1455
 Eternal source of battle and debates,

The

The cautious hind the cruel spoiler fears,
 And reaps his wheat with yet unripen'd ears ;
 Ere yet the spikes their wonted growth attain,
 Ere yet the sun-beams have matur'd the grain : 1460
 So Jason's arms the rising squadrons mow'd ;
 Their blood profusely in the furrows flow'd.
 Some sidelong fall on earth, and some supine,
 Some prone lie groveling and their lives resign,
 Like whales incumbent on the buoyant main : 1465
 Some wounded perish ere they tread the plain ;
 As late in air they held their heads on high,
 So lowly humbled in the dust they lie.
 Thus tender plants, by copious torrents drown'd,
 Strew their fresh leaves, uprooted from the ground ;
 The tiller views with heart-corroding pain 1471
 His fostering care, and all his labours vain.
 Æeta thus with wild vexation burn'd,
 And with his Colchians to the town return'd,
 Some weightier task revolving in his mind : 1475
 Thus clos'd the combat, and the day declin'd.

END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

THE
FOURTH BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

Jason obtains the Golden Fleece by the assistance of Medea. She embarks with the Argonauts for Greece. Æëta pursues them. Having crossed the Euxine sea, they sail up the Ister; and by an arm of that river enter the Adriatic. Absyrtus is treacherously murdered by Jason. They sail into the Sardinian sea by the way of the Eridanus and the Rhone. The murder of Absyrtus is expiated by Circe, at whose island they land. Thetis and her nymphs conduct the heroes through the straits of Scylla and Charybdis. They sail by the island infested with the Syrens, from whose enchantments Orpheus delivers them. At Corcyra, once called Drepane, they meet with the Colchians that pursued them through the Symplegades; who request Alcinous, king of the island, to deliver up Medea. He agrees to send her back to her father, if unmarried; but if married to Jason, he refuses to separate them. Upon this determination her nuptials are immediately celebrated. They again put to sea, and are driven upon the quicksands of Africa. The tutelary Deities of the country extricate them from their distresses. They bear Argo on their shoulders as far as the lake Tritonis. The Hesperides, who were bewailing the death of the serpent, slain the preceding day by Hercules, give some account of that hero. The death of Canthus and Mopsus, two of their comrades, is related. Triton, whose figure is particularly described, gives them directions about their voyage. They sail near Crete. The story of Talus. At Hippuris they sacrifice to Phœbus, who, standing on the top of an hill, enlightens their way. The clod of earth, given by Triton to Euphemus, becomes an island, called Calliste. They anchor at Ægina; and loosing from thence, arrive without further interruption at Thessaly.

T H E
A R G O N A U T I C S
O F
APOLLONIUS RHODIUS.

B O O K IV.

O Goddess, daughter of th' eternal king,
Medea's various cares and counsels sing :
Far from my mind the sad suspense remove,
Whether to celebrate her lawless love,
Or whether her base flight from Colchis' bay, 5
Best claims the tribute of my tuneful lay.

In solemn council to his faithful chiefs
The vengeful king disclos'd his bosom-griefs :
Sore disconcerted at the recent fight,
He spent in long debate the doleful night ; 10
Mistrusting still, these schemes, so deeply laid,
Were all conducted by his daughters' aid.
Meanwhile th' imperial queen of heaven had shed
O'er the fair virgin's breast despondent dread.

She starts, she trembles, as, pursu'd by hounds, 15

The fawn light skipping o'er the meadow bounds.

She fears the secrets of her soul betray'd,

And her sire's vengeance for her proffer'd aid.

Her handmaids, conscious of her crimes, she fears ;

Her eyes fierce flames emit, loud murmurs fill her
ears. 20

Her death she meditates in wild despair,

And, sadly sighing, tears her golden hair.

Now fate imbibing from the poison'd bowl,

Soon had she freed her voluntary soul,

And Juno's projects all been render'd vain, 25

But, kindly pitying a lover's pain,

The Goddess urg'd with Phrixus' sons her flight,

And eas'd her bosom of its sorrow's weight.

Forth from her casket every drug she pours,

And to her lap consigns the magic stores. 30

Then with a parting kiss her bed she press'd,

Ciung round each door, and ev'n the walls caress'd.

A lock she tore of loosely-flowing hair,

And safe consign'd it to her mother's care,

The sacred relick of her virgin-fame ; 35

And, wailing thus, invok'd Idya's name :

‘ This lock, O mother, at my hand receive,

‘ Which I, far-distant roaming, with thee leave.

‘ Farewell,

‘ Farewell, Chalciope ; far hence I roam !
 ‘ And thou farewell, my first, my dearest home ! 40
 ‘ Oh ! hadst thou, stranger, in deep ocean drown’d,
 ‘ Perish’d, and never trod on Colchian ground !’

She spoke, and tears her heart-felt woe betray’d ;
 Then fled she instant. Thus the captive maid,
 When, from her friends and country banish’d far, 45
 She shares the miserable fate of war,
 Disus’d to toil beneath a tyrant’s sway,
 Flies from oppression’s rod with speed away.
 With speed like her’s the weeping fair withdrew :
 The doors spontaneous open’d as she flew, 50
 Shook by her magic song ; barefoot she strays
 Thro’ winding paths and unfrequented ways.
 Before her face one hand her vesture holds,
 And one confines its border’s flowing folds.
 Beyond the city-walls with trembling haste, 55
 Unseen of all the centinels, she pass’d,
 Then by accustom’d paths explor’d the fane,
 Where spectres rise, and plants diffuse their bane ;
 (Thus practise magic maids their mystic art)
 Fears ill portending flutter round her heart. 60
 Her frenzy Cynthia, rising bright, survey’d,
 And this soliloquy in triumph made :

‘ Yes, with Endymion’s heavenly charms o’ercome,
‘ I to the cave at Latmos once could roam,
‘ Or love regardful, when your potent lay 65
‘ Had from the starry spheres seduc’d my ray,
‘ That you, protected by the gloom of night,
‘ Might celebrate unseen the mystic rite,
‘ Your lov’d employ : now Cupid’s shafts subdue,
‘ Not Cynthia only, but, fair forcerefs, you. 70
‘ For you his toils the wiwy god hath wove,
‘ And all your heart inflam’d with Jason’s love.
‘ Come then, those pangs which love ordains endure,
‘ And bear with courage what you cannot cure.’

She said : impetuous hastening to the flood, 75
Soon on its lofty banks Medea stood.

A fire, which midnight’s deadly gloom dispell’d,
Signal of conquest gain’d, she here beheld.

Involv’d in shade, the solitary dame

Rais’d her shrill voice, and call’d on Phrontis’ name. 80

Known was her voice to Phrixus’ sons, who bear

The grateful tidings to their leader’s ear.

The truth discover’d, the confederate host

All silent stood, in wild amazement lost.

Loud call’d she thrice ; and with responsive cries, 85

His friends requesting, Phrontis thrice replies.

Quick

Quick at her call they ply the bending oar;
 Nor were their halbers fasten'd to the shore,
 When Æson's son at one decisive bound
 Leaps from the lofty deck upon the ground; 90
 Phrontis and Argus hasten to her aid,
 Whose knees embracing, thus Medea pray'd:

‘ Oh! save me, friends, from my offended fire,
 ‘ Oh! save yourselves from dread Æeta's ire.
 ‘ Known are our projects: sail we hence afar, 95
 ‘ Ere Æa's monarch mounts his rapid car.
 ‘ My magic charms shall close the dragon's eyes,
 ‘ And soon reward you with the golden prize.
 ‘ But thou, lov'd guest, continue faithful still,
 ‘ And swear whate'er thou promis'dst to fulfil: 100
 ‘ Ah! leave me not to infamy a scorn,
 ‘ By all my friends abandon'd and forlorn.’

Plaintive she spoke: his arms around her waist
 Rapturous he threw, then rais'd her and embrac'd,
 And solac'd thus in terms of tenderest love: 105

“ By heaven's high king I swear, Olympian Jove,
 “ By Juno, goddess of the nuptial rite,
 “ Soon as my native land transports my sight,
 “ Thou, lovely virgin, shalt be duly led,
 “ Adorn'd with honours, to my bridal bed.” 110

This said, in her's he clos'd his plighted hand :
To Mars's grove Medea gave command,
Spite of her fire, the vessel to convey,
And bear by night the golden fleece away.
Swift at the word they sprung ; the Colchian maid 115
Embark'd, and instant was their anchor weigh'd.
Their crashing oars resound : she oft to land
Reverts her eye, and waves her trembling hand :
But Æson's son his ready aid affords,
And sooths her sorrows with consoling words. 120

Wak'd by their hounds, what time the huntsmen
rise,

And shake the balm of slumber from their eyes,
At twilight, ere Aurora's dreaded ray
Efface the tracks, and waft the scent away :
Jason, then landing with the fair, attains, 125
With flowers diversified, the verdant plains,
Where first the ram, with Phrixus' weight oppress'd,
His wearied knee inclin'd, and sunk to rest.
Hard by, an altar's stately structure stands,
To favouring Jove first rais'd by Phrixus' hands, 130
Where he the golden monster doom'd to bleed ;
So his conductor Hermes had decreed.
Here, as by Argus taught, the chiefs withdrew,
While their lone course the regal pair pursue

Book IV. APOLLONIUS RHODIUS. 217

Thro' the thick grove, impatient to behold 135

The spreading beech that bears the fleecy gold,

Suspended here, it darts a beamy blaze,

Like a cloud tipp'd with Phœbus' orient rays.

With high-arch'd neck, in front the dragon lies,

And towards the strangers turns his sleepless eyes; 140

Aloud he hisses : the wide woods around,

And Phasis' banks return the doleful sound.

Colchians, far distant from Titanus' shore,

Heard ev'n to Lycus' streams the hideous roar ;

Lycus, who, sever'd from Araxis' tides, 145

A boisterous flood, with gentle Phasis glides :

One common course their streams united keep,

And roll united to the Caspian deep.

The mother, starting from her bed of rest,

Fears for her babe reclining on her breast, 150

And closely clasping to her fondling arms,

Protects her trembling infant from alarms.

As from some wood, involv'd in raging fires,

Clouds following clouds ascend in curling spires :

The smoky wreaths in long succession climb, 155

And from the bottom rise in air sublime ;

The dragon thus his scaly volumes roll'd,

Wreath'd his huge length, and gather'd fold in fold.

Him,

Him, winding slow, beheld the magic dame,
And Sleep invok'd the monster's rage to tame. 160

With potent song the drowsy God she sway'd
To summon all his succour to her aid ;

And Hecate from Pluto's coasts she drew,
To lull the dauntless monster, and subdue.

Jason advanc'd with awe, with awe beheld 165
The dreaded dragon by her magic quell'd.

Lifeless he lay, each languid fold unbound,
And his vast spine extended on the ground.

Thus, when the boisterous wave forbears to roar,
It sinks recumbent on the peaceful shore. 170

Still strove the monster his huge head to heave,
And in his deadly jaws his foe receive.

A branch of juniper the maid applies,
Steep'd in a baneful potion, to his eyes :

Its odours strong the branch diffus'd around, 175
And sunk th' enormous beast in sleep profound.

Supine he sunk ; his jaws forgot to move,
And his unnumber'd folds are spread o'er half the
grove.

Then Jason to the beech his hand applies,
And grasps, at her command, the golden prize. 180

Still she persists to ply the potent spell,
And the last vigour of the monster quell,

Till

Till he advis'd her to rejoin the crew ;
Then from the grove of Mars the maid withdrew.

As some fair dame, when Cynthia rises bright, 185
Beholds the beamy splendors with delight,
Which from her vestment strong-reflected rise ;
Thus gloried Jason in the glistering prize.

The flaming rays, that from its surface flow'd,
Beam'd on his cheeks, and on his forehead glow'd. 190
Large as the heifer's hide, or as the hind's,
Which in Achaia's plains the hunter finds,
Shone the thick, ponderous fleece, whose golden rays
Far o'er the land diffus'd a beamy blaze.

He on his shoulders, now, the spoil suspends, 195
Low at his feet the flowing train descends ;
Collecting, now, within its ponderous folds,
His grasping hand the costly capture holds.
Fearful he moves, with circumspect survey,
Left men or gods should snatch the prize away. 200

Now as returning morn illumines the land,
The royal pair rejoin the gallant band.
The gallant band beheld with wondering eyes,
Fierce as Jove's fiery bolt, the radiant prize.
Their hands extending as they flock around, 205
All wish to heave the trophy from the ground.

But Jason interdicting singly threw
O'er the broad fleece a covering rich and new ;
Then in the ship he plac'd the virgin-guest,
And thus the listening demigods address'd : 210

‘ No longer doubt ye, comrades, to regain
‘ Far o'er a length of seas your lov'd domain.
‘ For see, the end of all our glorious toil,
‘ Won by Medea's aid, this precious spoil !
‘ Her, not reluctant, I to Greece will bear, 215
‘ And with connubial honours crown her there.
‘ Guard your fair patroness, ye gallant crew,
‘ Who sav'd your country when she succour'd you.
‘ Soon will Æeta with his Colchian train
‘ Preclude, I ween, our passage to the main. 220
‘ Some with your oars resume your destin'd feat ;
‘ Some with your shields secure your wish'd retreat ;
‘ This rampire forming, we their darts defy,
‘ Nor, home returning, unreveng'd will die.
‘ Lo ! on our prowess all we love depends, 225
‘ Our children, parents, country and our friends.
‘ Greece, as we speed, thro' future times shall boast
‘ Her empire fix'd, or wail her glory lost.’

He said, and arm'd ; the heroes shout applause :
Then from its pendent sheath his sword he draws, 230

Severs the halber, and, in arms array'd,
 His station fixes near the magic maid,
 And where Ancæus' hand the pilot's art display'd. }
 Keen emulation fir'd the labouring crew,
 As down the stream of Phasis Argo flew. 235

Medea's flight now reach'd Æeta's ear,
 And all her crimes in all their guilt appear.
 To council call'd, in arms the Colchian train
 Rush thick as billows on the roaring main,
 Thick as the leaves that flutter from above, 240
 When blasting autumn strips the faded grove ;
 So thick the shouting Colchians rush to war,
 Led by Æeta in his splendid car,
 Glorifying in Phœbus' gifts, his rapid steeds,
 Whose swiftness far the speed of winds exceeds. 245
 His left a buckler's wide circumference rais'd ;
 In his extended right a flambeau blaz'd ;
 His girded belt a mighty spear sustains ;
 His son Absyrtus grasps the flowing reins.
 Now by tough oars impell'd and prosperous tides, 250
 The vessel glibly down the river glides.
 Th' indignant king invok'd the powers above,
 His parent Phœbus, and almighty Jove,
 His wrongs to witness : and to sudden fate
 Doom'd in his fury the devoted state. 255

Who

Who dar'd delay the guilty maid to bring,
From land or ocean, to their injur'd king,
On their rebellious heads his wrath should fall,
And vengeance merited o'ertake them all.

Thus menac'd he; and, lo! the Colchian train 260
Launch'd on that day their vessels in the main;
Swift, on that day, unfurl'd their bellying sails,
And all embarking caught the balmy gales.
Nor deem ye this a well-train'd naval host;
Like flocks of birds they scream around the coast. 265
Juno, propitious to her favourite-crew,
Inspir'd the breezes that serenely blew,
That soon on Grecian land the fair might tread,
And pour destruction down on Pelias' head.
With the third morn, on Paphlagonia's shore, 270
Where Halys rolls his stream, the heroes moor.
Medea here ordain'd a solemn rite
To Hecate, the magic queen of night.
But what, or how she form'd the potent spell,
Let none enquire, nor shall my numbers tell: 275
Fear holds me silent. Here the pious band
Erect a sacred temple on the strand,
Sacred to Hecate, night's awful queen;
And still beside the beach the holy fane is seen.

And

And now the words of Phineus, old and blind, 280
Recurr'd to Jafon, and each hero's mind.

From Æea he advis'd them to pursue
A different course, a course no pilot knew,
Which Argos thus delineates to the crew :

}

' When towards Orchomenos our course we bent, 285
' We took that route th' instructive prophet meant.
' For in times past a different road was known,
' And this thy priests, Ægyptian Thebes, have shewn.
' Before the stars adorn'd the saphire-sphere,
' Or Danaus' race had reach'd th' enquirer's ear ; 290
' In Greece the bold Arcadians reign'd alone,
' And, ere bright Cynthia deck'd her silver throne,
' On acorns liv'd, the food of savage man ;
' Before Deucalion's sons their reign began ;
' With harvests, then, was fertile Ægypt crown'd, 295
' Mother of mighty chiefs, of old renown'd ;
' Then the broad Triton, beauteous to behold,
' His streams prolific o'er the country roll'd.
' For Jove descends not there in bounteous rains,
' But inundations fertilize the plains. 300
' Hence rose the matchless chief (if fame says true)
' Who conquer'd Europe's realms and Asia's too ;
' His hardy troops embattled at his side,
' He on his valour and those troops rely'd.

{ Who

- ‘ He built and peopled with superior skill 305
‘ Unnumber’d cities, some remaining still.
‘ Though many ages now have pass’d away,
‘ Yet *Æa* stands, nor hastens to decay ;
‘ Peopled at first by his adventurous train,
‘ Whose long-continued race ev’n now remain. 310
‘ With care they still recording tablets keep
‘ Of all the limits of the land and deep,
‘ Wherever rivers flow, or storms prevail,
‘ Wherever men can march, or ships can fail.
‘ A river, stately-winding, deep and wide, 315
‘ From far, far distant mountains rolls its tide ;
‘ Where ships of burden sure protection claim :
‘ Long is its course and *Ister* is its name.
‘ Far, o’er *Riphæan* hills, where *Boreas* reigns,
‘ He undivided flows thro’ various plains ; 320
‘ But when thro’ *Thrace* and *Scythian* climes he
glides,
‘ In two broad streams his rapid flood divides :
‘ This to th’ *Ionian* sea its circuit sweeps,
‘ That wider stretches to *Trinacria*’s deeps,
‘ Whose lofty shores your *Grecian* coast command,
‘ If *Achelöus* flow through *Grecian* land.’ 326
He said : a favouring sign the Goddess gave,
Which with new courage animates the brave.

Celestial fires emit a living ray,
 And beams of glory point the certain way. 330
 Here, leaving Lycus' valiant son behind,
 They spread with joy their canvass to the wind.
 Afar the Paphlagonian hills appear ;
 And from Carambis' cape remote they steer,
 Led by the heavenly light and kindly gales, 335
 Till in broad Ister's flood the vessel fails.

Where the Cyanean rocks o'erlook the main,
 Part of the Colchians steer their course in vain ;
 While they, whose counsels sage Absyrtus guides,
 Cut through the mouth call'd Calon Ister's tides. 340
 Outfailing thus yon' tardy ships, they sweep
 With skilful oars the wide Ionian deep.
 An isle, which Ister's branching streams comprise,
 Peuce, triangular, before them lies :
 Wide o'er the beach its ample base extends, 345
 And in the flood its pointed angle ends.
 The two broad streams, that round the island flow,
 They by Arecos' name and Calon know.
 Below this isle Absyrtus and his crew
 Through the wide Calon their swift course pursue: 350
 Above it sailing Jason's comrades stray,
 And through Arecos wind their distant way.

Such naval force dismay'd the neighbouring swains ;
They left their fleecy flocks and verdant plains :
The ships in view, with terrour struck they stood, 355
And deem'd them monsters rising from the flood :
Never beheld they from their native shore
Ships proudly sailing on the seas before.

For the fierce Scythians and Sigynnian race
Maintain'd no commerce with the sons of Thrace: 360
Nor Sindians e'er, who roam the desert plain,
Nor e'er Graucenians cross'd the seas for gain.

When Argo's crew the mount Angurus pass'd,
And reach'd the rock Cauliacus at last,
(Ister near which his stately stream divides 365

And mingles with the deep his fever'd tides ;)
And distant left the wide Taurian plain,
Then had the Colchians plough'd the Chronian main.
Here, left the vessel's cape, they cautious stay,
And strive to intercept her in her way. 370

At length appears to their expecting view
On Ister's flood the enterprising crew.
Two lovely sea-girt isles their notice claim'd,
Dear to Diana, and the Brugi nam'd.

Superb in one a sacred temple rose, 375
And one secur'd them from their Colchian foes.

Her

Her power revering whom these isles obey,
 The foe had quitted them without delay.
 Each isle beside was throng'd with Colchian hosts,
 Who, guarding every pass, protect the coasts. 380
 For troops of enemies embattled stood,
 Far ev'n as Nestis and Salango's flood.

Their numbers few, the Mynian chiefs forbear
 To wage with numerous foes unequal war.
 Preventive of debate, this truce was seal'd; 385
 That, since the king propos'd the Fleece to yield,
 Whether by open force, or arts unknown,
 Conquest the daring combatant might crown,
 He, though reluctant, must resign his right,
 And the contested prize the victor's toil requite. 390
 That, from the crowd with secrecy convey'd,
 Diana's fane should guard the magic maid,
 Till mid' the sceptred princes one arose
 To fix their vague opinions, and propose,
 Or to restore her to her fire's embrace, 395
 Or in Orchomenos's city place,
 Or freely grant her to embark in peace,
 And with the Grecian heroes visit Greece.

When now, long pondering, the suspicious maid
 Had learn'd, and all their secret counsels weigh'd, 400

Tormenting cares disturb'd her mind's repose,

And keen reflection added woes to woes.

Aside she then, from all th' assembled crew,

With cautious secrecy her Jason drew :

Him, thus withdrawn, th' impassion'd maid address'd,

And told the secret sorrows of her breast : 406

‘ Say, what the cause that hostile hosts are join’d,

‘ And leagues, destructive of my peace, combin’d ?

‘ Say, have these charms, with rapture once explor’d,

‘ Lull’d to forgetfulness my faithless lord ? 410

‘ Hath time effac’d the promises he made,

‘ When in the needful hour he ask’d mine aid ?

‘ Where now thine oaths, prefer’d to mighty Jove ?

‘ Where now thy tenders of unalter’d love ?

‘ Curs’d oaths ! which bade me all I love disclaim, 415

‘ Friends, parents, country, every honour’d name !

‘ Forlorn and vex’d lest thou should’st toil in vain,

‘ I with the plaintive halcyon fought the main.

‘ I follow’d but to shield thee from alarms,

‘ When bulls breath’d fire, and giants rose in arms. 420

‘ Now is the Fleece, for which ye sail’d, possess’d,

‘ And by my foolish fondness thou art blest’d.

‘ Blest’d thou ; but me what secret sorrows vex,

‘ Whose deeds reflect dishonour on my sex !

! Me

‘ Me as thy daughter, sister, wife they brand, 425
 ‘ Who dare attend thee to a distant land.
 ‘ But stay, protect me, ease my weight of woe,
 ‘ Nor to my royal fire without me go.
 ‘ Oh ! think on justice, and revere thine oath,
 ‘ Which both consented to, which bound us both : 430
 ‘ Or instant, should’st thou every tie evade,
 ‘ In this frail bosom plunge the pointed blade.
 ‘ Thus frantic love its due desert shall see,
 ‘ And death come grateful to a wretch like me.
 ‘ Think, should the king exert his sovereign sway, 435
 ‘ And with my brother destine me to stay,
 ‘ (That king with whom ye both with treacherous aim
 ‘ Have form’d a league, subversive of my fame ;)
 ‘ Oh ! how shall I behold my father’s face ?
 ‘ With courage I ! not shrinking at disgrace ! 440
 ‘ No ; stung by conscience, I forestall my fate,
 ‘ And feel the horrors which my crimes create.
 ‘ Back o’er the seas, mid’ raging tempests borne,
 ‘ Long may’st thou wander joyless and forlorn.
 ‘ Ne’er may thy boasted patroness and friend, 445
 ‘ Juno, to thee her wonted aid extend.
 ‘ Stern fate may still severer toils ordain,
 ‘ And thou, false wretch, remember me in vain.

‘ Oh! may the Fleece deceive thy ravish’d sight,
 ‘ And, like a vision, vanish into night. 450
 ‘ Rife may my Furies, vengeance to demand,
 ‘ And distant drive thee from thy native land.
 ‘ From thee, their guilty source, my sorrows flow :
 ‘ Share now thy part, and suffer woe for woe.
 ‘ Thine oaths no more a slighted maid shall wrong,
 ‘ Nor this perfidious truce protect thee long.’ 456

Stung with despair, she utter’d thus her grief,
 Thus to her angry spirit gave relief,

To burn the ship forth rush’d th’ impetuous dame,
 And wrap its heaven-built sides in sudden flame ; 460
 Resolv’d in thought, as now the vessel blaz’d,
 To perish dauntless in the flame she rais’d :
 But Jason thus, with boding fears impress’d,
 Scorch’d the mad tumults of Medea’s breast :

“ Cease, heavenly maid, nor wound a lover’s ear 465
 “ With words unwelcome, and unfit to hear.
 “ The common safety bids us all unite
 “ To gain a timely respite from the fight.
 “ See, fair protectress, to restore thee lost,
 “ What clouds of enemies surround the coast. 470
 “ The country arms thy brother’s cause to aid,
 “ And bear thee to thy fire a captive maid.

“ Against such force should we our arms oppose,
 “ Perish might all our host, o’erpower’d by foes :
 “ Then, sad to think ! if, every hero slain, 475
 “ In long captivity must thou remain.

“ Our arts perfidious will this truce conceal,
 “ Whose baneful influence must thy brother feel.
 “ Bereav’d of him, the Colchians’ cause to aid,
 “ And to recover thee, a captive maid, 480
 “ No more the neighbouring forces will unite :
 “ Instant will I renew the desperate fight,
 “ Secure my wish’d return, and vindicate my right.” }
 }
 }
 }

Thus spoke he mild : the mischief-brooding maid
 Told her dark purpose, and, ‘ O think,’ she said, 485
 ‘ Think, Jason, now : oppose we, as beseems,
 ‘ To their destructive deeds destructive schemes.
 ‘ Urg’d first by Love, in error’s maze I stray’d,
 ‘ And through that God is every lust obey’d.
 ‘ Decline the fight, till I the youth betray, 490
 ‘ And to your hands consign, an easy prey.
 ‘ With presents be the heedless stripling lur’d :
 ‘ Heralds, of faith approv’d, by me procur’d,
 ‘ Ere long a secret audience shall obtain,
 ‘ And to my purposes Absyrtus gain. 495
 ‘ My plan (I reckon not) if it please, pursue :
 ‘ Go, slay my brother, and the fight renew.’

Such were the snares the treacherous lovers laid ;
 And by large presents was the prince betray'd.
 The heralds with these specious presents bore 500
 The veil Hypsipyle so lately wore.

Each Grace in Naxos' isle, with art divine,
 Wrought the rich raiment for the God of wine ;
 He gave it Thoas, his illustrious heir,
 And Thoas to Hypsipyle the fair ; 505

She gave it Jason : wondering you behold,
 And with new transport trace th' embroider'd gold.
 What time with large nectareous draughts oppress'd,
 On the soft vesture Bacchus sunk to rest,
 Close by his side the Cretan maid reclin'd, 510
 At Naxos' isle whom Theseus left behind ;
 From that bless'd hour the robe, with odours fill'd,
 Ambrosial fragrance wide around distill'd.

Her guileful purposes the magic maid
 In order thus before the heralds laid : 515
 That, soon as night her sable shade had spread,
 And to the temple was Medea led,
 Thither Absyrtus should repair, and hear
 A project pleasing to a brother's ear :
 How she, the Golden Fleece in triumph borne, 520
 Would to Æeta speed her wish'd return ;

How

How Phrixus' treacherous sons prolong'd her stay;
 And her to cruel foes consign'd a prey.
 Then far she flung her potent spells in air,
 Which lur'd the distant savage from his lair. 525

Curse of mankind ! from thee contentions flow,
 Disastrous Love ! and every heart-felt woe :
 Thy darts the children of thy foes infest,
 As now they rankle in Medea's breast.
 How, vanquish'd by her wiles, Absyrtus fell, 530
 In seemly order now my Muse must tell.

Medea now secur'd in Dian's fane,
 The Colchians hasten to their ships again.
 Jason meanwhile lies in close ambush, bent
 Absyrtus and his friends to circumvent. 535

Him, yet unpractis'd in his sister's guile,
 His ready ship had wafted to the isle :
 Conceal'd in night they tugg'd their toilsome oars,
 Till in the bay secure the vessel moors.
 Alone, in confidence, the stripling came, 540

And at Diana's porch approach'd the dame,
 (She like a torrent look'd, when swoln with rain,
 Which foaming terrifies the village-swain ;)
 To learn what snare her wily art could lay,
 To drive these bold adventurers away. 545

And

And all was plann'd ; when from his ambuscade
Sprung Æson's son, and shook his lifted blade.
The conscious sister, stung with secret dread,
Lest her own eyes should view Absyrtus dead,
Turn'd from the murderous scene aside distress'd, 550
And veil'd her guilty face beneath her vest.
As falls an ox beneath the striker's blow,
So was Absyrtus laid by Jason low.
Near that bright fane the neighbouring Brugi built,
He eyes his victim, and completes his guilt. 555
Here sunk he low ; and to his bleeding side,
Compressing both his hands, the hero died.
Medea's veil receiv'd the purple flood,
And her fair vesture blush'd with brother's blood.
Hell's blackest Fury the dire scene survey'd, 560
And mark'd with sidelong eye the reeking blade.
The pious rite for blood in secret spilt,
Jason fulfils, and expiates his guilt.
The skin he rases from the body slain,
Thrice licks the blood, thrice spits it out again. 565
Then with collected earth the corse he press'd ;
And still his bones with Absyrteans rest.

When in full prospect the bright flambeau blaz'd,
Which to conduct the chiefs Medea rais'd,

Elate

Book IV. APOLLONIUS RHODIUS. 235

Elate with hope the radiant guide they view, 510

And near the Colchian vessel Argo drew.

As lions fierce the timorous flocks dismay,

Leap o'er the folds, and drive them far away ;

As trembling doves before the kite retreat,

So before Argo flies the Colchian fleet. 575

Furious as flame, on all the host they prey'd,

And low in death was each assailant laid.

Jason at length, to aid his valiant crew,

Who little need his aid, appear'd in view.

For not a fear their gallant hearts oppress'd, 580

Save what their Jason's safety might suggest.

The chiefs assembled with Medea sat,

And on their future voyage thus debate ;

Peleus began : ' Now, ere Aurora rise,

' A speedy embarkation I advise : 585

' A different course with caution let us choose,

' From that far different which the foe pursues.

' For (such my sanguine hope) when morning-light

' Yon slaughter'd heaps discloses to their sight,

' No words will win them to pursue us far, 590

' No tongue entice them to renew the war.

' Sedition soon, their prince Absyrtus dead,

' Will, like a pest, o'er all their navy spread :

' Secure

‘ Secure and free shall we recross the main,
‘ Their forces scatter’d, and their sovereign slain.’ 595

He said ; the chiefs consented, and with haste
Re-enter’d Argo, and their oars embrac’d.
Hard by Electris, last of isles, they row,
Near which, Eridanus, thy waters flow.

Soon as their leader’s fate the Colchians knew, 600
They vow’d destruction to the Grecian crew ;
And, eager to o’ertake the Mynian train,
Had travers’d in their wrath the boundless main,
But Juno, as her thunder awful roll’d,
Presag’d her vengeance, and their pride control’d. 605
Dreading Æeta’s ire, the vanquish’d host
Far distant voyag’d from the Colchian coast.
Unnumber’d ports the scatter’d fleet explor’d :
Some to those isles repair’d where Jason moor’d,
Nam’d from Absyrtus : some, where stately flows 610
The flood Illyricum, expect repose ;
Beside whose bank a lofty tower they rear’d,
Where Cadmus’ and Harmonia’s tomb appear’d ;
Here with the natives dwell they. Others roam
Till midst Ceraunian rocks they find a home ; 615
Ceraunian nam’d, since Jove’s red thunder tore
Their ships that anchor’d on the neighbouring shore.

But

But towards th' Hyllean port the heroes bear,
 And, fortune smiling, fix their halbers there.
 For many an isle projected o'er the tide, 620
 Near which no vessel could with safety ride.
 No hostile arts th' Hylleans now devise :
 They teach the Mynians where their voyage lies ;
 And for their friendly intercourse obtain
 The largest tripod from Apollo's fane. 625
 For, doubtful of the Fleece, when Jason came
 To hear responses from the Pythian dame,
 Enrich'd, and honour'd from the shrine he trod
 With two bright tripods, given by Delphi's God.
 'Twas doom'd no power should lay the country waste,
 Within whose confines were these tripods plac'd. 631
 Hid, for this cause, in earth the sumptuous prize
 Hard by the fair Hyllean city lies ;
 Deep, deep it lies, with ponderous earth oppress'd,
 That there unseen it might for ever rest. 635
 King Hyllus, whom in fam'd Phœacia's shore
 Fair Melite to great Alcides bore,
 To mortal view was manifest no more. }
 Naufithoüs, to youthful Hyllus kind,
 The heedless stripling in his courts confin'd ; 640
 (For, when to Macris' isle Alcides fled,
 That far-fam'd isle, which infant Bacchus fed,

To expiate his guilt, and wash the stain
Of blood yet streaming from his children slain,
Here, as beside his favourite-beach he rov'd, 645
The naiad Melite he saw and lov'd,
The daughter of Ægæus, fair and young,
From whose careffes hopeful Hyllus sprung.)
But he, to manhood ripening, wish'd to roam
Far from his sovereign's eye and regal home : 650
The native islanders augment his train,
And with their leader tempt the Chronian main.
Naufithoüs complied with each demand,
And Hyllus settled on th' Illyric strand :
But, as he strove his scatter'd herd to shield, 655
A boor's rude weapon stretch'd him on the field.

How cross these seas, how round th' Ausonian shores,
And the Ligurian isles they plied their oars,
Ye Muses, tell : what tokens still remain
Of Argo's voyage, what her feats, explain : 660
Say, to what end, by what impelling gales
She o'er remotest seas unfurl'd her sails.

All-seeing Jove their perfidy discern'd,
And for Absyrtus slain with anger burn'd.
By Circe's mystic rites heaven's fire decreed 665
The guilt to expiate of so base a deed.

To

To sufferings dire, but what no mortal knew,
He, ere they safe return'd, foredoom'd the crew.

Beyond th' Hyllean land their course they steer'd :
Remote the vast Liburnian isles appear'd, 670
Late fill'd with Colchians ; Pityëa fair,
And rocky Issa, are the names they bear.

These islands' past, Cercyra's cliffs they greet,
Where dwelt (for here had Neptune chose her seat)
Cercyra : he, by tender passions sway'd, 675
From distant Phliuns fetch'd the black-ey'd maid ;
Melaine her admiring sailors name,

As through dark groves they view the swarthy dame.
Fleet as the vessel sails before the wind,
Ceroffus, Melite they leave behind. 680

Soon on Nymphæa, though remote, she gains,
Where Atlas' daughter, queen Calypso, reigns.
The crew conjectur'd, through far distant skies
They saw the tall Ceraunian mountains rise.
And now Jove's purposes and vengeful rage 685
Propitious Juno's anxious thoughts engage.

That every toil with glory might be crown'd,
And no disastrous rocks their ship surround,
She wak'd the brisker gales in Argo's aid,
Till in Electris' isle she rode embay'd. 690

Sudden,

Sudden, the vessel, as she sail'd along,
Spoke, wondrous portent ! as with human tongue :
Her sturdy keel of Dodonean oak,
By Pallas vocal made, prophetic spoke.
This solemn voice shook every heart with fear : 695
They deem'd the Thunderer's threaten'd vengeance
near.

‘ Expect,’ says Argo, ‘ storms and wintry seas,
‘ ‘Till Circe's rites the wrath of Jove appease.
‘ Ye guardian twins, who aid our great design,
‘ By humble prayer the heavenly powers incline 700
‘ To steer me safe to each Ausonian bay,
‘ And to the haunts of Circe point my way.’

Thus Argo spoke, as night her shades display'd :
The sons of Leda listen'd and obey'd.
Before th' immortal Powers their hands they spread ; 705
All, save these chiefs, were struck with silent dread.
The canvass wide-distended by the gales,
Swift down Eridanus the galley sails.
Here Jove's dread bolt transfix'd the stripling's side,
Who greatly dar'd the car of Phœbus guide. 710
This flood receiv'd him ; and the flaming wound
Still steams, and spreads offensive vapours round.
The feathery race, as o'er the flood they fly,
Wrapp'd in sulphureous exhalations die.

The poplar's winding bark around them spread, 715

Apollo's daughters wail their brother dead.

Down their fair cheeks bright tears of amber run,

Sink in the sand, and harden by the sun.

When boisterous winds the troubled waters urge,

And o'er its bank ascends the swelling surge, 720

These amber gems, swept by the tide away,

Their pearly tribute to the river pay.

But, down the stream, as Celtic legends tell,

The tears of Phœbus floated as they fell

In amber drops, what time from angry Jove 725

The God withdrew, and left the realms above :

To the far Hyperborean race he fled;

Griev'd for his favourite Æsculapius dead.

From fair Coronis sprung this godlike son,

Where Amyros' streams near Lacerea run. 730

Strangers to mirth, the pensive Mynians muse

On their hard lot, and strengthening food refuse.

Loathing the stench these putrid streams emit,

Sickenings and spiritless whole days they sit ;

Whole nights they hear the sorrowing sisters tell, 735

How by the bolts of Jove their brother fell.

Their mingled tears, as o'er the stream they weep,

Like drops of oil float down the rapid deep.

The Rhone's broad channel Argo's keel divides,
Which mingles with Eridanus its tides : 740

There, where the confluent floods unite their force,
Boisterous they foam. The Rhone derives its source
From caverns deep, which, far from mortal sight,
Lead to the portals, and the realms of night.

One stream its tribute to th' Ionian pays, 745

One to the wide Sardinian ocean strays ;

Thro' seven wide mouths it disembogues its tides,
Where foaming to the sea its stream divides.

This winding stream transmits th' adventurous train
To lakes that delug'd all the Celtic plain. 750

Disastrous fate had here their labour foil'd,

And of her boasted prowels Argo spoil'd,

(For through a creek to ocean's depths convey'd,
To sure destruction had the heroes stray'd ;)

But Juno hasten'd from on high, and stood 755

On a tall rock, and shouted o'er the flood.

All heard, and all with sudden terrour shook ;

For loud around them bursts of thunder broke.

Admonish'd thus, submissive they return,

And steering back their better course discern. 760

Mid' Celtæ and Ligurians long they stray'd,

But reach'd the sea-beat shore by Juno's aid :

O'er them each day her cloudy veil she drew,
 And thus from human sight conceal'd the crew;
 Whose ship had now the broad, mid channel pass'd, 765
 And rode amidst the Stœchades at last:
 For Jove's twin sons had pray'd, nor pray'd in vain.
 Hence rear they altars, and due rites ordain
 To these kind Powers, whose influential aid
 Not only Argo's bold adventurers sway'd; 770
 But later voyagers, by Jove's decree,
 Have own'd their happy influence o'er the sea.

The Stœchades now lessening from their view,
 Swift to Æthalia's isle the vessel flew.
 With chalks, that, as they cover'd, ting'd the shore, 775
 The heroes rubb'd their wearied bodies o'er.
 Here are their quoits and wondrous armour fram'd,
 Here is their port display'd, Argoüs nam'd.
 Hence sailing, they the Tyrrhene shores survey,
 As through Ausonia's deeps they cleave their liquid
 way. 780

Æea's celebrated port they reach,
 And fasten here their halbers to the beach.
 Here saw they Circe, as in ocean's bed,
 Dismay'd with nightly dreams, she plung'd her head.
 For thus the forcerefs dream'd; that blood and gore
 Had smear'd her walls, and flow'd around her floor: 786

That all her treasur'd stores were wrapp'd in flame,
With which she lur'd each passenger that came :
That copious streams of blood her hand apply'd,
And her fears vanish'd as the flames subside. 790
For this the magic dame, as morning rose,
Wash'd in the cleansing wave her locks and clothes.
Monsters, unlike the savage, bestial race,
Unlike to humankind in gait or face,
Limbs not their own support whose hideous frame, 795
As sheep their shepherd follow, these their dame.
Such monsters once the pregnant earth disclos'd,
Of heterogeneous shapes and limbs compos'd :
No drying winds had then the soil condens'd,
No solar rays their genial warmth dispens'd ; 800
But time perfection to each creature gave :
Monsters like these were seen in Circe's cave.
All, stedfast gazing on her form and face,
Pronounc'd the forcerels of Æeta's race.
Those terrors vanish'd, which her dream inspir'd, 805
Back to her gloomy cell the dame retir'd.
Close in her guileful hand she grasp'd each guest,
And bade them follow where her footsteps press'd.
The crowd aloof at Jason's mandate stay'd,
While he accompanied the Colchian maid. 810
Together

Together thus they Circe's steps pursue,
Till her enchanting cave arose in view.

Their visit's cause her troubled mind distress'd ;
On downy seats she plac'd each princely guest.
They round her hearth sat motionless and mute : 815
(With plaintive suppliants such manners suit)
Her folded hands her blushing face conceal ;
Deep in the ground he fix'd the murderous steel ;
Nor dare they once, in equal sorrow drown'd,
Lift their dejected eyelids from the ground. 820
Circe beheld their guilt : she saw they fled
From vengeance hanging o'er the murderer's head.
The holy rites, approv'd of Jove, she pays :
(Jove, thus appeas'd, his hasty vengeance stays)
These rites from guilty stains the culprits clear, 825
Who lowly suppliant at her cell appear.
To expiate their crime in order due,
First to her shrine a sucking pig she drew,
Whose nipples from its birth distended stood :
Its neck she struck, and bath'd their hands in blood.
Next with libations meet and prayer she ply'd 831
Jove, who acquits the suppliant homicide.
Without her door a train of Naiads stand,
Administering whate'er her rites demand ;

Within, the flames, that round the hearth arise, 835

Waste, as she prays, the kneaded sacrifice :

That thus the Furies' vengeful wrath might cease,

And Jove appeas'd dismiss them both in peace,

Whether they came to expiate the guilt

Of friends' or strangers' blood by treachery spilt. 840

Circe arose, her mystic rites complete,

And plac'd the princes on a splendid seat.

Near them she sat, and urg'd them to explain

Their plan and progress o'er the dangerous main :

Whence rose the wish to visit Circe's isle, 845

And thus beneath her roof converse awhile.

For still on every thought the vision press'd,

And its remembrance still disturb'd her rest.

Soon as the forcerefs saw Medea raise

From earth those eyes which shot a beamy blaze, 850

Anxious she wish'd to hear her native tongue,

Conjecturing from her features whence she sprung.

For all Sol's race are beauteous as their fire ;

Their radiant eyes emit celestial fire.

The willing maid complied with each demand, 855

And in the language of her native land

Her story told ; each strange event declar'd,

What countries they had seen, what dangers shar'd ;

Her

Her sister's counsels how they sway'd her breast,
 How with the sons of Phrixus she transgress'd ; 860
 How from her father fled, his threats disdain'd :
 But still untold her brother's fate remain'd.

His fate th' enchantress knew ; no arts could hide
 The murderous deed : she pitied and reply'd :

‘ Ah! wretch, dire mischiefs thy return await. 865
 ‘ Hope not to shun thy father's vengeful hate ;
 ‘ Resolv'd on right, he to the realms of Greece
 ‘ Will close pursue thee, nor his fury cease,
 ‘ Till he avenge the murder of his son :
 ‘ For deeds of blackest darkness hast thou done. 870
 ‘ But go, at once my kin and suppliant, free,
 ‘ Nor fear additional distress from me.
 ‘ Thy lover hence, far hence thyself remove,
 ‘ Who scorn'dst a father's for a vagrant's love.
 ‘ Here supplicate no more : my heart disclaims 875
 ‘ Thy guilty wanderings and sinister aims.’

She spoke : the maid lamented ; o'er her head
 Her veil she cast, and many a tear she shed.
 Her trembling hand the hero rais'd with speed,
 And from the cave of Circe both recede. 880

By watchful Iris taught, Saturnia knew
 What time from Circe's cave they both withdrew.

To mark their steps commission'd Iris staid,

On whom these fresh injunctions Juno laid ;

' Haste, Iris, now ; thy pinions wide expand, 885

' And bear once more Saturnia's dread command.

' Go, Thetis rouse from ocean's dark retreat ;

' Her potent aid my projects will complete.

' Spread then towards Vulcan's shores thy speedy
wing,

' Where round his anvils ceaseless hammers ring. 890

' Bid him no more his boisterous bellows ply,

' Till heaven-built Argo sail securely by.

' Then to the Deity, whose sovereign sway

' Controls the winds, whom raging storms obey,

' Haste ; and request that every rising gale 895

' Be hush'd, and silence o'er the seas prevail :

' That round the waves serenest zephyrs play,

' Till Argo anchors in Phæacia's bay.'

She said : and Iris, poiz'd on airy wings,
From the bright summit of Olympus springs : 900
Descends impetuous down th' Ægean deeps,
Where in his watery caverns Nereus sleeps.

To Thetis first repairs the winged maid ;

Solicits and obtains her potent aid.

Vulcan she next in humble prayer address'd ; 905

The God of fire complied with her request :

His bellows heave their windy sides no more,

Nor his shrill anvils shake the distant shore.

Her wants to Æolus she next disclos'd :

And while her wearied limbs she here repos'd, 910

Thetis from all her Naiad-train withdrew,

And from her Nereus to Olympus flew.

Juno with transport hail'd her sea-born guest,

Whom near her throne she seated, and address'd :

‘ O, hear my tale, bright Goddess of the main: 915

‘ Thou know’st my care for Jason and his train ;

‘ Thou know’st how Juno’s arm alone upheld,

‘ And through the jutting rocks their ship impell’d:

‘ Around whose sides fierce, fiery tempests rave,

‘ And the huge crag is whiten’d by the wave. 920

‘ Now must they sail near Scylla’s awful height,

‘ And where the rock Charybdis forms a streight.

‘ Thee yet an infant in my arms I press’d,

‘ And more than all thy sister-nymphs caress’d.

‘ Revering me, the wife of sovereign Jove, 925

‘ Thou scorn’dst the tenders of his lawless love.

‘ (For him a mortal beauty now inflames,

‘ And now he revels with celestial dames.)

‘ And Jove, in vengeance for his slighted bed,

‘ Swore, not a Deity should Thetis wed. 930

‘ Nor

‘ Nor could the fervour of his love abate,
‘ Till Themis thus disclos’d the will of fate ;
‘ That from thy womb in future times should spring,
‘ Superior to his fire, an infant-king.
‘ Dreading th’ event, lest in some future day 935
‘ This infant-king should claim celestial sway,
‘ Thee Jove abandon’d to secure his throne,
‘ And reign unrival’d ever and alone.
‘ But, lo! I gave, thy bridal bed to grace,
‘ A mortal husband worthy thy embrace; 940
‘ I made thee mother of a happy line,
‘ And to thy nuptials call’d the Powers divine.
‘ Myself, in honour to the godlike pair,
‘ Deign’d on that day the bridal torch to bear.
‘ Soon as thy son (believe the truths you hear) 945
‘ Shall in Elysium’s blissful plains appear,
‘ Whom kindly now the fostering Naiads guard
‘ In Chiron’s mansion, of thy milk debarr’d,
‘ In Hymen’s filken chains the hero led,
‘ Must share the honours of Medea’s bed. 950
‘ Oh! be a mother’s tenderest care display’d,
‘ Succour thy Peleus, and thy daughter aid.
‘ Hath he transgress’d? thy rising wrath subdue;
‘ For Ate’s dire effects th’ immortals rue.

‘ Vulcan,

‘ Vulcan, I ween, obsequious to my will, 955
 ‘ His fires will stifle, and his bellows still;
 ‘ His boisterous waves will Æolus restrain,
 ‘ And zephyrs only fan the curling main,
 ‘ Till Argo anchors in Phæacia’s bay.
 ‘ But shelves and stormy seas obstruct her way; 960
 ‘ These, these I dread: but, with thy train expert,
 ‘ Be thine the care these mischiefs to avert.
 ‘ Safe from Charybdis’ gulf the vessel guide,
 ‘ Safe from loud Scylla’s all-absorbing tide;
 ‘ Scylla, the terrour of Ausonia’s shore, 965
 ‘ Whom Phorcuns to infernal Hecat bore,
 ‘ Cratæis nam’d. Oh! summon all thy pow’r,
 ‘ Lest her voracious jaws my chiefs devour.
 ‘ Hope’s cheerly dawn if haply thou discern,
 ‘ Snatch from the watery grave the sinking stern.’ 970
 “ If ’tis resolv’d,” replies th’ assenting queen,
 “ Tempests to curb, and oceans to serene,
 “ Fear not; but in my proffer’d aid confide:
 “ This arm shall convoy Argo o’er the tide.
 “ The surge subsiding shall confess my sway, 975
 “ While harmless zephyrs round the canvass play.
 “ Now must I traverse the wide fields of air,
 “ And to my sisters’ crystal grotts repair;

“ Request

“ Request their aid, and hasten to the shores,
“ Where anchor’d Argo unmolested moors : 980
“ That each brave comrade, at the dawn of day,
“ With heart elate may cleave the liquid way.”

She spoke, and through th’ aërial regions sped,
Then in the pools of ocean plung’d her head.
At Thetis’ call the sister Nereids came, 985
And flock’d obedient round their oozy dame.
Juno’s commands she bade the sisters heed,
And to th’ Ausonian deep descend with speed.

Swifter than lightning, or than Phœbus’ beams,
The Goddess darted thro’ the yielding streams ; 990
Till, gliding smooth beside the Tyrrhene strand,
Her speedy footstep press’d th’ Ææan land.
Along the winding beach the Mynians stray,
And while with quoits and darts their hours away.
Here Thetis singled from the gallant band 995
Peleus her spouse, and press’d the hero’s hand :
Unseen by all the host, his hand she press’d ;
By all, save Peleus, whom she thus address’d :

‘ Loiter not here ; but with returning light
‘ Unfurl your sails, nor Juno’s counsels flight. 1000
‘ Safe thro’ th’ Erratic rocks your ship to guide,
‘ Which frown tremendous o’er the tossing tide,
‘ For

‘ For this the sea-green sisters join their force,
 ‘ And smooth through dangerous seas your destin’d
 course.

‘ My form, what time we urge the foaming keel, 1003
 ‘ By you not unobserv’d, to none reveal;
 ‘ Lest, as before, your folly I chastise,
 ‘ And to more desperate heights my vengeance rise.’

She said, and vanish’d to the deeps below.

The wondering chief was pierc’d with keenest woe.
 For since the dame, with indignation fir’d, 1011
 Had from her Peleus’ hated bed retir’d,
 Unseen till now she lurk’d : the strife begun
 From this unweeting cause, her infant-son:
 For, soon as night diffus’d its darkest shade, 1015
 Her young Achilles o’er the flame she laid,
 And, at return of day, with ceaseless toil
 Applied to all his limbs ambrosial oil,
 That youth might triumph o’er th’ attacks of time,
 Nor creeping age impair his vigorous prime, 1020
 The father saw, as from his bed he rose,
 Fierce, ambient flames his infant’s limbs enclose;
 And, as he gaz’d, his rueful cries confess’d
 The boding sorrows of a parent’s breast.
 Fool ! for his queen, who heard her lord deplore, 1025
 Dash’d in a rage her infant on the floor.

Then

Then fleet as air, or like a dream of night,
She vanish'd sudden from his odious sight ;
Plung'd in her fury down the whelming main,
Nor e'er emerg'd she from the waves again. 1030

For this he sorrow'd : but each sage command
Which Thetis gave, he told his gallant band.

They heard, and from their sports retir'd in haste ;
Then shar'd, recumbent, in a short repast.

Sated, they catch the comforts of repose, 1035
Till, every toil renewing, morn arose.

Soon as her radiant light illumin'd heav'n,
And to their wish were breezy zephyrs giv'n,
Quitting the land, they climb with nimble feet
The lofty decks, and reassume their seat. 1040

Each to his toil returns alert and bold :

They tear the griping anchor from its hold ;

They hoist the yard, their bracing ropes unbind,
And give the flapping canvass to the wind.

Swift sails the ship : soon to th' expecting crew 1045
Anthemoeffa's isle arose in view.

The Syrens here, from Acheloüs sprung,

Allure the loitering sailors with their tongue,

Who, fastening to the beach the corded stay,

Neglect their voyage, and attend the lay. 1050

What

What time to Acheloüs' longing arms
 The Muse Terpsichore resign'd her charms,
 Their mutual love these wily songsters crown'd ;
 Who lur'd, in times remote, with tempting sound
 Ceres' fair daughter, and fallacious shew 1055
 A virgin-face, while wing'd like fowls they flew..
 On a bright eminence the charmers stand,
 And watch the vessels as they tug to land.
 Full many a mariner their songs betray,
 Who lists and lingers till he pines away. 1060
 As Argo sail'd they rais'd their tuneful tongue ;
 And here their halbers had the heroes hung,
 But Thracian Orpheus wak'd his wonted fire,
 And sung responsive to his heavenly lyre ;
 That each resounding chord might pierce their ear,
 And none the music of the Syrens hear. 1066
 Yet still they sung : still briskly, with the breeze,
 The vessel tilted o'er the curling seas.
 Butes alone became an easy prey,
 Who all enraptur'd listen'd to their lay. 1070
 Erect, above the rowing chiefs, he stood,
 And frantic sprung into the faithless flood.
 His helpless hands he rais'd, the ship to gain,
 And, but for Venus' aid, had rais'd in vain :

She,

She, Eryx' honour'd queen, the wretch descry'd, 1075
And snatch'd him floundering from the foaming tide;
His kind protectress, as her course she bends
Where Lilybœum's ample cape extends.

This dire mishap dishearten'd all the band,
Who row with vigour from the traiterous strand. 1080

But other pests, more fatal to their freight,
Threaten their progress to that dangerous streight,
Where Scylla's rock projects its wave-worn side;
And where Charybdis' gulf absorbs the tide.
Dash'd by the driven waves the Planctæ roar'd, 1085
From whose cleft summits flames sulphureous pour'd.
Thick, dusky clouds involve the darken'd skies,
And hid are Phœbus' splendours from their eyes.
Though Vulcan ceas'd from his assiduous toils,
The fires flash thick, and fervid ocean boils. 1090

Here o'er the sailing pine the nymphs preside,
While Thetis' forceful hands the rudder guide.
As oft in shoals the sportive dolphins throng,
Circling the vessel as she sails along,
Whose playful gambols round the prow and stern 1095
The much-delighted mariners discern;
Round Argo thus the toiling nymphs attend,
And, led by Thetis, their assistance lend.

O'erhanging

O'erhanging black th' rocks' bleak brow they see,
 And gird their azure vestures to their knee. 1100
 Now here, now there, as danger warns, they glide,
 And stem mid' crushing crags the troubled tide.
 Pendent on mountain-waves the vessel hung,
 That pierc'd her solid planks, and foam'd the rocks
 among.

Above these rocks, here now the Nereids rise, 1105
 And float on billows hid amidst the skies ;
 Descending now to ocean's secret bed,
 They in his gulphy deeps conceal their head.

As when along the beach, succinct for play,
 To toss the flying ball the Nereids stray, 1110
 From hand to hand the sphere unerring flies,
 Nor ever on the ground inglorious lies ;
 The sisters thus, with coadjutant force,
 High o'er the surge impel the vessel's course :
 From secret shelves her wave-dash'd sides they shove,
 Tho' sturdy billows strong against them strove. 1116
 On a tall fragment that o'erlook'd the flood,
 His shoulder resting on his hammer, stood
 The footy God : and from her starry skies
 Juno beheld the scene with stedfast eyes. 1120
 Her hand around Minerva's neck she threw ;
 For much Saturnia trembled at the view.

Long as the vernal funs protract the light,
So long in Argo's cause the nymphs unite.
Propitious to their labours sprung the breeze, 1125
And the free vessel shot across the seas.
Trinacria's verdant meads they soon survey,
Where graze thy herds, illustrious God of day.
Juno's commands obey'd, the watery train,
Like diving mews, explore the deeps again. 1130
Coasting along, the bleating flocks they hear,
And herds loud bellowing strike their listening ear.
Sol's youngest daughter, Phaëthusa, leads
The bleating flocks along the dewy meads ;
Propp'd on her silver crook the maid reclin'd : 1135
A stouter staff, with brazen ringlets join'd,
Lampetie takes ; whose herds the heroes see
Slunk to the brook, or browsing on the lea.
Of fable hue no cattle you behold ;
Milkwhite are all, and tipp'd their horns with gold.
They pass'd these meads by day ; at day's decline 1141
They brush'd with pliant oars the yielding brine.
At length Aurora's all-reviving ray
Redden'd the waves, and shew their certain way.

A fertile isle towers o'er th' Ionian tide, 1145
Ceraunia nam'd ; the land two bays divide.

Fame says, (forgive me, Muse, while I unveil,
 Reluctant too, a legendary tale ;)
 A sickle lies conceal'd within this land,
 With which rash Saturn's mutilating hand 1150
 His father castrated : for Ceres' aid
 Others assert this rural sickle made.
 For Ceres once, with love of Macris fir'd,
 To this fam'd isle, her favourite seat, retir'd.
 The Titans here she taught her arms to wield, 1155
 And crop the bearded harvest of the field.
 This island hence, nurse of Phœacian swains,
 Th' expressive name of Drepane obtains.
 From mangled Uranus's blood they trace
 The source inglorious of Phœacia's race. 1160

Trinacria left, and numerous perils past,
 Here heaven-protected Argo moors at last.
 The heroes disembark'd Alcinoüs hails,
 And at their festive sacrifice regales.
 Mirth unremitted through the city runs, 1165
 As though they welcom'd home their darling sons.
 The godlike guests their social part sustain,
 Joyous as though they press'd Hæmonia's plain :
 But ere that distant plain delights their view,
 The chiefs must buckle on their arms anew. 1170

For, lo! those Colchians who adventurous stray'd
 Through deeps unknown, and enter'd undismay'd
 The dire Cyanean rocks, here throng the coast,
 And wait th' arrival of the Grecian host.

The forfeit maid should Argo's crew refuse, 1175
 War in each sad, disastrous shape ensues.

Arm'd and resolv'd they threaten instant fight,
 And future fleets t' assert their monarch's right.

But king Alcinoüs interpos'd his aid,
 And, ere they rush'd to fight, their wrath allay'd. 1180

Arete's knee the suppliant virgin press'd,
 And thus th' associate band and queen address'd :

‘ O queen,’ exclaim'd she, ‘ lend thy timely aid
 ‘ To save from Colchian hands a suffering maid.
 ‘ With ruffian rage to bear me hence they come, 1185
 ‘ And to my wrathful fire conduct me home.
 ‘ Thou know'st, if one, like me, of humankind,
 ‘ How prone to err is man's unstable mind.
 ‘ Deem me no slave to lust's usurping pow'r ;
 ‘ Prudence forsook me in the needful hour. 1190
 ‘ Be witness, Sun, and thou, whose every rite
 ‘ Is wrapp'd, dire Hecate, in sable night,
 ‘ How I reluctant left my native home,
 ‘ And with rude foreigners abhor'd to roam.

' Fear wing'd my flight; and, having once transgress'd,
 ' To flee I judg'd my last resource and best. 1196
 ' Still have I liv'd, as with my father, chaste,
 ' My spotless zone fast girded to my waist.
 ' Oh! may my tale, fair princess, claim thy tears;
 ' Oh! teach thy lord compassion as he hears. 1200
 ' On thee may all th' immortal Gods bestow
 ' Beauty and life, exempt from age and woe;
 ' Cities, that need no bold invaders dread,
 ' And a fair progeny to crown thy bed.'

In tears she spoke: then to each gallant chief 1205
 Told in these plaintive strains her tale of grief:

' Low at your feet, ye warriors, suppliant view
 ' A princess doom'd to wretchedness for you.
 ' Yok'd were the bulls, and, desperate as they rose,
 ' Crush'd by my aid were hosts of giant-foes. 1210
 ' Yes, soon Hæmonia the rich prize will see,
 ' And boast of conquests which she owes to me.
 ' My country I, my parents, palace left,
 ' To pine through life, of all its joys bereft;
 ' But gave to you, a base, ungrateful train, 1215
 ' To see your country and your friends again.
 ' Spoil'd of my beauty's bloom by fate severe,
 ' In endless exile must I languish here.'

- ‘ Revere your oaths ; Erynnis’ vengeance dread,
‘ Who heaps her curses on the perjur’d head : 1220
‘ Dread heaven’s fure wrath, if, to my fire restor’d,
‘ My shame or ruin wait his desperate word.
‘ No sheltering shrine, no fortrefs near, I fly
‘ To you alone, on your defence rely.
‘ Yet why on you ? who, merciless and mute, 1225
‘ Have heard my cries, nor seconded my suit ;
‘ Unmov’d have seen me lift my suppliant hand
‘ To the kind princess of this foreign land.
‘ Elate with hope the Golden Fleece to gain,
‘ Colchos oppos’d you, and her king in vain : 1230
‘ But fearful now the battle to renew,
‘ Ye dread detachments, nor will fight with few.’

She said ; and all, who heard her suppliant moan,
Cheer’d her sad heart, and check’d the rising groan.
Each gallant man his brandish’d spear display’d, 1235
And vow’d assistance to the suffering maid,
Shook his drawn sword, a prelude to the fight,
Resolv’d on vengeance, and resolv’d on right.

Night now dispers’d the faint remains of day,
And all the slumbering world confess’d its sway : 1240
Grateful its gloom to men with toils oppress’d ;
Grateful to all but her, with sleep unblest’d.

She,

She, hapless fair, her painful vigils kept ;
Revolving still her griefs, she watch'd and wept.

As at the distaff toils th' industrious dame, 1245
Whose frequent tears her orphan children claim.
All night she toils, while clinging round they stand,
Wail their lost fire, and his return demand.
Swift down her cheek descends the silent tear :
So hard the lot fate destines her to bear ! 1250

Like her's Medea's copious tears descend,
Such agonizing griefs her tortur'd bosom rend.
The royal pair retir'd with wonted state
From the throng'd city to their palace-gate.
On their soft couch reclin'd, at evening's close, 1255
Long conference held they on Medea's woes.
Thus to Alcinoüs, the queen express'd
The kind suggestions of her pitying breast :

' Oh ! may the Minyans, prince, thy favours share :
' Oh ! shield from Colchian foes an injur'd fair. 1260
' Not distant far Hæmonia's plains extend,
' And near our island Argos' frontiers end.
' But far remote Æeta reigns ; his name
' Unknown to us, or faintly known by fame.
' She, in whose sorrows now I bear a part, 1265
' Hath, to redress them, open'd all my heart,

- ‘ Let no rude Colchian bear her hence away,
 ‘ To her fire’s vengeance a devoted prey.
 ‘ Her error this : the fiery bulls to quell,
 ‘ Fond and officious she prepar’d the spell. 1270
 ‘ Augmenting then (as oft offenders will)
 ‘ Her first with future errors, ill with ill,
 ‘ Far from her native home, impress’d with dread,
 ‘ Far from her angry fire the damsel fled.
 ‘ But bound is Jason by strong ties, says fame, 1275
 ‘ To wed the wanderer, and retrieve from shame,
 ‘ Urge him not then, with many an added threat,
 ‘ His faith to violate, his oaths forget ;
 ‘ Nor stimulate Æeta’s wrath to rise :
 ‘ Their daughters parents rigorously chastise. 1280
 ‘ Thus Pycteus, with parental zeal o’ercome,
 ‘ Compell’d his child Antiope to roam.
 ‘ Thus Danaë, by her wrathful fire secur’d,
 ‘ Toss’d in the troubled deep distress endur’d.
 ‘ Nor long since Echetus, a wretch accurs’d, 1285
 ‘ With brazen pins his daughter’s eye-balls pierc’d :
 ‘ Pent in a dungeon’s awful gloom she pin’d,
 ‘ Doom’d by her savage fire obdurate brass to grind.’

She said : soft pity touch’d the sovereign’s breast,
 Who thus his supplicating queen address’d : 1290

“ In

- “ In me, O queen, these heroes should descry,
 “ For the fair sufferer’s sake, a firm ally ;
 “ Soon should my arms the Colchian foes remove,
 “ But I revere the just decrees of Jove.
 “ Unsafe I deem Æeta to deride, 1295
 “ Who sways the sceptre with a monarch’s pride ;
 “ Able, though distant, if averse from peace,
 “ To scatter discord through the realms of Greece.
 “ Hear my proposal then ; which you, I trust,
 “ And all who hear it, will applaud as just : 1300
 “ If still a virgin’s spotless name she bear,
 “ Safe to her sire’s domains conduct the fair :
 “ But if one bed the wedded pair contain,
 “ I will not sever Hymen’s silken chain.
 “ Forbid it, heaven ! that I in wrath expose 1305
 “ Her sinless offspring to insulting foes.”

He said, and sunk to rest : his sage resolves
 Anxious and oft the wakeful queen revolves.
 She rose : their princess’ footstep heard, arise
 Her female train, and each her wants supplies. 1310

- ‘ Go,’ to her page apart Arete said,
 ‘ Bid Æson’s valiant son the virgin wed,
 ‘ Bid him no more Alcinoüs’ ears assail
 ‘ With long entreaties and a well-known tale.

‘ Himself,

‘ Himself, unask’d, his advocate will go, 1315

‘ And tender these conditions to the foe :

‘ If still the fair a spotless maid remain,

‘ Soon shall she view her father’s courts again ;

‘ But, if a matron’s honour’d name she bear,

‘ He will not separate the wedded pair.’ 1320

She said : her herald, eager to convey

The royal message, sped without delay ;

To Æson’s son he told Arete’s word,

And the kind counsels of her sovereign lord.

Hard by their ship, in glistering arms array’d, 1325

Deep in the port of Hyllicus embay’d,

He spies the chiefs, his embassy repeats,

And every gallant heart with transport beats.

They crown the goblets to the Powers divine,

And drag th’ accustom’d victims to the shrine : 1330

Then for the pensive fair officious spread

In a sequester’d grot the bridal bed.

Hither, in days of yore, fair Macris came,

Daughter of Aristæus, honour’d name !

He taught mankind the virtues and the use 1335

Of the bee’s labours, and the olive’s juice.

For, know, when Hermes infant-Bacchus bore,

Snatch’d from the flames, to fair Eubœa’s shore,

Macris

Macris embrac'd him with a mother's love,
 And there, awhile, she nurs'd the seed of Jove, 1340
 And there with honey fed; till Juno's spite
 Far from Eubœa's isle compell'd her flight.
 At length, of this Phœacian grot possess'd,
 She with vast opulence the natives blest'd.

To deck with honours due the bridal bed, 1345
 Around it wide the Golden Fleece was spread.
 With sweetest flowers, that deck or dale or hill,
 Th' assiduous nymphs their snowy bosoms fill.
 The Golden Fleece emits so bright a ray,
 They shone all radiant as the star of day, 1350
 Inspiring love: the prize though strong desire
 Prompts them to touch, with reverence they retire.
 These are the daughters of the Ægean flood,
 Those, Meletæum, haunt thy lofty wood.
 From groves, from streams, at Juno's call they ran,
 To grace the nuptials of this godlike man. 1356
 The sacred grot, recorded still by fame,
 Bears to this day Medea's honour'd name:
 For here the nymphs, their veils around them spread,
 To nuptial joys the happy lovers led: 1360
 And every chief, to guard the blissful spot,
 Clad in bright armour, stood before the grot,

Left hostile troops, with rude tumultuous noise,
Should force an entrance, and distract their joys.
Thus station'd, they protect the hallow'd ground, 1365
Their festive brows with leafy chaplets crown'd.
As Orpheus struck his tuneful lyre, they sung,
And Hymeneals round the grotto rung.
But in Alcinoüs' court the fair to wed,
O'er Jason's anxious mind disquiet spread : 1370
Full oft he wish'd Iolcos' coast to gain,
And wed the virgin in his sire's domain ;
Such too Medea's wish : but fate severe
Forc'd him to celebrate his nuptials here.
For pleasure unalloy'd we look in vain ; 1375
Pleasure to suffering man is mix'd with pain.
Whether the Colchian foe had scorn'd or clos'd
With the just terms Phœacia's prince propos'd,
Of this they doubted : mid' the mirthful scene
Fears, which these doubts suggested, intervene. 1380

Aurora now her orient beams display'd,
And pierc'd the fullen night's surrounding shade.
The circling shores and dew-bespangled ground
Reflect her rays : the streets with noise resound.
The citizens and Colchians, who possess'd 1385
The distant coast, awake from balmy rest.

Impatient

Impatient now his purpose to disclose,
 To plead Medea's cause the monarch rose:
 His hand sustain'd a sceptre's massy gold,
 Which kings, deciding right, were wont to hold. 1390
 Around their prince, in glittering arms array'd,
 Phœacia's peers a seemly pomp display'd.
 Eager on each adventurous chief to gaze,
 A female troop beyond the city strays.
 In festive bands the distant swains unite: 1395
 (For Juno had divulg'd the nuptial rite)
 One from his fold a ram selected brought,
 An heifer one, to feel the yoke untaught;
 Flagons of wine some for libation bear:
 The smoke of victims blacken'd all the air. 1400
 As women wont, the female train select
 Their costly veils, with gay embroidery deck'd:
 Such golden toys, such trinkets they provide;
 As on a nuptial day adorn the bride.
 The comely chiefs their admiration won; 1405
 But more than all Æager's tuneful son,
 As lightly to the lyre's melodious sound
 Tripp'd the brisk dancer o'er the measur'd ground.
 In concert full the virgin-choir prolong
 The happy day with Hymeneal song. 1410
 Here

Here a fair band, collected in a ring,
 Praises to thee, auspicious Juno, sing.
 By thee inspir'd, disclos'd the royal dame
 The friendly terms her prince was pleas'd to name.
 Nor are the terms Alcinoüs nam'd disown'd: 1415
 (For now their faithful loves hath Hymen crown'd)
 True to his oath, he heard with fix'd disdain
 And deem'd Æeta's vengeful fury vain.

Soon as the Colchians saw their purpose cross'd,
 Defeated all their schemes, their labour lost; 1420
 That to the sovereign's terms they must accede,
 Or quit his ports, and sail away with speed;
 Dreading the monarch's wrath, submits they try
 To win his friendship, and commence ally.
 Settling at last, long time the Colchian host 1425
 Dwelt with the natives on Phœacia's coast:
 Till Bacchus' hated race from Corinth fled,
 Exil'd these Colchians, and the isle o'erspread.
 They fought the neighbouring shores: in times to come
 Their sons emigrating explor'd a home, 1430
 Where far and wide extends th' Illyric coast,
 And the Ceraunian hills in clouds are lost.
 But these events, which now my Muse engage,
 Were late fulfill'd in some succeeding age.

Yet

Book IV. APOLLONIUS RHODIUS. 271

Yet still, in Phœbus' fane, uninjur'd stand 1435

The altars rais'd by fair Medea's hand :

Some to the fates are pil'd with victims due,

Some to the nymphs their annual rites renew.

Towards the parting train the royal pair

Their generous love by costly gifts declare. 1440

Twelve fair Phœacians, at the queen's command,

Conduct Medea to the sea-beat strand.

On the seventh morn with gently-breathing gales

Propitious Jove expanded Argo's sails ;

Argo, decreed fresh dangers to sustain, 1445

Ere Greece beholds her gallant sons again.

Ambracia's bay had open'd to their view,

Beside Curetes' land the galley flew,

The clustering isles, Echidanes, they pass'd,

And Pelops' distant realm beheld at last. 1450

Nine tedious nights and days the vessel sweeps

The troubled surface of the Libyan deeps ;

Till, driven by rapid tides and storms astray,

She near the Syrtes' quicksands plough'd her way :

Whirl'd in whose gulphy pools, their destin'd grave,

Nor fails nor oars the sinking galleys save. 1456

Burst from its black abyfs, the boiling flood

Up-heaves its shaggy weeds, involv'd in shelves of mud.

With

With the far-spreading spray the sands arise ;
 But nought discern they here that creeps or flies. 1460
 The tide (which now retreats into the main,
 And now returns upon the beach again ;)
 Far o'er the shore, impell'd with fury, shew
 All Argo's slimy keel expos'd to view.
 They disembark, and gaze with aching eyes 1465
 On ridgy mountains lost amid the skies.
 No grateful streams, no beaten paths appear,
 No rural cot discern they, far or near ;
 A death-like silence reign'd around : dismay'd
 His comrade each interrogating said : 1470

' What country this ? on what bleak clime at last
 ' Have the rude tempests heaven-built Argo cast ?
 ' Oh ! had we dar'd, devoid of vulgar fear,
 ' Our course undaunted through those fragments steer,
 ' Like heroes then (though Jove success deny'd) 1475
 ' We in the bold attempt had bravely died.
 ' What can our skill devise ? the least delay
 ' Is fatal here ; the winds forbid our stay.
 ' How bleak and barren is the coast we tread !
 ' And what a desert waste is wide around us spread !

He said ; and, joining in the loud lament, 1481
 Ancæus thus foreboded the event :

‘ What

' What dire mishaps our gallant host befall !
 ' Thus by stern fate's decree we perish all !
 ' What woes await us, on this desert cast, 1485
 ' If from the land awakes the furious blast !
 ' For slimy seas my sight far off commands,
 ' And whitening billows bursting o'er the sands.
 ' And dreadfully had Argo's yawning fides,
 ' Remote from shore, receiv'd the gushing tides, 1490
 ' Had not the surge, which lifted her to heav'n,
 ' Full on the pebbly beach the vessel driv'n.
 ' But now the tide retiring quits the strand,
 ' And waves unfaithful skim the levell'd sand.
 ' Our projects baffled, and hope's cheerly dawn 1495
 ' From our expecting fight thus soon withdrawn,
 ' Let other hands the pilot's art display,
 ' And they who fear not danger steer the way.
 ' But our joint labours Jove decrees to foil,
 ' Nor will our native home reward our toil.' 1500

He said ; and all, renown'd for naval skill,
 Close with his words, and wait th' impending ill.
 From every heart the vital motion fled,
 O'er every face a deadly paleness spread.

As when from street to street, in wild dismay, 1505
 Affrighted mortals, like pale spectres, stray ;

Expecting wars, or plagues, or bursting rains,
That deluge all the harvest of the plains :
Or, as when statues drops of blood distil,
And fancied bellowings the temples fill ; 1510
The noon-day sun eclips'd involves in night
Th' astonish'd world, and stars emit their light :
Thus on the beach they stalk'd, a heartless clan !
Like sweating statues, or like spectres wan.
His feeble arm each round his comrade cast, 1515
Then sunk into the sand to breathe his last,
Resolv'd, as now the star of Hesper rose,
To share the solace of united woes.
Some here, some there select their clay-cold bed,
And round their shivering limbs their garments spread:
Resign'd to death, in midnight's fullen shade 1521
And at mid-day, here languishing they laid.
Remote, Medea's fair attendants moan,
Cling round their queen, and groan return for groan.
As when a nest, furcharg'd with callow young, 1525
Falls from the lofty cliff to which it clung,
Th' unfeather'd brood by shrillest cries attest
Their far-flown mother, and their ruin'd nest :
As on the banks Pactolus' streams bedew,
Melodious swans their dying notes renew ; 1530
The

The rivers, gliding the rich vales among,
 Bear on their silver streams the soothing song:
 Thus they, their golden locks besmear'd with gore,
 All night in plaintive elegies deplore.
 Their toils yet incomplete, the godlike band 1535
 Had now ignobly perish'd on the sand,
 But the bold heroines, who guard the coast,
 Beheld with pitying eye the drooping host:
 Those nymphs, who, when in glistering arms array'd,
 Rush'd from the Thunderer's brain the martial maid,
 In needful hour their kind assistance gave, 1541
 And cleans'd her infant-limbs in Triton's wave.

'Twas noon: o'er Libya's sands the God of day
 Darted the splendours of his fiercest ray.
 Full before Jason stood the nymphs confess'd, 1545
 And gently from his head withdrew the vest.
 Sudden he starts, impress'd with silent dread,
 And from his fair protectors turns his head.
 They in compassion's mild address began
 To free from terrors vain the hopeless man: 1550

' Why griev'st thou thus? Oh! bid thy sorrows
 cease:

' We know thy coming's cause, the Golden Fleece.

' We know the various toils by land you bore;

' How toss'd on ocean, how distress'd on shore.

- ‘ Terrestrial Powers, for acts of friendship known, 1555
‘ We make the shepherd’s rural cares our own.
‘ We, Libya’s daughters and avengers, boast
‘ Our sway extended o’er the Libyan coast.
‘ Arise, nor sink beneath thy sorrow’s weight ;
‘ But rouse thy fellows from their drooping state. 1560
‘ When Amphitrite with officious speed
‘ Unreins from Neptune’s car the fiery steed,
‘ Thy mother then with duteous care repay,
‘ Whose womb hath borne thee many a toilsome day.
‘ Discharge this duty, and resail to Greece, 1565
‘ Safe and triumphant with the Golden Fleece.’

They spoke, and vanish’d : from his sandy bed
Jason arose, and looking round he said ;

- ‘ Ye godlike Powers, the desert plains who rove,
‘ Ye fair, who tend the flocks, propitious prove. 1570
‘ Those dark mysterious truths your tongues foretold,
‘ I go, if haply can my friends unfold.
‘ Conven’d, may they some prudent scheme devise,
‘ For in th’ advice of numbers safety lies.’

He said : and, wading thro’ the driven sand, 1575
Rous’d with loud voice the sad, desponding band.
Thus, while the lion his lost mate explores,
The forests ring, earth trembles as he roars :

Herdsmen

Herdsmen and herds, o'erwhelm'd with equal fear,
All mute and trembling deem destruction near. 1580

But grateful to the host was Jason's call;
No fears it cherish'd, but gave hope to all.

Yet with dejected looks the heroes meet.

Beside the female train to each his feat

He, near the shore, assign'd; in order due 1585

His wondrous tale relates, and cheers the pensive
crew :

' Attend, my friends: three virgin-forms, who
claim

' From heaven their race, to sooth my sorrows came.

' Their shoulders round were shaggy goat-skins cast,

' Which, low descending, girt their slender waist. 1590

' High o'er my head they stood; with gentle hand

' My vesture rais'd, and gave this dread command :

' That I with speed my piteous bed forsake,

' And, risen, haste my comrades to awake.

' That mindful we our mother's cares repay, 1595

' Whose womb sustain'd us many a toilsome day,

' When Amphitrite with officious speed

' Unreins from Neptune's car the fiery steed.

' Long have I sought this wonder to explain,

' And, still revolving, I revolve in vain. 1600

‘ In the bold name of heroines they boast,
 ‘ Daughters and guardians they of Libya’s coast.
 ‘ Known to these nymphs are all the toils we bore
 ‘ On the rough ocean, and the faithless shore.
 ‘ Nor staid they long; but, sudden, from my view 1605
 ‘ Their radiant forms an ambient cloud withdrew.’
 He said : on every face sat boding fears ;
 When, lo ! a portent, greater far, appears.
 Fierce from the foamy deep, of wondrous size,
 Springs an huge horse ; his mane expanded flies. 1610
 From his strong sides he shakes th’ adherent spray,
 Then towards the coast directs his rapid way.
 Skill’d in whate’er this prodigy portends,
 With pleasure Peleus thus consoles his friends :
 ‘ Now by his consort’s hand releas’d I see 1615
 ‘ The car of Neptune, and his horses free.
 ‘ A mother’s name (or I predict in vain)
 ‘ Argo may boast ; she feels a mother’s pain.
 ‘ Her pregnant womb a troop of heroes bears,
 ‘ And endless perils for their safety shares. 1620
 ‘ Come, let us now our boasted strength display,
 ‘ And on our shoulders bear our ship away.
 ‘ Steer we through depths of sand our dangerous
 course,
 ‘ Led by the steps of this portentous horse.

‘ His steps reluctant press the dusty plain, 1625

‘ But rapid bear him to his kindred main ;

‘ Thither attend his flight.’ Thus spoke the seer :

His pleasing counsels gratified their ear.

This wondrous tale the tuneful Nine recite,

And as the Muses dictate must I write. 1630

This have I heard, and this as truth proclaim,

That you, O princely peers, of deathless fame,

By the joint efforts of united hands,

Twelve days and nights, through Libya’s burning
fands,

High on your shoulders rais’d the vessel’s weight, 1635

All that its womb contain’d, a mighty freight !

What woes o’ertook them, and what toils befell,

No verse can celebrate, no tongue can tell.

Such brave exploits proclaim’d their godlike line,

For, as their lineage, were their deeds, divine. 1640

But when Tritonis’ lake the chiefs attain,

They eas’d their shoulders, and embark’d again.

Doom’d to acuter griefs they now are curs’d

With all the miseries of burning thirst ;

Like dogs they run its fury to assuage, 1645

And at a fountain’s head suppress its rage.

Nor wander’d they in vain ; but soon explor’d

The sacred spot with golden apples stor’d,

In Atlas' realm : the serpent's wakeful eyes
Watch'd, till but yesterday, the golden prize. 1650
The fair Hesperides with kind survey
Tended the serpent as they tun'd their lay.
But, lo ! the monster, by Alcides slain,
Beneath a branching pear-tree press'd the plain.
His tail still vibrates, though his ghastly head 1655
And spine immense lie motionless and dead.
Flies in thick swarms his gory sides surround,
Drink his black blood, and dry the dripping wound,
Made by the darts, whose poison'd tips detain
The deadly venom of the Hydra slain. 1660
As Ladon's fate the pensive maids deplore,
Their hands they wrung, their golden locks they tore ;
But, sudden, as the heroes hasten'd near,
They to the dust descend, and disappear.
Struck with the prodigy his eyes survey'd, 1665
Thus to the nymphs observant Orpheus pray'd :
 ' Ye Goddesses, with blooming beauty blest'd,
 ' Look with benevolence on men distress'd.
 ' Whether ye grace the splendid courts of Jove,
 ' Or on this humbler earth auspicious move ; 1670
 ' Whether to flowery pastures ye repair,
 ' And the lov'd name of shepherdesses bear ;
 ' Illustrious

‘ Illustrious nymphs, from Ocean sprung, arise,
 ‘ Bless with a recent view our longing eyes,
 ‘ Bid from the thirsty soil a torrent burst, 1675
 ‘ Or open some hard rock to slake our thirst.
 ‘ Should we again our tatter’d sails expand,
 ‘ And greet at last the dear Achaian land,
 ‘ Grateful we then these favours will repay,
 ‘ And choicest offerings on your altars lay : 1680
 ‘ No Goddess, who frequents the courts of Jove,
 ‘ Shall greater honour share, or greater love.’

Thus Orpheus pray’d, with feeble voice and low :
 The listening nymphs commiserate their woe.
 First tender grass they bade the soil disclose ; 1685
 Then high above it verdant branches rose.
 Erect and strong, the spreading boughs display’d
 Wide o’er the barren soil an ample shade.
 A poplar’s trunk fair Hespera receives,
 And in a weeping willow Ægle grieves. 1690
 But Erytheïs in an elm remains :
 Each in her tree her proper shape retains ;
 Stupendous sight ! first Ægle silence broke,
 And kindly thus the suppliant band bespoke :

‘ Hither some lawless plunderer came of late, 1695
 ‘ Who will reverse the colour of your fate.

‘ Yon

‘ Yon beast he slew, for whom we sorrow now,
 ‘ And tore the golden apples from their bough.
 ‘ But yesterday the desperate giant came;
 ‘ From his black eye-brows flash’d the livid flame:
 ‘ A lion’s shaggy skin, besmear’d with gore, 1701
 ‘ Wide o’er his shoulders spread, the monster wore.
 ‘ On his stout staff his fearless step rely’d,
 ‘ And by his deadly dart the serpent died.
 ‘ He, like a sturdy traveller, stalk’d along, 1705
 ‘ Seeking some fount to cool his fiery tongue.
 ‘ With eager haste he trod the dusty plain,
 ‘ And still for water look’d, but look’d in vain.
 ‘ To this tall rock, hard by Tritonis’ lake,
 ‘ Some God conducted him, his thirst to slake. 1710
 ‘ Struck by his heel, its deep foundations shook,
 ‘ And from the yawning clefts a torrent broke.
 ‘ Prone on the ground the limpid streams he swills,
 ‘ And, groveling like a beast, his belly fills.’

Elated with the tale, they speed their course, 1715
 To find, as Ægle told, the fountain’s source.

As when assembled ants with joint essay
 Strive in some chink their lifted grain to lay:
 Or as when flies some liquid sweet explore,
 They hang in clusters round the honied store; 1720
 Like

Like them the Mynians : such their numbers seem,
 And such their haste to gather round the stream.
 Conjecturing thus some grateful hero said,
 As from the rill refresh'd he rais'd his head :

‘ Ye Gods ! though absent, great Alcides gives 1725
 ‘ These limpid streams ; by him each hero lives.
 ‘ Come, haste we now the country to explore,
 ‘ And the lost wanderer to our host restore.’

Instant to council rose th’ associate band,
 Selecting heroes to explore the land. 1730

For nightly winds dispersing o’er the plains
 The light, loose sands, no step impress’d remains.
 Boreas’ fleet sons, who wing their airy flight,
 Sagacious Lynceus bless’d with keenest sight,
 Euphemus swift of foot, and Cantheus speed: 1735
 Him his brave spirit urg’d and heaven decreed
 To ask Alcides, on what fatal coast
 He left his comrade, Polyphemus lost.

When this bold chief had rear’d on Mysian ground,
 And fenc’d with circling walls a city round, 1740
 Wide o’er the country, Argo’s fate to learn,
 He roam’d, with Argo anxious to return.
 Scarce had his feet Calybian frontiers press’d,
 Ere fate consign’d him to eternal rest.

Along

Along the beach, with stately poplars spread, 1745
They rear'd a tomb in honour of the dead.

But Lynceus deems, that, o'er the distant lands
His sight the long-lost Hercules commands.

Thus sees the clown, or thinks he can descry
The new moon breaking through a cloudy sky. 1750
Back to his comrades hastes the joyous chief,
Precludes their further search, and gives their mind
relief.

Euphemus soon, and Boreas' sons, his friends,
Whose search in empty expectation ends,
Rejoin'd the host : but thee, brave Canthus, slain 1755
Stern fate foredoom'd to press the Libyan plain.
To feast his comrades with the grateful prey,
He forc'd through scatter'd flocks his desperate way.
Sudden, his flock to guard, the shepherd flew,
And with a rock's huge fragment Canthus flew. 1760
This sturdy villager, Caphaurus nam'd,
His lofty lineage from Apollo claim'd,
And Acacallis : conscious of his might,
He fear'd no rival, nor declin'd the fight.
Minos, her sire, to Libya's coast remov'd 1765
Fair Acacallis, by the God belov'd.
To Phœbus here a hopeful son she gave,
Amphithemis or Garamans the brave.

Thy love, Amphithemis, Tritonis crown'd,
 And grac'd thy bed with Nafamon renown'd, 1770
 And bold Caphaurus ; whose decisive blow
 Transmitted Canthus to the shades below.
 The bloody deed divulg'd to all the host,
 Not long his conquest could Caphaurus boast.
 They to its sepulchre the corse convey, 1775
 Weeping ; and make the shepherd's flocks their prey.

To Pluto's realms prophetic Mopsus fled,
 And join'd, on that sad day, the mighty dead.
 With fate's decrees must mortal man comply,
 And the wise seer, in spite of prescience, die. 1780
 For, shelter'd from the fierce meridian ray,
 Beneath a sandy bank a serpent lay.
 Innoxious till incens'd, he ne'er annoy'd,
 But strove th' affrighted traveller to avoid.
 But all, whome'er the foodful earth contains, 1785
 Who feel his darted venom in their veins,
 Nor long, nor distant deem the dreary road,
 That leads direct to Pluto's dark abode.
 His fangs infix'd when once the wretches feel,
 In vain would medicine's God attempt to heal. 1790
 For when brave Perseus (this her godlike son
 His mother oftener nam'd Eurymedon)

O'er

O'er Libya flew, the Gorgon's head to bring,
Fresh-slain and dripping, to th' expecting king,
From every drop, that dyed the soil with blood, 1795
A serpent sprung, and thus encreas'd the brood.
The monster's spiry tail rash Mopsus prefs'd
With his unheeding foot : his tortur'd breast
Upward he turn'd, and writh'd his spires around,
Then with his venom'd fang infix'd a deadly wound.
Medea trembled and her female train : 1801
Fearless he bathes the wound, nor heeds the pain.
But now, lost wretch ! each sense is clos'd and dead,
And o'er his sinking eyes death's gloomy shade is
spread.

Prone to the dust he falls : his cold remains 1805
Prefs with unwieldy weight the desert plains.
His faithful friends, and Jason with the rest,
Weep o'er the corse, with heart-felt grief impress'd.
His flesh all putrid from the taint within,
And hanging round him loose his flabby skin, 1810
The burning sun unable long to bear,
His busy comrades, with officious care,
Deep in the soil conceal their delving spade,
And soon a decent sepulchre was made.
Men, matrons, all, as round the grave they flock, 1815
Lamenting loud select the sacred lock :

His corse the bright-arm'd heroes thrice furround,
And raise in seemly form the hallow'd mound,
Then hasten to their ship: the southern breeze
Curl'd, as it blew, the surface of the seas. 1820

In sad suspense, still wishing to forsake,
And cross with favouring gales Tritonis' lake,
They loiter long, and waste the useful day
In idle contest and in vain delay.

A serpent thus, long scorch'd with summer's heat,
Winds to some secret chink, his cool retreat. 1826
Enrag'd he hisses, rears his crest on high,
And furious darts his fire-emitting eye,
Till haply he the wish'd-for chink pervade,
And in its cool recess secure a shade. 1830

Uncertain thus, the ship explor'd in vain
The lake's wide mouth that open'd to the main.
With pious care, as Orpheus gives command,
They place Apollo's tripod on the strand;
That those auspicious Powers the coast who guard, 1835
Pleas'd with th' oblation, may their toils reward.
Clad like a youth, before them stood confess'd
The mighty Triton: in his hands he press'd
The gather'd soil; this amicable sign
He to the heroes held, and spoke benign: 1840

' The

‘ The hospitable pledge my hand extends,
 ‘ The best I now can give, accept, my friends.
 ‘ Would you o’er ocean’s paths your course discern,
 ‘ And learn the tracks, which strangers wish to learn,
 ‘ Hear : from my fire, the monarch of the main, 1845
 ‘ I boast my science ; o’er these seas I reign.
 ‘ Perchance ev’n you, though distant far you came,
 ‘ May recognise Eurypylus’s name,
 ‘ In Libya born.’ He said : Euphemus took
 The proffer’d foil, and thus responsive spoke, 1850
 “ If such thy knowledge, friendly chief, explain
 “ Where Atthis lies, where rolls the Cretan main.
 “ Reluctant sail’d we towards the Libyan coast,
 “ By angry heaven and adverse tempests tost :
 “ By land, with Argo o’er our shoulders cast, 1855
 “ We toil’d, and launch’d her in this lake at last.
 “ Nor can we yet our certain course devise,
 “ Where full in prospect Pelops’ realms will rise.”
 He said : his hand out-stretching, Triton shew
 The lake’s wide mouth, and sea expos’d to view. 1860
 ‘ Where the lake blackens, and its waters sleep,
 ‘ Expect,’ he cries, ‘ a passage to the deep.
 ‘ Observe the cliffs high towering on each side,
 ‘ And through the streight they form your vessel
 guide.

‘ There,

‘ There, above Crete, where, mingling with the skies,
 ‘ Yon ocean spreads, the land of Pelops lies. 1866
 ‘ When to the right th’ expanded lake ye leave,
 ‘ And the safe seas your mighty freight receive,
 ‘ Still cautious coast along the winding strand,
 ‘ Till you the cape’s projecting fides command : 1870
 ‘ Your course, that cape once doubled, safe pursue,
 ‘ Your ship uninjur’d, and undaunted you.
 ‘ Thus gladden’d go ; nor let your vigorous arms
 ‘ Droop with fatigue, and shake with vain alarms.’

Heartening he spoke : the decks they re-ascend, 1875
 And, rowing brisk, to cross the lake contend.
 The proffer’d tripod friendly Triton takes,
 And hides his head beneath the dimpling lakes.
 Thus with the costly prize the God withdrew,
 Instant invisible to mortal view. 1880

Inspir’d with joy, that some superior guest
 Had comfort given them, and with counsel blest’d,
 The choicest sheep they bade their leader slay,
 And to the Power benign due honours pay.
 He to the galley’s poop with speed convey’d 1885
 The choicest sheep, and, as he offer’d, pray’d :

‘ Dread Deity, who late conspicuous stood
 ‘ On the clear margin of this rolling flood,

U

‘ Whether

' Whether great Triton's name delight thine ear,
 ' Triton, whom all the watery Gods revere; 1890
 ' Or ocean's daughters, all thy bound thy name,
 ' The mighty Nereus, or thee Mercurus name,
 ' Be bounteous still: bid all our labours cease,
 ' And reinstate us in our native Greece.'

Thus pray'd the chief, as on the poop he stood, 1895
 And sunk the slaughter'd victim in the flood.
 His head above the billows Triton rear'd,
 And in his proper shape the God appear'd.

As when, intent his fiery steed to train,
 The horseman leads him to the dusty plain, 1900
 His floating mane firm twisted in his hand,
 He runs, yet holds him subject to command:
 Superb he paces, by his master led,
 Curvetting still, and tossing high his head.
 His bits, all white with gather'd foam around, 1905
 Craunch'd by his restless jaw, aloud resound:
 Thus Triton's hands the vessel's head sustain,
 And safely guide her to the seas again.
 His every limb, down to his swelling loin,
 Proclaims his likeness to the Powers divine. 1910
 Below his loin his tapering tail extends;
 Arch'd like a whale's on either side it bends.

Two pointed fins, projecting from his side,
 Cleave, as he scuds along th' opposing tide.
 Acute and tapering, these indented thorns 1915
 A semblance bear to Phœbe's budding horns.
 His arm conducts her, till, from danger free,
 She rides imbosom'd in the open sea.
 This prodigy the shouting warriors saw,
 Impress'd at once with gratitude and awe. 1920
 Here shatter'd ships Argous' port receives,
 Here tokens of her voyage Argo leaves :
 To Triton here, high-towering o'er the strand,
 And here to Neptune stately altars stand.
 For here they linger'd out one useless day ; 1925
 But with fresh breezes fail'd, at morn, away.
 Far to the right they leave the desert land,
 And the stretch'd canvass to the winds expand.
 Gaining mid ocean with returning light,
 The doubled cape diminish'd from their sight. 1930
 The zephyrs ceasing, rose the southern gale,
 And cheer'd the shouting heroes as they sail.

* The evening-star now lifts, as day-light fades,
 * His golden circlet in the deepening shades ;

☞ The Lines thus marked * are Broome's, who has translated
 the story of Talus ; not without several omissions, which
 are here supplied.

- * Stretch'd at his ease the weary labourer shares 1935
- * A sweet forgetfulness of human cares :
- * At once in silence sleep the sinking gales,
- * The mast they drop, and furl the flagging sails ;
- * All night, all day, they ply their bending oars
- * Towards Carpathus, and reach the rocky shores ; 1940
- * Thence Crete they view, emerging from the main,
- * The queen of isles ; but Crete they view in vain.
- * There Tagus mountains hurls with all their woods ;
- * Whole seas roll back, and tossing swell in floods.
- * Amaz'd the towering monster they survey, 1945
- * And trembling view the interdicted bay.
- * His birth he drew from giants sprung from oak,
- * Or the hard entrails of the stubborn rock :
- * Fierce guard of Crete ! who thrice each year explores
- * The trembling isle, and strides from shores to shores,
- * A form of living brass ! one part beneath 1951
- * Alone he bears, a part to let in death,
- * Where o'er the ankle swells the turgid vein,
- * Soft to the stroke, and sensible of pain.*
- Pining with want, and sunk in deep dismay, 1955
- From Crete far distant had they sail'd away,
- But the fair forcerefs their speed repress'd,
- And thus the crew disconsolate address'd :

‘ Attend. This monster, ribb’d with brags around,
 ‘ My art, I ween, will level to the ground. 1960
 ‘ Whate’er his name, his strength however great,
 ‘ Still, not immortal, must he yield to fate.
 ‘ But from the far-thrown fragments safe retreat,
 ‘ Till prostrate fall the giant at my feet.’

She said : retiring at her sage command, 1965
 They wait the movement of her magic hand.
 Wide o’er her face her purple veil she spread,
 And climb’d the lofty decks, by Jason led.

* And now her magic arts Medea tries ;
 * Bids the red Furies, dogs of Orcus, rise, 1970
 * That starting dreadful from th’ infernal shade,
 * Ride heaven in storms, and all that breathes invade.
 * Thrice she applies the power of magic pray’r,
 * Thrice, hellward bending, mutters charms in air ;
 * Then, turning towards the foe, bids mischief fly,
 * And looks destruction, as she points her eye. 1976
 * Then spectres, rising from Tartarean bow’rs,
 * Howl round in air, or grin along the shores.*

Father supreme ! what fears my breast annoy,
 Since not disease alone can life destroy, 1980
 Or wounds inflicted fate’s decrees fulfil,
 But magic’s secret arts have power to kill !

For, by Medea's incantations plied,
Enfeebled soon the brazen monster died.

* While rending up the earth in wrath he throws 1985

* Rock after rock against th' aerial foes,

* Lo! frantic as he strides, a sudden wound

* Bursts the life-vein, and blood o'erspreads the
ground.

* As from a furnace, in a burning flood

* Pours melting lead, so pours in streams his blood:

* And now he staggers, as the spirit flies, 1991

* He faints, he sinks, he tumbles, and he dies.

* As some huge cedar on a mountain's brow,

* Pierc'd by the steel, expects a final blow,

* Awhile it totters with alternate sway, 1995

* Till freshening breezes through the branches play;

* Then tumbling downward with a thundering sound,

* Headlong it falls, and spreads a length of ground:

* So, as the giant falls, the ocean roars,

* Outstretch'd he lies, and covers half the shores.*

Crete thus deliver'd from this baneful pest, 2001

The Mynians unmolested sunk to rest.

Soon as Aurora's orient beams appear,

A temple they to Cretan Pallas rear.

. With

Book IV. APOLLONIUS RHODIUS. 295

With water stor'd, once more the busy train 2005

Embark, and lash the foamy brine again.

Affiduous all with equal ardour glow

Distant to leave Salmonis' lofty brow.

As o'er the Cretan deep the galley flew,

Around them night her sable mantle threw; 2010

Pernicious 'night, whose all-investing shade

Nor stars, nor Phœbe's brighter rays pervade.

Thick darkness, or from heaven, or hell profound,

Spread, as it rose, its rueful shades around.

Uncertain whether, on huge billows tost, 2015

Sublime they sail, or sink to Pluto's coast,

Uncertain where the bursting wave may throw,

They to the sea commit their weal or woe.

Jason aloud, with lifted hands, address'd

The God of day to succour the distress'd. 2020

The tears fast trickling down his sorrowing face,

He vow'd with gifts the Delphic shrine to grace,

He vow'd with choicest gifts, an ample store,

To load Amyclæ, and Ortygia's shore.

Attentive to his tears and meek request, 2025

Phœbus from heaven descends, and stands confess'd,

Where, frowning hideous o'er the deeps below,

The rocks of Melans lift their shaggy brow.

Awhile on one of these he takes his stand,
His golden bow high lifting in his hand ; 2030
Assisted by whose far-reflected light,
An isle of small extent attracts their sight,
Amid the Sporades ; against it stood
Hippuris, circled by the rolling flood.
Their anchors here they drop. Aurora's ray 2035
Glimmer'd, and sunk before the light of day.
A temple here o'er-arch'd with woods they raise,
And bid an altar to Apollo blaze,
On whom the name *Æglete* they bestow ;
For here the God display'd his beamy bow. 2040
Here, since on *Argo's* crew all bright he shone,
By the name *Anaphe* the isle is known.
The scanty produce of this barren isle
To *Phœbus* they on humble altars pile.
Each fair *Phæacian* in *Medea's* train, 2045
Who oft had seen the fatted oxen slain
In king *Alcinoüs's* court, in laughter joins
At sight of water pour'd on burning pines.
With well-dissembled wrath the chiefs reprove
The laughing damsels, and the mirth they love. 2050
A wordy altercation soon began,
And pleasant raillery through the circle ran.

Hence,

Hence, to Æglete, on this festive day,
 All who in Anaphe due honours pay,
 Maidens and men, a mix'd assembly, join 2055
 In friendly contests and debates benign.

The halbers now were loosen'd from their hold,
 And unrestrain'd in ocean Argo roll'd,
 When thus the dream of night, yet uneffac'd,
 Revering Maia's son, Euphemus trac'd. 2060
 How, with close grasp the sacred clod compress'd,
 Stream'd with a milky current at his breast.

And from this clod, though small, his wondering eyes
 Beheld a lovely, female form arise.

Charm'd with the beauteous fair, he soon resign'd 2065
 To nuptial joys his love-devoted mind,
 Lamenting still that he the maid should wed,
 Whom at his fostering breast with milk he fed.

“Thy children's nurse am I,” (the fair began,
 Accosting mild the disconcerted man;) 2070

“But not thy daughter: I from Triton came;

“ (Triton and Libya my parents' name)

“He fix'd near Anaphe my watery cell,

“And bade me here with Nereus' daughters dwell.†

“But now I hasten towards the sun's bright ray, 2075

“And to thy race the choicest boon convey.”

This

This dream recurring to his mind again,
He told the leader of the gallant train,
Who, long revolving, thus at length reveal'd
Those mystic truths the Pythic shrine conceal'd: 2080

‘ Ye Gods ! what glory waits thy valorous deeds,
‘ What fame, Euphemus, to thy toil succeeds !
‘ For, when in ocean’s bed this earth you fling,
‘ Thence (so the Gods ordain) an isle shall spring ;
‘ Here shall thy children’s children late repose. 2085
‘ Triton this hospitable gift bestows :
‘ He tore from Afric’s coast the treasur’d soil ;
‘ To him, of all the Gods, ascribe the isle.’

Thus spoke he prescient, nor in vain divin’d :
Euphemus heard him with attentive mind ; 2090
Transported with the presage, forth he sprung,
And the mysterious clod in ocean flung.
Instant emerging from the reflux tides,
Calliste’s isle display’d its wave-wash’d sides,
Nurse of Euphemus’ race : in days of yore, 2095
They dwelt on Sintian Lemnos’ footy shore.
Exil’d from Lemnos by Etrurian force,
To Sparta’s friendly walls they bent their course :
Ejected thence, Theras, Autefion’s heir,
Bade him to fam’d Calliste’s isle repair ; 2100

His

His name it took : th' events we now display
Were unaccomplish'd in Euphemus' day.

Vast tracts of ocean pass'd, the joyous host
Steer'd towards, and anchor'd on Ægina's coast.
They here propose a trial of their skill; 2105
What chief can first the weighty bucket fill,
And, ere his fellows intercept his way,
First to the ship the watery store convey.
For parching thirst, and winds that briskly blew,
To the fleet course inclin'd the gallant crew. 2110
His bucket now, replenish'd at the springs,
Each stout Theffalian on his shoulder brings;
Intent the palm of conquest to obtain,
He scours with speedy foot across the plain.

Hail, happy race of heroes, and repay 2115
With tributary praise my tuneful lay!
With pleasure still may distant times rehearse
And added years on years exalt my verse!
For here I fix the period of your woes,
And with your glorious toils my numbers close. 2120
Your galley loosen'd from Ægina's shore,
Waves discompos'd, and winds detain'd no more.
Serene ye sail'd beside th' Achaian strand,
Where Cecrops' towers the subject main command,
Where

Where opposite Eubœa Aulis lies, 2125

And where the Locrian cities lofty rise,

Till Pagasæ her friendly port display'd,

Where rode triumphant Argo safe embay'd.

END OF THE ARGONAUTICS.

T H E
RAPE OF HELEN;

O R,

The Origin of the *Trojan* War:

A GREEK POEM,

By COLUTHUS.

T H E

RAPE OF HELEN, &c.

YE nymphs of Troy, for beauty fam'd, who trace
 From Xanthus' fertile streams your ancient race,
 Oft on whose sandy banks your tires are laid,
 And many a trinket which your hands have made,
 What time to Ida's hallow'd mount ye throng, 5
 To join the festive choir in dance and song;
 No longer on your favourite banks repose,
 But come, the judgment of the swain disclose.
 Say from what hills, to trackless deeps unknown,
 Rush'd with impetuous zeal the daring clown; 10
 Say to what end, with future ills replete,
 O'er distant oceans sail'd a mighty fleet;
 What seas could this adventurous youth embroil,
 Sow discord's seeds o'er what disastrous soil?

Say

Say from what source arose the dire debate, 15
Which swains could end and Goddeses create.

What his decision? Of the Grecian dame
Who to the shepherd's ear convey'd the name?

Speak, for ye saw, on Ida's still retreat,
Judicial Paris fill his shepherd's seat; 20

Venus ye saw, the Graces' darling queen,
As on her judge approv'd she smil'd serene.

What time Hæmonia's lofty mountains rung
With hymeneal songs for Peleus sung,
Officious Ganymede, at Jove's request, 25

Supplied with sparkling wine each welcome guest;
And all the Gods to Thetis' nuptials came,
Sister of Amphitrite, honour'd dame.

Earth-shaking Neptune left his azure main,
And Jove supreme forsook his starry plain: 30
From Helicon, with odorous shrubs o'erspread,
The Muses' tuneful choir Apollo led.

Him Juno follow'd, wife of sovereign Jove:
With Harmony the smiling queen of Love
Hasten'd to join the Gods in Chiron's festive grove. } 35

Cupid's full quiver o'er her shoulder thrown, 36
Persuasion follow'd with a bridal crown.

Minerva, though to nuptial rites a foe,
Came; but no helmet nodded o'er her brow.

Diana

Diana to the Centaur's grove resorts, 40
And for one day forgets her rural sports,
His loose locks shaking as the zephyrs play'd,
Not long behind convivial Bacchus stay'd.
War's God, as when to Vulcan's dome he sped,
No spear his hand sustain'd, no casque his head, 45
Such now, without his helmet or his lance,
Smiling he look'd, and led the bridal dance.
But from these blissful scenes was Discord warn'd,
Peleus rejected her, and Chiron scorn'd.

As by the gadfly stung, the heifer strays 50
Far from its fields, through every devious maze;
Thus, stung with envy, Discord roam'd, nor ceas'd
Her baneful arts to interrupt the feast.
Oft from her flinty bed she rush'd amain,
Then stood, then sunk into her seat again : 55
With desperate hand she tore her snaky head,
And with a serpent-scourge she lash'd her flinty bed.
To dart the forky lightning, and command
From hell's abyss the Titans' impious band,
Jove from his throne with rebel-arm to wrest, 60
Were projects form'd within the fury's breast.
But, though incens'd, she dreaded Vulcan's ire,
Who forms Jove's bolt, and checks the raging fire.

Her purpose changing, she with rattling arms
 Diffension meditates and dire alarms ; 65
 If haply clattering shields can strike dismay,
 And from the nuptials drive the Gods away.
 But Mars she dreaded, oft in arms array'd,
 And this new project with complacence weigh'd.
 The burnish'd apples, rich with golden rind, 70
 Growth of Hesperian gardens, struck her mind.
 Resolv'd contention's baneful seeds to sow,
 She tore the blushing apple from its bough,
 Grasp'd the dire source whence future battles sprung,
 And midst the Gods the golden mischief flung. 75
 The stately wife of Jove with wondering eyes
 Beheld, and wish'd to grasp the golden prize.
 Beauty's fair queen to catch the apple strove ;
 For 'tis the prize of beauty and of love.
 Jove mark'd the contest, and, to crush debate, 80
 Thus counsel'd Hermes, who beside him sat :

' Paris, perchance, from Priam sprung, you know ;
 ' His herds he grazes on mount Ida's brow,
 ' And oft conducts them to the dewy meads,
 ' Through which his streams the Phrygian Xanthus
 leads : 85

' Shew him yon prize, and urge him to declare
 ' Which of these Goddesses he deems most fair ;

' In

‘ In whom, of all, his matchless skill can trace
‘ The close-arch’d eyebrow and the roundest face,
‘ On such a face, where bends the circling bow, 90
‘ The golden apple, beauty’s prize, bestow.’

Thus spoke the fire: the willing son obey’d,
And to their judge the Deities convey’d.
Each anxious fair her charms to heighten tries;
And dart new lustre from her sparkling eyes. 95

Her veil aside insidious Venus flung;
Loose from the clasp her fragrant ringlets hung;
She then in golden cauls each curl compress’d,
Summon’d her little Loves, and thus address’d:

‘ Behold, my sons, the hour of trial near! 100
‘ Embrace, my Loves, and bid me banish fear.
‘ This day’s decision will enhance my fame,
‘ Crown beauty’s queen, or sink in endless shame.
‘ Doubting I stand, to whom the swain may say,
‘ Bear thou, most fair, the golden prize away. 105
‘ Nurs’d was each Grace by Juno’s fostering hand;
‘ And crowns and sceptres shift at her command.
‘ Minerva dictates in th’ embattled field;
‘ And heroes tremble when she shakes her shield.
‘ Of all the Goddesses that rule above, 110
‘ Far most defenceless is the queen of Love.

' Without or spear or shield must Venus live ;
 ' And crowns and sceptres she has none to give.
 ' Yet why despair? though with no falchion grac'd,
 ' Love's silken chain furrounds my slender waist. 115
 ' My bow this Cestus, this the dart I fling,
 ' And with this Cestus I infix my sting.
 ' My sting infix'd renews the lover's pain,
 ' And virgins languish, but revive again.'

Thus to her Loves the rosy-finger'd queen 120
 Told all her fears, and vented all her spleen :
 To every word they lent a willing ear,
 Round their fond mother clung, and strove to cheer.

And now they reach mount Ida's grassy steep,
 Where youthful Paris feeds his father's sheep : 125
 What time he tends them in the plains below,
 Through which the waters of Anaurus flow,
 Apart he counts his cattle's numerous stock,
 Apart he numbers all his fleecy flock.

A wild goat's skin, around his shoulders cast, 130
 Loose fell and flow'd below his girded waist.

A pastoral staff, which swains delight to hold,
 His roving herds protected and controll'd.

Accoutred thus, and warbling o'er his song,
 He to his pipe melodious pac'd along. 135

Unnoted

Unnoted oft, while he renews his lay,
His flocks desert him, and his oxen stray.
Swift to his bower retires the tuneful man,
To pipe the praise of Hermes and of Pan.
Sunk is each animal in dead repose ; 140
No dog around him barks, no heifer lows :
Echo alone rebounds through Ida's hills,
And all the air with sounds imperfect fills.
The cattle, sunk upon their verdant bed,
Close by their piping lord repose their head. 145
Beneath the shades which sheltering thickets blend,
When Paris' eye approaching Hermes ken'd,
Back he retires, with sudden fear impress'd,
And shuns the presence of the heavenly guest ;
To the thick shrubs his tuneful reed conveys, 150
And all unfinish'd leaves his warbled lays.
Thus winged Hermes to the shepherd said,
Who mark'd the God's approach with silent dread :
 ' Dismiss thy fears, nor with thy flocks abide ;
 ' A mighty contest Paris must decide. 155
 ' Haste, judge announc'd ; for whose decision wait
 ' Three lovely females, of celestial state.
 ' Haste, and the triumph of that face declare,
 ' Which sweetest looks, and fairest midst the fair :

‘ Let her, whose form thy critic eye prefers, 160
 ‘ Claim beauty’s prize, and be this apple hers.’

Thus Hermes spoke ; the ready swain obey’d,
 And to decide the mighty cause essay’d.

With keenest look he mark’d the heavenly dames ;
 Their eyes, quick flashing as the lightning’s flames, 165
 Their snowy necks, their garments fring’d with gold,
 And rich embroidery wrought in every fold ;
 Their gait he mark’d, as gracefully they mov’d,
 And round their feet his eye sagacious rov’d.

But, ere the smiling swain his thoughts express’d, 170
 Grasping his hand him Pallas thus address’d :

‘ Regard not, Phrygian youth, the wife of Jove,
 ‘ Nor Venus heed, the queen of wedded love :
 ‘ But martial prowess if thy wisdom prize,
 ‘ Know, I possess it ; praise me to the skies. 175
 ‘ Thee, fame reports, puissant states obey,
 ‘ And Troy’s proud city owns thy sovereign sway.
 ‘ Her suffering sons thy conquering arm shall shield,
 ‘ And stern Bellona shall to Paris yield.

‘ Comply ; her succour will Minerva lend, 180
 ‘ Teach thee war’s science, and in fight defend.’

Thus Pallas strove to influence the swain,
 Whose favour Juno thus attempts to gain :

‘ Should’st

- ‘ Should’st thou with beauty’s prize my charms
reward,
‘ All Asia’s realms shall own thee for their lord. 185
‘ Say, what from battles but contention springs?
‘ Such contests shun; for what are wars to kings?
‘ But him, whose hands the rod of empire sway,
‘ Cowards revere, and conquerors obey.
‘ Minerva’s friends are oft Bellona’s slaves, 190
‘ And the fiend slaughters whom the Goddess saves.’
Proffers of boundless sway thus Juno made;
And Venus thus, contemptuous smiling, said:
But first her floating veil aloft she threw,
And all her graces to the shepherd shew; 195
Loosen’d her little Loves’ attractive chain,
And tried each art to captivate the swain.
‘ Accept my boon,’ (thus spoke the smiling dame)
‘ Battles forget, and dread Bellona’s name.
‘ Beauty’s rich meed at Venus’ hand receive, 200
‘ And Asia’s wide domain to tyrants leave.
‘ The deathful fight, the din of arms I fear;
‘ Can Venus’ hand direct the martial spear?
‘ Women with beauty stoutest hearts assail,
‘ Beauty, their best defence, their strongest mail. 205
‘ Prefer domestic ease to martial strife,
‘ And to exploits of war a pleasing wife.

‘ To realms extensive Helen’s bed prefer,
 ‘ And scoff at kingdoms, when oppos’d to her;
 ‘ Thy prize with envy Sparta shall survey, 210
 ‘ And Troy to Paris tune the bridal lay.’

The shepherd, who astonish’d stood and mute,
 Consign’d to Venus the Hesperian fruit,
 The claim of beauty, and the source of woes;
 For dire debates from this decision rose. 215
 Uplifting in her hand the glowing prize,
 She rallied thus the vanquish’d Deities :

‘ To me, ye martial dames, the prize resign ;
 ‘ Beauty I court, and beauty’s prize is mine.
 ‘ Mother of mighty Mars and Vulcan too, 220
 ‘ Fame says, the choir of Graces sprung from you :
 ‘ Yet distant far, this day, your daughters stray’d,
 ‘ And no one Grace appear’d to lend you aid.
 ‘ Mars too declin’d t’ assert his mother’s right,
 ‘ Though oft his brandish’d sword decides the fight.
 ‘ His boasted flames why could not Vulcan cast, 226
 ‘ And at one blaze his mother’s rivals blast ?
 ‘ Vain are thy triumphs, Pallas, vain thy scorn;
 ‘ Thou, not in wedlock, nor of woman born,
 ‘ Jove’s teeming head the monstrous birth contains,
 ‘ And the barb’d iron ripp’d thee from his brains. 231

‘ Brac’d with th’ unyielding plaits of ruthless mail,
‘ She curses Cupid and the silken veil.
‘ Connubial blifs and concord she abhors,
‘ In discord glories and delights in wars. 235
‘ Yet know, virago, not in feats of arms
‘ Triumph weak women, but in beauty’s charms.
‘ Nor men nor women are those mungrels base,
‘ Like you, equivocal in form and face.’

In terms like these the laughter-loving queen 240
Rallied her rivals, and increas’d their spleen,
As, lifting high, she view’d with secret joy
Her beauty’s triumphs and the bane of Troy.
Inspir’d with love for her, the fair unknown,
By beauty’s conquering queen pronounc’d his own,
Ill-fated Paris to the forest’s maze 246
Men vers’d in Pallas’ various arts conveys.
At Pericles’ command they give the blow,
And lay the glories of the forest low.
He, artist fam’d, his frantic prince obey’d, 250
And burden’d ocean with the ships he made.
From Ida’s summits rush’d the daring swain,
And to its bowery shades prefer’d the boisterous main.
Th’ extended beach with choice oblations stor’d,
And his protectress Venus oft implor’d ; 255

The billowy deep his furrowing keel divides,
And in the Hellespont his vessel rides.

But prodigies announce approaching ill,
And with presages sad each bosom fill.

Up-heaving waves heaven's starry concave shroud, 260
And round each Bear is cast a circling cloud.

Clouds and big waves discharge their watery stores;
Full on the deck the bursting torrent pours.

Their sturdy oars with unabating sweep
Far whitening agitate the angry deep. 265

Dardanus pass'd, and Ilion's fertile plains,
The mouth of Ismarus' lake the adventurer gains.

Now, far remote, they view Pangræa's height;
Now Phillis' rising tomb attracts their sight,
And the dull round she nine times trode in vain, 270
To view the faithless wanderer again.

Hæmonia's meads remote, the Trojan spies
Th' Achaian cities unexpected rise:

Phthia, with heroes far-renown'd replete;
Mycenæ, fam'd for many a spacious street. 275

Beside the meads, where Erymanthus glides,
Sparta aspires, that boasts her beauteous brides;
Sparta with joy th' expecting swain survey'd,
Lav'd by Eurotas, by Atrides sway'd.

The RAPE OF HELEN, &c. 315

Nor distant far, o'ershaded by a wood, 280
Beneath a mountain's brow Therapnæ stood.
Short was their voyage now : the bending oar
Was heard to lash the foamy surge no more;
The sailors, safe imbosom'd in the bay,
Firm to the beach confine the corded stay. 285
In purifying waters plung'd the swain,
And, rising thence, pac'd slowly o'er the plain.
For much he fear'd, lest his incautious tread
O'er his wash'd feet the spatter'd mire should spread ;
Or lest his hair, beneath his casque confin'd, 290
Should, if he ran, be ruffled with the wind.
The city's splendor Paris' eye detains,
The citizens' abodes, and glistering fanes:
Here Pallas' form, in mimic gold portray'd,
Here Hyacinthus' image he survey'd. 295
Him with delight the Amiclæans view'd,
Pursuing Phœbus and by him pursu'd ;
But, fore displeas'd at jealous Zephyr's spite,
They urg'd the stripling to unequal fight ;
For Phœbus' efforts ineffectual prov'd, 300
To save from Zephyr's rage the youth he lov'd.
Earth with compassion heard Apollo's cries,
And from her bosom bade a flower arise,

His

His favourite's name, impress'd upon whose leaf,
 Still, as the God contemplates, soothes his grief. 305
 Now Priam's son before Atrides' dome
 Exulting stood in beauty's purple bloom.
 Not Semele, by Jove's careffes won,
 On Jove bestow'd so beautiful a son :
 (Forgive me, Bacchus, seed of Jove supreme) 310
 Such peerless graces round his person beam.
 Touch'd by fair Helen's hand the bolts recede ;
 She to the spacious hall repair'd with speed :
 Her form distinct th' unfolded portals shew ;
 She look'd, she ponder'd, and again withdrew. 315
 Then on a radiant seat she bade him rest,
 And, still insatiate, gaz'd upon her guest.
 Awhile she likens him in graceful mien
 To Love, attendant on the Cyprian queen.
 But 'tis not Love, she recollects again ; 320
 Nor bow nor quiver deck this gallant swain.
 'Tis Bacchus sure, the God of wine, she said ;
 For o'er his cheeks a rosy bloom is spread,
 Daring at length her faltering voice to raise,
 She thus express'd her wonder and her praise : 325
 ' Whence art thou, stranger? whence thy comely
 ' race ?
 ' Thy country tell me, and thy natal place.

‘ In thee I mark the majesty of kings :
‘ But not from Greece thy lofty lineage springs.
‘ Not sandy Pyle thine origin can shew ; 330
‘ I know not thee, though Nestor’s son I know.
‘ Phthia, the nurse of heroes, train’d not thee ;
‘ For known are all th’ Æacidæ to me.
‘ Peleus, and Telamon renown’d in fight,
‘ Patroclus’ courtesy, Achilles’ might.’ 335

Inspir’d by love, thus spoke the gentle dame ;
And he, thus answering, fann’d the rising flame :
“ If e’er recording fame, illustrious maid,
“ Hath to thine ear great Ilion’s name convey’d,
“ Ilion, whose walls on Phrygian frontiers stand, 340
“ Rear’d by Apollo’s and by Neptune’s hand ;
“ Him if thou know’st, most opulent of kings,
“ Who reigns o’er Ilion, and from Saturn springs ;
“ I to hereditary worth aspire ;
“ The wealthy Priam is my honour’d sire. 345
“ My high descent from Dardanus I prove ;
“ And ancient Dardanus descends from Jove.
“ Th’ Immortals thus forsake the realms of light,
“ And mix with mortals in the social rite.
“ Neptune and Phœbus thus forsook the sphere,
“ Firm on its base my native Troy to rear. 351

“ But

“ But know, on three fair Goddeffes, of late,
 “ Sentence I pass’d, and clos’d the long debate.
 “ On Venus, who with charms superior shone,
 “ I lavish’d praises and conferr’d my boon. 355
 “ The Cyprian Goddeffs, pleas’d with my decree,
 “ Reserv’d this recompence, O queen, for me ;
 “ Some faithful fair, possess’d of heavenly charms,
 “ Should, she protested, bless my longing arms ;
 “ Helen her name, to beauty’s queen ally’d ; 360
 “ Helen, for thee I stemm’d the troubled tide.
 “ Unite we now in Hymen’s mystic bands ;
 “ Thus love inspires, and Venus thus commands.
 “ Scorn not my suit, nor beauty’s queen despise :
 “ More need I add to influence the wise ? 365
 “ For well thou know’st, how dastardly and base
 “ Is Menelaus’s degenerate race.
 “ And well I know, that Græcia’s ample coast
 “ No fair like thee, for beauty fam’d, can boast.”

He said ; on earth her sparkling eyes she cast, 370
 Embarrass’d paus’d awhile, and spoke at last :

‘ To visit Ilion, and her towers survey,
 ‘ Rear’d by the God of ocean and of day,
 ‘ (Stupendous labours by Celestials wrought)
 ‘ Hath oft, illustrious guest, employ’d my thought.
 “ Oft

‘ Oft have I wish’d to saunter o’er the vales, 376
‘ Whose flowery pasture Phœbus’ flocks regales ;
‘ Where, beneath Ilion’s walls, along the meads,
‘ The shepherd-God his lowing oxen feeds.
‘ To Ilion I’ll attend thee : haste, away ; 380
‘ For beauty’s queen forbids our long delay.
‘ No husband’s threats, no husband’s search I dread,
‘ Though he to Troy suspect his Helen fled.

The Spartan dame, of matchless charms possess’d,
Proffer’d these terms to her consenting guest. 385

Night, which relieves our toils, when the bright sun,
In ocean sunk, his daily course has run,
Now gives her softest slumbers, ere the ray
Of rising morn proclaims th’ approach of day.
Two gates of airy dreams she opens wide ; 390
Of polish’d horn is this, where truths abide :
Voices divine through this mysterious gate
Proclaim th’ unalterable will of fate.

But through the ivory-gate incessant troop
Of vain, delusive dreams a faithless group. 395

Helen, seduc’d from Menelaus’ bed,
Th’ adventurous shepherd to his navy led ;
To Troy with speed he bears the fatal freight ;
For Venus’ proffers confidence create.

‘ Or to some kindred stream perchance she strays,
‘ Bathes in Eurotas’ streams, and round its margin
 plays.’ 425

‘ Why talk ye thus?’ (the pensive maid replies,
The tears of anguish trickling from her eyes)
‘ She knows each roseate bower, each vale and hill,
‘ She knows the course of every winding rill.
‘ The stars are set; on rugged rocks she lies: 430

‘ The stars are up; nor does my mother rise.
‘ What hills, what dales thy devious steps detain?
‘ Hath some relentless beast my mother slain?
‘ But beasts, which lawless round the forest rove,
‘ Revere the sacred progeny of Jove. 435

‘ Or art thou fallen from some steep mountain’s brow,
‘ Thy corse conceal’d in dreary dells below?
‘ But through the groves, with thickest foliage
 crown’d,

‘ Beneath each shrivel’d leaf that strews the ground,
‘ Assiduous have I fought thy corse in vain: 440

‘ Why should we then the guiltless grove arraign?

‘ But have Eurotas’ streams, which rapid flow,

‘ O’erwhelm’d thee bathing in its deeps below?

‘ Yet in the deeps below the Naiads live,

‘ And they to womankind protection give.’ 445

Y

Thus

Thus spoke she sorrowing, and reclin'd her head ;
 And sleeping seem'd to mingle with the dead.
 For sleep his elder brother's aspect wears ;
 Lies mute like him, and undisturb'd by cares.
 Hence the swoln eyes of females, deep distress'd, 450
 Oft, when the tear is trickling, sink to rest.
 In this delusive dream the sleeping maid
 Her mother saw, or thought she saw, portray'd.
 Aloud she shriek'd, distracted and amaz'd,
 And utter'd thus her anguish as she gaz'd : 455

‘ Last night, far distant from your daughter fled,
 ‘ You left me slumbering in my father’s bed.
 ‘ What dangerous steeps have not I strove to gain ?
 ‘ And stroll’d o’er hills and dales for thee in vain ?’

“ Condemn me not ; (replied the wandering dame)
 “ Pity my sufferings, nor augment my shame. 461
 “ Me yesterday a lawless guest beguil’d,
 “ And distant tore me from my darling child.
 “ At Cytherea’s high command I rove ;
 “ And once more revel in the walks of love.” 465

She said : her voice the sleeping maid alarms ;
 She springs to clasp her mother in her arms.
 In vain : no mother meets her wistful eyes ;
 And now her tears redouble and her cries :

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' Ye feathery race, inhabitants of light, 470

' To Crete's fam'd isle direct your rapid flight.

' There to my fire th' unwelcome truth proclaim,

' How yesterday a desperate vagrant came,

' Tore all he dotes on from his bridal bed,

' And with his beauteous queen abruptly fled.' 475

The restless fair, her mother to regain,

Thus to the winds bewail'd and wept in vain.

The Thracian town diminish'd from their view,

And fleet o'er Helle's strait the vessel flew.

The bridegroom now his natal coast descry'd, 480

And to the Trojan port conducts his bride.

Cassandra from her tower beheld them sail,

And tore her locks, and rent her golden veil.

But hospitable Troy unbars her gate,

Receives her citizen and seals her fate. 485

THE END.

N O T E S

T O T H E

A R G O N A U T I C S.

B O O K I.

V. 1. *Inspir'd by thee, ---*] Thus begins Homer's *Batrachomyachia*, the 17th Id. of Theocritus, and Aratus's poem.

See also on these words the Gr. Schol. and Hoelzelinus's note.

V. 3. *Whom Pelias ---*] For Pelias, Æson, &c. See the preface.

Colchos, now called Mengrelia, is bounded on the north by part of Sarmatia; on the west by so much of the Euxine sea, as extends from the river Corax to the mouth of the river Phasis, on the south by part of Cappadocia, and on the east by Iberia.

V. 5. *Thro' the Cyanean rocks.]*

-----when Argö pass'd
'Through Bosphorus betwixt the jostling rocks.

Milton's Par. Lost, B. ii. 1017.

Two rocks at the entrance of the Euxine sea, called *symplegades* by the Grecians, by Juvenal *concurrentia saxa*; because they were so near, that, as a ship varied its course, they seemed to open and shut; or, as Mil-

ton expresses it, to *justle* one another. They were also called *cyanean*, from their dark colour.

V. 13. *Anaurus past*, ---] A river in Thessaly, according to Apollonius, Callimachus, and others. But some are of opinion, that Anaurus, as its etymology implies, is the general name of any torrent. Valerius Flaccus, relating the same story, mentions the river Enipeus.

V. 33. *Whom fair Calliope, on Thracia's shore*] The Pæonians of Thrace lived upon the Hebrus; and all the people of that region were at one time great in science. The Grecians acknowledged they were greatly indebted to them; and the Muses were said to have come from those parts. The Pierians were as famed for poetry and music, as the Pæonians were for physic. Thamyras, Eumolpus, Linus, Thymætes and Musæus, were supposed to have been of this country. Orpheus also is ascribed to Thrace; who is said to have soothed the savage rage, and to have animated the very rocks to harmony. *Bryant's Myth.*

V. 35. *Hard rocks, &c.* ---] Mulcentem tigres & agentem carmine quercus.---*Virg. Geor.* iv. 510.

V. 42. *By Chiron's art to Jason's interest gain'd.*] Orpheus, in the Argonautic poem ascribed to him, gives the same account of himself.

Καὶ μ' ἔκλεχεν κλέαρχον πολυδαίδαλον ἐνύνοισα,
Ὅς σε καὶ τοὶ μέλπων προχέω μεγαλήεντι ᾠοῖδῃν,
Κηλέσσω δέ τε θῆρας ἰδ' ἑρπετὰ καὶ πετεηνά. *Orph. Arg.* 71.

V. 71. *Cæneus* ---] It is fabled that this person was a Thessalian virgin, the daughter of Elatus, one of the Lapithæ; who, having been violated by Neptune, obtained of him, as the reward of her prostitution, that she might be transformed into a man, and rendered invulnerable. Thus changing her sex, she changed her name into Cæneus, being before called Cænis. See Ovid's *Met.* and *Virg. Æn.* vi. 448.

V. 79.

V. 79. *From Titaresus* ---] Mopfus was furnamed the Titaresian, from Titaresus, the name of a place and river in Theffaly. Thus Hesiod in Scut. Herc. L. 181.

Μόψοντ' Ἀμπυκίδην Τιταρήσιον—

V. 125. *Theseus* ---] Theseus, by the help of his friend Pirithoüs, had stolen Helen from the temple of Diana, and carried her off: in return for this service, he assisted Pirithoüs in the rape of Proserpine. In order to accomplish this design, they went down to the infernal regions together: but Pluto, having discovered their intentions, exposed Pirithöus to the dog Cerberus, who devoured him, and chained Theseus to the mountain Tænarus. *Plutarch's life of Theseus.*

V. 138. *Tho' Argus wrought* ---] Apollonius calls him Ἀργος ἄρετορίδης, the son of Arestor. But Banier remarks that we ought to read (as Meziriac has recommended) ἀλεκτορίδης, the son of Alektor. For Argus, the son of Arestor, preceded the time of the Argonauts eight or nine generations: but most of the ancients agree, that the ship Argo was built by Argus, the son of Alektor, who lived in the time of the Argonauts. *Banier's Myth. vol. iv.*

V. 147. --- *Pero* ---] Iphiclus had seized upon the oxen of Tyro, the mother of Neleus. These Neleus demands, but is denied by Iphiclus. Pero, the daughter of Neleus, was promised in marriage to him who recovered these oxen from Iphiclus. Melampus undertakes the recovery; but being vanquished is thrown into prison.---See Homer's Od. B. xi. 290.

V. 174. *Prophetic Idmon* ---] He is mentioned in the same manner by Orpheus and Valerius Flaccus:

————— Ἀθανῖος παῖς νόθος ἦλυθε κάρτερος Ἴδμων,
τόν ῥ' ὑποκυοσάμενι τέκεν Ἀπόλλωνι ἀνακλῖ
Ἀμβρόσιον παρὰ χεῦμα φερητιάς Ἀντιάνας,
τῷ καὶ μαντοσύνην ἔπορε καὶ θέρφαιτον ὀμφὴν
φοῖβος.

Orph. Arg. 185.

————— Phebeius Idmon,
Cui genitor tribuit monita prænoscere Divûm
Omina, seu flammæ, seu lubrica cominus exta,
Seu plenum certis interroget æra pennis.

Val. Flac. B. i. 228.

V. 180. *Omens from birds, and prodigies from fire.*] There were two grand divisions of the religious ceremonies of the ancients, viz. into ἑμπύρα and ἄπυρα, i. e. those where fire was heaped upon the altar, and those which were not accompanied with fire. The σήματα ἑμπύρα were observations made from the victims at the time they were burning; which was the province of the Haruspices: the σήματα ἄπυρα referred to the flight of birds, and such observations as the augurs collected from them. Thus Euripides in Bacchæ, v. 257.

Σκοπεῖν πτερωτῆς, καμπύρῳ μινδὺς φέρον·

V. 197. *And gave the power ---*] Thus Ovid:

————— cui posse figuras
Sumere quas vellet, rursusque reponere sumptas,
Neptunus dederat, Nelei sanguinis auctor. Met. xii. 555.

And Seneca:

Sumere innumeras solitum figuras. Med. 635.

V. 222. *Euphemus ---*] The text has Polyphemus; which is undoubtedly a false reading, as Valerius Flaccus and Pausanias seem to confirm. The annotator to Mr. Pope's *Odyssey*, not suspecting this, was led into a pleasant mistake. "If Polyphemus (says he, *Od.* ix. 569.) had really this quality of running upon the waves, he might have destroyed Ulysses without throwing this mountain: but Apollonius is undoubtedly guilty of an absurdity, and one might rather believe that he would sink the earth at every step, than run upon the waters with such lightness as not to wet his feet." As this description of the swiftness of Euphemus is originally taken from Homer's account of the mares

mares of Erichthonius, so Virgil's description of Camilla's swiftneſs ſeems copied from theſe beautiful lines of Apollonius. See Pope's Il. B. xx. 270.

Thſe lightly ſkimming, when they ſwept the plain,
Nor ply'd the graſs, nor bent the tender grain :
And when along the level ſeas they flew,
Scarce on the ſurface curl'd the briny dew.

Illa vel intactæ ſegetis per ſumma volaret
Gramina, nec teneres curſu læſiſſet ariſtas :
Vel mare per medium, fluctu ſuſpenſa tumentî,
Ferret iter, celeres nec tingeret æquore plantas.

V. 251. --- *Palæmonius* ---] Our poet in his account of this hero follows Orpheus very cloſely: Valerius Flaccus makes no mention of him.

V. 273. *They, when on tip-toe* ---] Milton's deſcription of Raphael is ſimilar to this :

————— like Maia's ſon he ſtood,
And ſhook his plumes, that heavenly fragrance fill'd
The circuit wide; &c. *Par. L. B. v. 285.*

Apollonius in this beautiful deſcription has far exceeded his venerable maſter; who ſays only,

————— ταρσοῖσιν ὑψηατίοις πεπόνητο
Ζήτης καὶ Κάλαις, δέμας εἴκελοι ἀθανάτοισιν. *Orph. Arg. 219.*

V. 287. --- *Minyas' daughter* ---] The Argonauts were diſtinguiſhed by the appellation of Minyæ: a title which they took as being deſcended from the daughters of Minyas, a Bœotian prince, the ſon of Orchomenus, who built a city of that name in Bœotia.

V. 291. --- *Iolchos* ---] A city of Theſſaly, and the birth-place of Jaſon. It was alſo called Lariffa (as Pomponius Mela aſſerts); hence Lariffæus Achilles. *Virg.*

V. 292. --- *the Pagæſean bay.*] Pagæſæ is a town and promontory of Theſſaly. Here Argo was built;
and

and from that circumstance, ἀπὸ τῆς ναυπηγίας, the bay is supposed to have derived its name.

V. 319. --- *Phrixus* ---] For an account of Phrixus see the preface.

V. 327. *Alcimedea embrac'd her son with tears,*] This affecting scene is extremely natural, and drawn by our poet in a manner the most masterly. He is nowhere happier than in the execution of these pathetic pieces. This parting interview, the episode of Hypsipyla, and the loves of Medea and Jason have been admired and imitated by the poets of ancient and modern times.

V. 379. *Haste, royal mother, ---*] Thus Telemachus addresses his mother in Homer, and Turnus in Virgil.

Tears and apprehensions of danger were deemed bad presages, when the people were going to war.

*Ne, queso, ne me lacrymis, neve omine tanto
Prosequere, in duri certamina martis euntem.*

Virg. Æn. xii. 72.

————— O royal mother, cease your fears,
Nor send me to the fight with boding tears. *Pitt.*

V. 384. --- *So moves the God of day*] Virgil has manifestly borrowed this comparison, and applied it to Æneas. B. iv. 143.

*As when from Lycia, bound in wintry frost,
Where Xanthus' streams enrich the smiling coast,
The beauteous Phœbus in high pomp retires,
And hears in Delos, &c. Pitt.*

V. 447. *With bees return, the best ---*] It was requisite to reserve the best of the flocks and herds for the altar: they must be sound and perfect in all their limbs, or they would be deemed a very unfit offering for the Gods. Thus Achilles in Homer offers up to Apollo --- ἀρνῶν κυίσσῃ ἀγῶντε τελείων. τοῖς θεοῖς ὡς τελείοις προσάγειν χρὴ τέλεια, says Eustathius on this passage.

passage. It is the precept of Virgil, that the cattle which are designed for the plough, for breeding and sacrifices, should be distinguished by particular marks, and separated from the rest.

Continuoque notas, & nomina gentis inurunt.

Georg. iii. 158.

V. 456. *Example fir'd ---*] The poet through this whole description is agreeably circumstantial. He paints the busy scene before us in the liveliest colours. We are present to all the labours of his heroes. We see them constructing, launching and manning their ship, choosing their seats, erecting their altar, and offering sacrifice. We feel ourselves already interested, and cannot help joining with Jason in his prayer, that success may crown their enterprize.

V. 503. *EmbAsian Phæbus, ---*] *EmbAsian* and *EcAsian* are epithets which they applied to their tutelary God at the instant of their embarkation, and when they were about to land.

V. 551. *Tho' various toils ---*] This speech of Idmon is calculated to excite our admiration and pity. We cannot but admire the courage and calmness of the hero, when he discloses to his comrades the purpose of Apollo. He tells them, in a prophetic strain, that they would be exposed to dangers, but successful at last; that, as to himself, he knew his doom, which was, that he must die in a distant country long before their return. Homer represents his hero *weeping* at his fate, “Ὡς ἂρ ἔφη δακρυχέων: our poet reserves the tears of sorrow for them, from whom they fall with a better grace;

——— *the host* the fate of Idmon mourn.

V. 581. *Now by this lance ---*] This circumstance seems to be borrowed from that noble one of Achilles swearing by his sceptre in Homer; which passage
both

both Virgil and Valerius Flaccus have closely imitated.

V. 599. --- *the Aloïdæ* ---] Iphimedia, the daughter of Triopas and wife of Alœus, fell in love with Neptune, by whom she had two sons, Ephialtes and Otus. Presuming on their gigantic strength, they attempted to dethrone Jupiter; but were slain (as Homer and Pindar relate, and after them Apollonius) by Apollo at Naxos, and thrown into Tartarus by Pluto.

V. 617. 'Twas then, ---] The following lines, to v. 720. are taken from Mr. West's translation of the song of Orpheus, and the setting out of the Argonauts; but many passages are much altered.

V. 621. *How at the first, ---*]

Namque canebat, uti magnum per inane coacta
Semina terrarumque animæque marisque fuissent, &c.

Virg. Ec.

For a full illustration of the propriety and beauty of this song, which Scaliger condemns, I beg leave to subjoin Mr. Wharton's judicious criticism, in his *Observations on Spenser's Fairy Queen*. "Scaliger finds great fault with the subject of this song, and prefers to it the subject of Orpheus's song in Valerius Flaccus. By this piece of criticism he has betrayed his ignorance of the nature of ancient poesy, and of the character of Orpheus. But the propriety of the subject of this song is easily to be defended without considering the character of Orpheus. The occasion of it was a quarrel among the Argonauts, whom Orpheus endeavours to pacify with the united powers of music and verse. To this it may be added, that a song whose subject is religious, and which asserts the right of Jupiter to the possession of Olympus, was even expedient, as one of the chiefs had but just before

fore spoken blasphemy against him. Nor were the auditors of so mean a rank as Scaliger would represent them : he terms them *Viri Militares*; but it should be considered, that they were *Princes* and *Demi-Gods*. There is one circumstance belonging to the song of Orpheus in Apollonius, which gives it a manifest superiority to that of Orpheus in Valerius Flaccus, I mean the design of it, which was, to express the vehemence of the passions, at once so agreeable to the well-known character of Orpheus, and so expressive of the irresistible influence of music. In the Latin poet, Orpheus sings upon no occasion, and to no end, unless to make the night pass away more pleasantly."

V. 636. *Ophion*, ---] Milton has undoubtedly copied this passage, Par. L. B. x. 580.

————— how the serpent whom they call'd
Ophion with Eurynome, the wide
Encroaching Eve perhaps, had first the rule
Of high Olympus, &c.

Apollonius, as well as Milton, has hinted that Ophion was of the serpent-race. ——— the vast species of the serpent-breed.

The upper part of Eurynome was a perfect figure of a woman; the lower part, from the thighs downward, terminated in the tail of a fish. *Lucian*.

V. 649. *Here the sweet bard* ---] The effect, which the harp and voice of Orpheus had upon the Argonauts, is here elegantly described. When the poet had ended his song, they, intent and bending towards him, still listened, and imagined him still singing. Milton follows Apollonius very close:

The angel ended, and in Adam's ear
So charming left his voice, that he awhile
Thought him still speaking, still stood fix'd to hear.

Par. L. B. viii. 1.

V. 57. *Then on the flaming tongues* ---] It was the custom

custom of the ancients at their solemn festivals, before they went to rest, to sacrifice the tongues of the victims to Mercury, the God of eloquence, pouring on them a libation of wine. This was done, either with a design to make an expiation for any indecent language that had been spoken (as was the case about fifty lines above) or to signify, that what had been there spoken, ought not to be divulged or remembered afterward.

V. 669. *Endu'd with voice, ---*] The ancient writers, as well historians as poets, are full of these wonders. The speech of Achilles's horse to his master is well known. Among the many prodigies, which are said to have appeared at the death of Julius Cæsar, this, Virgil informs us, was one, --- *pecudesque locutæ*. Appian expressly says that an ox spoke with an human voice. Livy has given us the speech of one of these animals on a certain occasion :

Quod maximè terrebat Consulem Cn. Domitium, bovem locutum, "Roma tibi cave." *Lib. xxxv.*

This ship was indeed built out of some sacred timber from the grove of Dodona, which was sacred to Jupiter Tomarias : and on this account it was said to have been oracular, and to have given verbal responses.

V. 670. *Itonian ---*] Minerva was so called from Itonis, a city of Thessaly, where she was worshipped.

V. 698. *The parted ocean whitening ---*] The poets are fond of expressing the activity of the rowers, and the velocity of the ship, by the effect which the stroke of their oars, and the track of the keel produce on the waters.

————— λεύκαιον ὕδωρ ξίφης ἐλάττησιν. *Od. μ'. 172.*

Totaque remigio spumis incanuit unda. *Catull.*

Et freta canescunt, sulcam ducente carinâ. *Manil.*

V. 701, *Th' immortal Powers ---*] Apollonius, anxious to impress on his readers a just idea of the importance of his subject, has, in the true spirit of Homer, represented all the Gods looking down upon Argo, as if interested in the success of her voyage.

V. 717. *With Chiron came ---*] Achilles was educated under Chiron. The circumstance of Chariclo's raising up young Achilles in her arms, to shew him his father Peleus, is exceedingly beautiful and striking. From this action we may also fairly conjecture, that this famous expedition preceded the siege of Troy, probably, about thirty years; viz. from the infancy of Achilles to his arrival at perfect manhood.

V. 752. *Corn-crown'd Thessalia ---*] On the epithet *ἑρπύνη*, which the poet here applies to Thessaly, and which seems to have perplexed the commentators, Mr. Bryant makes the following ingenious remark: "The Pelasgi settled very early in Thessaly, to which they gave the name *Aëria*. This was the ancient name of Egypt, from whence this people came. They likewise called the same country *Ai Monah*, *Regio Lunaris*; which the poets changed to *Hæmonia*."

V. 759. *And Dolops' tomb; ---*] The scholiast tells us, this Dolops was the son of Hermes, and slain at Magnesia; where they erected a monument, near the shore, to his memory.

V. 766. *--- Aphetæ ---*] The place from which they set sail was named from that event *Aphetæ*. It is a town and port of Magnesia in Thessaly.

V. 778. *Tall Athos ---*] Plutarch and Pliny assert, that this mountain is so high, as to project its shade, when the sun is in the summer-solstice, on the market-place of the city Myrina. *Univ Hist.*

———— ingenti tellurem proximus umbrâ
Vestit Athos, nemorumque obscurat imagine pontum.

Stat. Theb.

V. 793.

V. 793. *For angry Venus ---*] “The description of Venus, enraged against the men of Lemnos for neglecting her temple, represents her (says Mr. Spence in his *Polymetis*) rather as the Goddess of Jealousy, than of Love. There is no figure of her under this character, nor any description in any of the Roman poets *before the third age*.” Had the learned author consulted Apollonius, he would have seen to whom Valerius was indebted for this description of Venus, as the Goddess of Jealousy. The passage is indisputably borrowed from our poet. So true is it, what Mr. Gray has observed of this writer, that had he consulted the Greek authors, they would have afforded him more instruction on the very heads he professes to treat, than all the other writers put together. See Gray’s 5th letter to Mr. Walpole.

V. 826. *--- like the Bacchanalian band,*] The Lemnian women are here represented as savage as the Thyades, who delighted in bloody banquets. Upon this the scholiast observes, that the Mænades and Bacchæ used to devour the raw limbs of animals which they had cut or torn asunder. In the island of Chios it was a religious custom to tear a man limb from limb by way of sacrifice to Dionusus: the same in Tenedos. Hence we may learn one sad truth, that there is scarce any thing so impious and unnatural, as not at times to have prevailed. *Bryant’s Myth. vol. ii. p. 13.*

V. 852. *For Boreas ---*] There is a judicious note on this passage, inserted in an elegant edition of our poet, lately published at Oxford; which I shall venture to give the reader: “*Licet ventus Boreas Argonautis ad cursum continuandum secundus esset, non tamen solverunt.*” Mihi perspectum est nihil veri his inesse. Non enim ventus Aquilo secundus est tendentibus in Pontum, sed *adversum tenet*. Hoc ergo Apollonius

Apollonius indicat, Minyas non solvisse illo mane, ex insulâ Lemno, quod Aquilo, qui ipsis in Pontum porrecturis adversus erat, flaret. *Wesseling. Observ. p. 130.*

This observation appears to be just. Yet is it no unusual thing with the poets to put one wind for another. The most judicious and accurate of the Roman poets is not exempt from errors of this kind. "The description of the departure of Æneas from Carthage is not only inconsistent with truth and probability, in this respect, but contradictory to itself. He sails in the morning with a *west* wind, which is very improperly called favourable; but before he is out of sight of Carthage, we find him pursuing his course with a *north* wind, which is still more contrary to his intended course." See an *Essay on the original Genius and Writings of Homer.*

V. 913. --- *Hypsipyla arose,*] Dido is the Hypsipyla of Virgil. The latter, as Hoelzlinus speaks, is the archetype of the former.

V. 949. *A mantle* ---] This mantle, which Pallas gave to Jason, and the simile of the star, to which he is compared, are beautiful specimens of our poet's talent for description. We shall find him, in the more descriptive parts of his poem, rising greatly above that equal mediocrity which some critics have ascribed to him.

V. 971. *Behind, Amphion* ---] The fable of Thebes being built by the power of music is not in Homer, and therefore may be supposed to be of later invention. See *Pope's Od. B. xi. 320.*

V. 982. *The Taphians,* ---] The Teleboans, or Taphians (so called from the island Taphos which they inhabited) coming to Argos, stole the oxen of Electryon, the father of Alcmena: a battle ensued, in which himself and sons were slain.

V. 988. *This Pelops drove,* ---] Hippodamia was
Z
the

the daughter of Ænomaüs, king of Elis and Pisa. She was a princess of great beauty, and had many admirers. Ænomaüs having been informed by the oracle, that he should be slain by his son-in-law, endeavoured to deter the suitors from paying their addresses to his daughter, by proposing a chariot-race. The terms were; that he who conquered him in the race should obtain his daughter, but that he who proved unsuccessful should be put to death. Pelops, whom Hippodamia was most attached to, accepted the dangerous conditions, and contended with Ænomaüs. The plan which his daughter had concerted with Myrtilus, the charioteer, of loosening the pin of the wheel, succeeded to her wish. The pin flew out, the chariot was overthrown, and victorious Pelops claimed the lady as his prize.

V. 997. *At mighty Tityus aim'd, ---*] Elara being pregnant by Jupiter, he, to avoid the jealousy of Juno, concealed her in a cavern of the earth, where Tityus was born: who, from his being immersed in worldly cares, and from his centering all his affections on the earth, as if he had sprung from it, is fabled to be the son of the earth.

V. 1132. *And let him revel ---*] This is an oblique, but very severe sarcasm on Jason.

V. 1161. *And if with offspring. ---*] That there was offspring appears from Homer's Il. B. vii.

And now the fleet, arriv'd from Lemnos' sands,
With Bacchus' blessings cheer'd the generous bands.
Of fragrant wines the rich Eunæus sent
A thousand measures to the royal tent;
Eunæus, whom Hypsipyle of yore
To Jason, shepherd of his people, bore.

These verses, says Mr. Pope, afford us the knowledge of some points of history and antiquity: as that Jason had a son by Hypsipyle; who succeeded his mother

ther in the kingdom of Lemnos: that Samos was anciently famous for its wines; and that coined money was not in use at the time of the Trojan war; but the trade of the countries carried on by exchange in brass, oxen, slaves, &c. as appears by two lines farther:

Each, in exchange, proportion'd treasures gave,
Some brass, or iron, some an ox, or slave.

V. 1187. *That there initiated ---*] All that were initiated into the Cabiritic mysteries were thought effectually secured from storms at sea, and all other dangers: and the influence of the Cabirian priests was particularly implored by mariners for success in their voyages. *Potter. Bryant.*

V. 1193. *Thence the black main ---*] So named from a bay, which lies west of the Thracian Chersonesus; called Melas from a river of that name.

V. 1207. *An ancient island ---*] Cyzicus, or Cyzicum according to Strabo, is an island in the Propontis, joined by two bridges to the continent. The strait, over which these bridges were thrown, being in a course of years filled up, an isthmus was formed, and the island became a peninsula: to this isthmus the poet alludes. *Strabo. Hoelz.*

V. 1235. *Here the rope-fasten'd stone ---*] It is observable that the name of an anchor does no where occur in Homer. The ships of which he speaks had only a rudder and ballast. Neither was there any metal employed in the construction of them; the timbers were fastened together with pegs.

We must not therefore wonder at the rude expedient, to which the Argonauts had recourse, in these still earlier times.

V. 1299. *As near ---]*

Ac veluti magnâ juvenum cum densa securi
Silva labat; cuneisque gemit grave robur adaclis;
Jamque abies, piceæque sunt: sic dura sub ictu
Ossa virûm malæque sonant, sparsusque cerebro
Albet ager. *Val. Flac. L. iii. 163.*

V. 1380. *There stands the tomb, ---]* The most ancient tombs were very simple: they were nothing more than hillocks of earth heaped up over the grave. This the Romans called *Tumulus*. Sometimes we find an oar, or pillar erected over it in honour of the deceased. Thus we read in Homer;

Τύμβου χεύεσθες, καὶ ἐπὶ στήλῃν ἐρύσασθες,
Πήξαμεν ἀκροτάτῳ τύμβῳ εὐχρηεῖς ἱερὸν μῶν.

See *Bp. Lowth's note on Isaiah liii. 9.*

V. 1384. *--- round her neck she tied]* Some nicer critics may be offended that Clita should die in so vulgar a manner: but this objection is owing to a want of considering the notions and manners of different ages and countries. Amata, the mother of Turnus, in the 12th book of the *Æneid*, hangs herself. In the 11th book of the *Odyssey* Jocasta dies in like manner, and likewise in the *Œdipus* of Sophocles.

V. 1399. *Sift coarsest meal, and at the public mill.]* It was customary for families to grind their own corn. For this purpose they made use of hand-mills. Wind and water-mills were a later invention. They employed their slaves at this work: and sometimes it was inflicted on them as the heaviest punishment.

Molendum in pistrino, vapulandum, habendæ compedes.

Ter. Phorm.

See *Bp. Lowth's Isaiah, page 217.*

Here we find, not a single family, but a whole people, annually, in token of mortification and sorrow, labouring

labouring together at one common mill, and partaking of the bread of affliction, which is of the coarser kind, and unbaked.

V. 1406. *A beauteous Halcyon, ---*] Ceyx, king of Thrace, married Alcyone, the daughter of Æolus. On a voyage to consult the Delphic oracle, he was shipwrecked. His corpse was thrown ashore in sight of his wife, who, in the agonies of love and despair, threw herself into the sea. The Gods, in pity to her fidelity, changed her and her husband into the birds which bear her name. The halcyons very seldom appear, but in the finest weather: whence they are fabled to build their nests on the waves. The female is no less remarkable than the turtle for her conjugal affection. When the halcyons are surprized by a tempest, they fly about as in the utmost terrors, and with the most lamentable cries.

V. 1418. *There Cybele ---*] The worship of Cybele was famous in Phrygia. Her priests, founding their tabrets and striking their bucklers with spears, danced and distorted their whole bodies. To these dances and distortions they add shrieks and howlings; whence they were called Corybantes. Thus it was that they deplored the loss of their Goddess's favourite Atys; thus they drowned the cries of Jupiter, concealed among the Curetes in Crete; and thus they stifled the grief of these Dolians for their slaughter'd monarch, See *Banier's Myth*.

V. 1422. *--- by Cybele the vast profound,*] Orpheus, in his hymn to this Goddess, has ascribed to her the same unlimited dominion:

Μήτηρ μέντε θεῶν ἠδὲ θνητῶν ἀνθρώπων,
Ἐκ σὲ γὰρ καὶ γαῖα καὶ ἕρανός ἐνδὺς ὑπερθεῖν,
Καὶ πόντος, πνοαίτε.

Orph. Hymn. 13.

V. 1448. *This trunk they hew'd, ---*] It sometimes happens,

happens, that the roots and branches of aged trees bear a faint likeness to the human fabric. The ancients seem to have taken advantage of this fancied similitude, which they improved by a little art; and their first efforts towards imagery were from these rude and rotten materials. *Bryant's Myth.* vol. i.

V. 1461. *Idæan Dactyli* ---] The Dactyli were the priests of Cybele: they first inhabited mount Ida in Phrygia; hence they were stiled *Idæi*. They were originally five in number, as their name, derived from the fingers of the hand, imports.

V. 1463. --- *Oaxis rolls his wave*.] There is a river of this name, not only in Mesopotamia, but in Crete.

Thus Virg. Ecl. i.

Et rapidum Cretæ veniemus Oaxem.

V. 1469. --- *martial dance*;] Called also the Pyrrhic dance, from fire, with which it was accompanied. It was esteemed a martial exercise, and was performed by persons in armour, who gave it the name of *Berrarmus*, from the temple of the Deity, where it was probably first practised; or from the regularity of their movements in dancing. *Schol. Bryant.*

V. 1478. *Boughs bend with fruit*, ---] It was the general opinion of the ancients, that when they had appeased their Deities by sacrifice and prayer, the tokens of reconciliation would appear by an uncommon fertility of the soil.

The poets have not failed to avail themselves of this popular opinion. It is customary with them to represent fruits and flowers of every kind, as springing up and coming to perfection in a manner, that seemed to indicate the immediate agency of some propitious Deity.

Besides; Cybele was taken for the Earth; on which account she was called the mother of the Gods; for the

the earth gives birth to all things. Hence her worship was blended with several circumstances which bore a relation to the earth. Its fertility therefore, at the instant of the celebration of her festival, is something more than a poetical embellishment.

V. 1509. --- *Ryndacus* ---] A river of Myfia, which empties itself into the Propontis. Near its banks, as some assert, stood the tomb of Ægæus or Briareus.

V. 1525. --- *Arganthon* ---] A mountain near Cios. Cios is the name of a river, and of a city in Myfia.

V. 1530. *Some bring dry wood*, ---] Thus Theocritus, speaking of the employments of the Argonauts, when they landed in the country of the Bebrycians, says,

Ἐννας τ' ἐσθόνων, &c. τ. λ. Id. 22.

On the dry beach they rais'd the leafy bed,
The fires they kindled, and the tables spread.

V. 1556. *Meanwhile, preparing* ---] This story is told with great simplicity and elegance by our poet's rival and contemporary Theocritus; Id. 13. Nor has his faithful imitator, Valerius Flaccus, neglected to embellish his poem with the same story. The learned editor of Theocritus, published in 2 vol. at Oxford, portions out to each poet his share of merit in the following words: *Egregiè quidè̃m Valerius Flaccus Herculis vehementem & repentinam perturbationem depingit: qui, vesperi reversus, Hylam ad sociorum mensas, in littore constructas, non deprehendit. Nihil nisi dictionem Virgilianam, castam, tere-tem, simplicem, pro turgidulâ illâ, & duriusculâ, desidero. Conferatur & Hercules Apollonii Rhodii: quem credibile est omnes intendisse nervos, ut in simili materiâ poetam coævum superaret. Pulchrum profectò illud Herculis, a manu abietem abjicientis. At*

fortassis, ad summum, simpliciora Theocriti & luculentiora fatebere, & minus frequentata circumstantiis & elaborata. *Not. ad V. lv. Id. 13.*

V. 1568. *But know, Alcides ---*] Hercules, arriving at the country of the Dryopians, a people of Epirus, applied to their prince Theodamas for refreshment. Upon his refusal, he unyoked one of the oxen with which he was plowing, and sacrificed it. Theodamas, attempting to redress this grievance by force of arms, was killed, and his son Hylas was carried off by the conqueror. Some attribute this exploit to the rapacity of Hercules, others to his desire of civilizing an inhospitable people. Callimachus, speaking of the rapacity of Hercules, says,

Οὐ γὰρ ὄγε Φρυγίῃ περ ὑπὸ δρυὶ γυῖα θεωθείς
Παύσατ' ἀδελφὰ γένος· ἐπὶ οἱ πάρα νηδὺς ἐκείνη
Τῇ πόλ' ἀεργεσίῳσι συνέτετο Θεοδόματι.

In Dian. 159.

V. 1576. *In Dian's praise ---*] Thus Callimachus, in his hymn to Diana, celebrates her as encircled with a choir of nymphs :

— αἱ νύμφαι· σὲ χερσὶ ἐν κυκλώσοισι
Ἀγγέθι πηγῶν.

In Dian. 170.

V. 1598. *As when a lion ---*] Virgil has closely imitated this simile in the following lines, where, speaking of the impetuosity of Turnus, he thus compares him ;

Ac veluti pleno lupo infidiatus ovili,
Cum fremit ad cauias, ventos perpeffus & imbres,
Nocte super mediâ ; tuti sub matribus agni
Balatum exercent : ille asper & improbus irâ,
Sævit in absentes : collecta fatigat edendi
Ex longo rabies, & siccæ sanguine fauces.

Æn. B. ix. 59.

V. 1626. *As when a bull, whom galling gadflies wound,]*
Apollonius,

Apollonius, within the compass of a very few lines, makes use of two different words to express the same animal, *μύωψ* and *οἶζρος*. The former, he tells us, is the more general appellation: *ἐν [οἶζρον] μύωπα βοῶν κλείεσι νομῆες*. B. iii. 276.

The correspondent names in Latin are *asilus* and *tabanus*: *asilus vulgò tabanus vocatur*, says Servius.

————— cui nomen asilo
Romanum est, æstron Græci vertere vocantes.
Arcebis gravido pecori, *Virg. Georg. iii.*

Homer also speaks of this fly as being very pernicious to cattle:

Οἱ δ' ἐφέβοιτο κατὰ μέγαρον, βόες ὡς ἀγελαῖοι,
Τὸς μὲντ' αἰόλος οἶζρος ἐφορμηθεὶς ἐδόνησεν. *Od. xxii. 299.*

Confus'd, distracted thro' the rooms they fling,
Like oxen madden'd by the breeze's sting.

This simile is common to the poets: Virgil, Coluthus, and Tryphiodorus have made use of it.

V. 1676. *And one still moves, ---*] It was usual with the ancients to place one vast stone upon another for a religious memorial. The stones thus placed they poised so equally, that they were affected with the least external force: a breath of wind would sometimes make them vibrate. These were called rocking stones. Of such an one Apollonius is here speaking, as being moved by the wind, and the admiration of spectators. *Bryant.*

V. 1746. *A land projecting ---*] The coast of Berycia; the ancient name of Bithynia, a country of Asia Minor, near Troas, bounded on the north by the Euxine sea.

Orpheus has given us, at the beginning of his poem, a catalogue of the heroes that accompanied Jason

son to Colchis. Apollonius has followed his example. And he has shewn himself a judicious imitator of Homer, by diversifying and enlivening his narration with an account of the family, character, and birth-place of his Argonauts. He constantly inserts some little history or anecdote, which may serve to impress their names on our memory, and to interest us in their future fortunes. He has contrived to throw the utmost variety into the voyage, by describing particularly the situation of the coasts, and the customs and manners of the inhabitants. The launching of Argo, the episode of Hypsipyla, the night-adventure of the Dolians, the story of Hylas, the sacrifices and similes, are severally possessed of such distinguished merit, as cannot fail to give the reader a favourable idea of our poet's taste and genius.

NOTES TO BOOK II.

V. 16. *TILL match'd with me ---*] This encounter between Amycus and Pollux is described likewise by Theocritus, who, in the opinion of Casaubon, far surpasses Apollonius; but Scaliger gives the preference to our author, who has certainly furnished Virgil with many circumstances in his description of the contest between Dares and Entellus. See *Æn.* B. v.

Neither Apollonius nor Theocritus have lost sight of Homer's description of the combat of the cæstus, *Il.* xxiii. 683.

Mr.

Mr. Warton, in his valuable edition of Theocritus, delivers his opinion of the description of this combat, by the three poets, Apollonius, Theocritus, and Valerius, in the following words: "Apollonio sane, auctore suo, Flaccum inferiorem censeo; quippe quod Flaccus minus simplex sit, & omnia, sublimitatis affectato studio, magnificentius efferat & inflatus. Utroque præstantior Theocritus, quod utroque simplicior. Tantum illi cedit Apollonius, quantum Flaccus Apollonio."

V. 112. *Like bulls ---*] This simile is borrowed by Virgil, *Æn.* xii. 715.

With frowning front two mighty bulls engage,
A dreadful war the bellowing rivals wage, &c. *Pitt.*

V. 163. *As swains with smoke, ---*] Virgil has also taken this simile from Apollonius; a poet, as Catrou observes, very rich in beautiful comparisons. See Pitt's *Virg.* *Æn.* xii. 832.

So when the swain invades with stifling smoke
The bees, close-cluster'd in a cavern'd rock,
They rise; &c.

It was the custom of the ancients to force bees out of their hives by fumigation. To this practice the poets frequently allude. Thus Ovid *de rem. amor.* L. i. 185.

Quid, cum suppositos fugiunt examina fumos,
Ut relevent dempti vimina curva fagi?

—— τῦφε πολλῶ τῶ καπνῶ. *Aristoph.* in *vesp.*

V. 178. --- *an iron-land.*] The land of the Chalybes, which bordered upon that of the Mariandyni.

V. 199. --- *their brows with laurel crown'd.*] Crowns and garlands were thought so necessary to recommend men to the Gods, and were so anciently used, that
some

some have derived the custom of putting them on at feasts, from the primitive entertainments, at which the Gods were thought to be present. *Potter.*

V. 221. *Fronting Bithynia's coast,*] The storm drove them to Salmydessus, a city on the coast of Thrace opposite to Bithynia.

The Scholiast speaks of more than one Bithynia. There is a country of that name, he tells us, both on the coast of Europe and of Asia. The storm drove the Argonauts to Salmydessus, which is opposite to the Asiatic Bithynia.

V. 224. --- *sed Phineus* ---] Phineus was a king of Thrace, or, as some say, of Arcadia. He ordered the eyes of his two sons to be torn out, to satisfy their mother-in-law. The Gods punished his cruelty: they struck him with blindness, and sent the Harpies to him, who took the meat from his mouth; so that he would have perished with hunger, if Zetes and Calais had not delivered him from them, and pursued them to the Strophades, where they gave over the chase. These Harpies were called out of hell, and seem to be of the number of the furies. A permission was given them to dwell upon earth to punish the wicked: by which the poets would represent to us the remorse of a bad conscience. *Catrou.*

V. 237. *For, lo! descending* ---] Apollonius has furnished Virgil with many hints on this subject of the Harpies. See *Æn.* B. iii. 225.

At subitæ horrido lapsu de montibus adsunt
Harpyiæ; &c.

When from the mountains, terrible to view,
On sounding wings the monster-harpies flew. *Pitt.*

The Harpies were a kind of birds which had the faces of women, and foul, long claws. When the table was furnished for Phineus, they flew in, and
either

either devoured or carried away the greater part of his repast, or polluted what they left. *Raleigh.*

V. 256. *Like some pale, lifeless, visionary shade.*] The person and distresses of this old man are represented to us in a manner the most striking and pathetic. Virgil had this description in view, when, speaking of Achemenides, he says,

Cum subitò e silvis, macie confecta supremâ,
Ignoti nova forma viri, miserandaque cultu
Procedit, supplexque manus ad litora tendit,
Respicimus: dira illuvies, immisique barba,
Consertum tegmen spinis — *Æn.* iii. 590.

V. 346, 347. *By every woe--- And by these eyes ---*] Thus Telemachus swears, not only by Jupiter, but by the sorrows of his father,

By great Ulysses, and his woes I swear.

See Pope's Odyss. xx. 406.

Adjurations of this sort are frequently to be met with in the Greek Tragedians.

V. 377. *As when swift hounds, ---*] Virgil has closely copied the conclusion of this comparison: the eager hound, says he,

Hæret hians, jam jamque tenet, similisque tenenti
Increpuit malis, morsuque elusus inani est. *Æn.* xii. 754.

They snap, and grind their gnashing teeth in vain.

V. 393. *--- the dogs of Jove: ---*] The ancient name of a priest was *Cahen*, rendered mistakenly *κῶν*, and *canis*. Hence the Harpies, who were priests of Ur, are stiled by Apollonius *the dogs of Jove*. Iris, accosting Calais and Zetes, tells them, it would be a profanation to offer any injury to those personages. The Sirens and Harpies were of the same vocation. *Bryant's Myth.* vol. ii.

V. 464.

V. 404. *The Strophades ---*] The word *Strophades* is derived from a Greek verb that signifies to *turn*. These islands therefore were named Strophades, because near them the sons of Boreas left off pursuing the Harpies, and *turned* back to the house of Phineus.

V. 437. *Two rocks ---*] This is very similar to a passage in the *Odyssey*, B. xii. v. 71.

High o'er the main two rocks exalt their brow,
The boiling billows thundering roll below;
Thro' the vast waves the dreadful wonders move,
Hence nam'd *erratic* by the Gods above.—
Scarce the fam'd *Argo* pass'd these rapid floods,
The sacred *Argo*, fill'd with demigods!
Ev'n she had sunk, but Jove's imperial bride
Wing'd her fleet sail, and push'd her o'er the tide. *Pope.*

It is observed in the note on this passage, “ that Homer, to render his poetry more *marvellous*, joins what has been related of the Symplegades to the description of Scylla and Charybdis.---The story of the dove being reported of the Symplegades might give him the hint of applying the crushing of the doves to Scylla and Charybdis.” But we must remember that *Argo* passed, in her *return*, through *Scylla* and *Charybdis*, and that Apollonius, as well as Homer, has mentioned these rocks by the name *παραγκταί*, *erratic*, which is supposed to be more strictly applicable to the Symplegades. If the Cyanean rocks were called Symplegades from their jostling together, and that appearance was occasioned by the different views in which they were seen, sometimes in a direct line, and sometimes obliquely, why might not Scylla and Charybdis, for the same reason, be said to jostle together, and consequently without impropriety be called *παραγκταί* or *erratic*? *Minerva*, according to Apollonius, guided *Argo* through the Symplegades; but her course through *Scylla* and *Charybdis* was directed by
Thetis

Thetis, at the intercession of *Juno*, agreeable to what Homer here mentions.

V. 448. --- *a nimble dove let fly,*] The dove which returned to Noah with a leaf of olive, and brought the first tidings that the waters of the deep were assuaged, was held in many nations as particularly sacred: it was looked upon as a peculiar messenger of the Deity, an emblem of peace and good fortune. Among mariners it was thought to be particularly auspicious; who as they sailed used to let a dove fly from their ships, to judge of the success of their voyage. The most favourable season for setting sail was at the Heliacal rising of the seven stars, near the head of Taurus; and they are, in consequence of it, called Pleiades. It was at their appearance that the Argonauts set out upon their expedition. "*Ἀμὸς δ' ἀντέλλουσι πελειάδες.*—Theoc. Id. xiii. 25. When first the pleasing Pleiades appear. And this was thought a fortunate time for navigation in general. The Argonauts, in a time of difficulty and danger, made the experiment of letting a dove fly, and formed from it a fortunate presage. *Bryant's Myth.* vol. ii. 285.

It is indeed the opinion of many learned men, that the science of augury, or of predicting future events by the flight of birds, arose from the dismissal of the raven and the dove from Noah's ark at the time of the deluge. This species of divination is undoubtedly very ancient: it is mentioned in many places of the Old Testament, and made a considerable part of the religion of the heathen world.

V. 479. --- *Acherusia* ---] Is a cave, through which, according to the fable, is a passage to the regions below. Hercules is said to have descended through it to bring up Cerberus. Tokens of which exploit they shew, says Xenophon, even to this day.
Near

Near this spot stands the principal city of the Mariandyni, named from Hercules, Heraclea. Here, as our poet informs us, runs the river Acheron, so called from the abovementioned lake.

V. 493. --- *Halys* ---] This river, which rises in Cappadocia, and empties itself into the Euxine, took its name from the beds of salt through which it runs. *Strabo*. Tornefort says, this country is so full of fossil-salt, that it is to be found in the high roads and plowed lands.

V. 498. --- *Thermodon* ---] This river, says *Strabo*, after having received many others, runs through Themiscyra, formerly inhabited by the Amazons, and then falls into the Euxine sea.

V. 502. --- *the Chalybes* ---] It is commonly believed, that the ancient Chalybes were the descendents of Tubal; for they are celebrated by the ancients for their extraordinary skill in working of iron, and making of steel-armour; whence they are said to have had their name. *Univ. Hist.*

Strabo is of opinion, that they are the same whom *Homer* mentions by the name of ἀλυῖες. For he joins them with the Paphlegonians, and characterizes them thus, ἕβεν ἀργύρε ἐπὶ γειέθλῃ.

Chalybes nudi ferrum — *Virg. Georg.*

V. 505. --- *the Genetæan hill*.] A promontory, so named from Genetes, a neighbouring river, which ran through the country of the Chalybes. A temple was erected here to Jupiter the hospitable.

V. 530. --- *Phasis* ---] *Pliny* informs us, that the bird called the *Pheasant*, derives its name from this river, whose banks they frequented in great abundance; and that they were first brought over into Greece by the Argonauts.

Argivâ

Argivâ primum sunt transportata carinâ;
Ante mihi notum nil nisi nomen erat. *Mart.*

V. 535. *A hideous dragon ---*] *Tarchon*, which, according to the learned and ingenious Mr. Bryant, signifies a hill with a tower, or temple on it, was in later times rendered *Trachon*; from whence the region *Trachonitis* received its name. This word, it seems, was still further sophisticated by the Greeks, and expressed *Δρακων*, *Dragon*: from whence in a great measure arose the notion of treasures being guarded by *Dragons*. The Gardens of the Hesperides, and the Golden Fleece at Colchis were entrusted to a sleepless serpent. The dragons are represented as sleepless; because in towers there were commonly lamps burning, and a watch maintained. The eyes of the dragon were windows in the uppermost part of the building, through which the fire appeared. *Bryant's Myth.*

V. 553. *Lies Colchos, ---*] All the countries which lie on the north and north-east parts of the Euxine, the region of Colchos, and the country at the foot of Caucasus, were of old esteemed Scythia, and these the Greeks looked upon to be the boundaries, northward, of the habitable world.

V. 556. *--- Æa ---*] The region termed *Αἶα*, above Colchis, was a name peculiarly given by the Amonians to the places where they resided. Among the Greeks the word grew general; and *Αἶα* was made to signify any land. But among the Egyptians, as well as among those of Colchis Pontica, it was used for a proper name of their country.

It was owing to this, that the name given to the chief person of the country was *Aiates*. *Bryant's Myth.*

V. 626. *--- coeval tree, ---*] It was the common
A a opinion

opinion of the ancients, that the *Hamadryads* lived and died together with their trees, and therefore were extremely grateful to those, who at any time preserved them. The Scholiast tells a remarkable story to this purpose: A person called Rhœcus, observing a beautiful oak ready to fall, ordered it to be set upright and supported. The nymph of the tree appeared to him, and bade him, in return, ask whatever he pleased. She being exceedingly handsome, Rhœcus desired he might be entertained as her lover: which she promised, and accordingly sent a bee to summon him. But the young man, happening to be playing at dice when the bee came, was so offended with its buzzing, that he drove it from him. The nymph, provoked at this uncivil treatment of her ambassador, in revenge deprived Rhœcus of the use of his limbs. He also speaks of another nymph, who was grateful to the man that preserved her oak.

—— τότε δρύες ἡνίκα νόμφαι.

Call. Hymn. in Del. v. 83.

V. 662. *The names of Agreus and of Nomius*] Thus Callimachus:

Φοῖβον καὶ Νόμιον κικλήσκουσιν, ἐξ ἔτι κείνῃ
Ἐξότ' ἐπ' Ἀμφυρσῶ ζευγῆτιδας ἔτρεφεν ἵππους,
Ἡθίει ὑπ' ἔρωτι κεκαυμένος Ἀδμήτοιο.

Hymn. ad Ap. 47.

Ἀγρεὺς and Νόμιος were undoubtedly the names of Apollo; but they were also bestowed on his son Aristæus, on account of his fondness for a country-life, and his many useful discoveries.

Ἀιδεῖσιν χάσμα φιλοῖς,
Ἀγχιστον ὀπίσσω μέλαιν,
Ἀγρεα καὶ Νόμιον
Τοῖς δ' Ἀρισταῖον καλεῖν.

Pynd. Pyth. ix. 115.

V. 671. *To him they gave their numerous flocks to feed,*] Almost all the principal persons, whose names

occur

occur in the mythology of Greece and Italy, are represented as shepherds. It is reported of the Muses, that they were of shepherd-extraction, and tended flocks, which they entrusted to their favourite Aristæus; the same whom Virgil styles *Pastor Aristæus*. Bryant.

V. 685. --- *showery Jove*,] Jupiter is frequently represented under the character of *pluvius*, or the dispenser of rain, both by poets, painters, and statuaries. For it was his province, as chief ruler of the air, to direct not only the thunders and lightnings, but the rain. Virgil has given us a noble description of the *Jupiter pluvius* in the following description:

———— cum Jupiter, horridus austris,
Torquet aquosam hiamem, & cælo cava nubila rumpit.
Æn. ix. 670.—*Spence's Polym.*

V. 693. --- *and by these winds detain'd*,] For these Etesian winds, the history of which the poet has just given us, blew north-east, and consequently in a direction the most unfavourable for them who were sailing up the Euxine.

V. 735. *Old ocean thunder'd*;] This storm seems to have been copied by Virgil, *Æn.* i. by Lucan, Ovid, and Valerius Flaccus.

V. 813. *With cold indifference* ---] The great outlines of Jason's character are piety, humanity, and valour. The sentiment before us is replete with philanthropy, and prejudices us highly in favour of the hero of the poem.

V. 861. *His golden locks*, ---] Milton thus describes Adam's hair:

————— hyacinthine locks
Round from his parted forelock manly hung
Clust'ring. *B.* iv. 303.

The circumstance of the hair hanging like bunches of grapes has been justly admired. But it is literally translated from the description of Apollo's hair in the Greek poet.

————— χρύσειοι δὲ παρειαὶν ἐκάτερθι
Πλοχαὶ ΒΟΤΡΥΟΈΝΤΕΣ ἐπερρώοντο κισόνι.

The word *βοτρύαινες* could hardly be rendered into English by any other word than by *clustering*. *War-ton's Observ.*

V. 867. *Nor dar'd the heroes, ---]* Thus Hesiod in Scuto, speaking of Hercules,

————— ἔδει τις αὐτοῦ
ἔτλη εἰς ἀντα ἰδὼν χερσὶν ἔλθειν.

There was probably, in the old pictures of Apollo, a certain brightness beaming from his eyes, and perhaps diffused all over his face; in the same manner, as the body of the principal figure is all luminous and resplendent in the famous nativity of Correggio, of the Transfiguration by Raphael. What made me then suspect this, was the ancient poets speaking so often of the brightness of Apollo's face, and the beaming splendours of his eyes. Virgil does not only compare his Æneas (under whom is generally supposed to be meant Augustus) to Apollo for beauty; but, in another place, he seems to call Augustus himself (who was really very beautiful) by the name of this God. *Spence's Polym.*

V. 771. *Then like an arrow ---]* Virgil has adopted this comparison, where he represents Cloanthus's ship as moved forward by Portunus:

————— Et pater ipse manu Portunus euntem
Impulit: illa noto citius volucrique sagittâ
Ad terram fugit, & portu se condidit alto. *Æn. v. 241.*
V. 900.

V. 900. --- *with curls unclipp'd,*] Nothing was deemed by the ancients more essential to the beauty of a young person (and Apollo was always represented a youth) than fine, long hair. Hence the epithets *crinitus* and *intonfus* are so often given to Apollo.

———— crinitus Apollo,
Nube sedens. *Virg. Æn. ix. 638.*

———— sic tibi sint intonfi, Phœbe, capilli. *Tibull.*

V. 946. *The Megarensians Soönautes nam'd*] They are called by our poet in this place, and by Theocritus, Id. xii. 27. Νισαῖοι Μεγαρῆες; from Nisa, which, as the Scholiast informs us, was the name of their dock. It was so named from Nisus, son of Pandion, and king of this people.

The Megarensians, going out to plant a colony in Heraclea, were driven by distress of weather into the river Acheron, which, from the protection it afforded them, they called *Soönautes*.

V. 1028. *But fail'd, unhappy! ---*]

Sed non augurio potuit depellare pestem: *Æn. ix. 328.*

The fate of others he had oft foreshewn,
But fail'd, unhappy! to prevent his own. *Pitt.*

V. 1029. *Here, in a covert ---*] This description of a boar hid among the rushes, and the terror of the neighbourhood, reminds us of the following beautiful lines of Ovid, who is describing the Caledonian boar:

Concava vallis erat, quo se dimittere rivi
Assuerant pluvialis aquæ: tenet ima lacunæ
Lenta salix, ulvæque leves, juncique palustres,
Viminaque, & longæ parvâ sub arundine cannæ:
Hinc aper excitus, medios violentus in hostes
Fertur, ut excussis elisus nubibus ignis.

Ov. Met. L. viii.

V. 1167. --- *Parthenius* ---] This river rises in Paphlagonia, and derives its name from the cheerful meadows through which it flows. *Strabo*.

V. 1176. *Thy groves, Cytorus, ---*]

Thy groves of box, Cytorus, ever green. *Pope's Il. B. ii.*

Hence things made of box were called *Cytoriaca*.

Sæpe *Cytoriaco* deducit pectine crines.

V. 1204. *The Amazonian cape ---*] The Greeks, who would fain deduce every thing from their own language, imagined, that by the term Amazon was signified a person without a breast. From this wrong etymology proceed all the absurdities with which the history of this extraordinary people abounds. They were in general Cuthite colonies from Egypt and Syria; and as they worshipped the Sun, they were called Azones, Amazones, Alazones; which are names of the same import. The most noted were those, who settled near the river Thermodon, in the region of Pontus.

Quales Theïciæ, cum flumina Thermodontis

Pulsant, & pictis bellantur Amazones armis. *Æn. xi. 658.*

V. 1220. *From Mars and Harmony ---*] The Amazons worshipped the Deity from whom they received their name; viz. Azon and Amazon, the same as Ares, the Sun. They worshipped also Harmon, the Moon; which the Grecians changed to a feminine, *Harmonia*. So that by γειῆν Ἀγῆος καὶ Ἀρμονίης is meant the children of the Sun and Moon. *Bryant's Myth.*

V. 1251. --- *Tibarcenians ---*] It is remarked of this people, that they are uncommonly addicted to laughter and buffoonery. Some have accounted for the

the absurd custom, here alluded to, from this cause. But it is difficult to assign a reason for the many absurd customs which different nations have adopted. It has been recorded by grave historians, that the ancient Spaniards and the Americans follow the practice of the Tibareneans.

V. 1260. *Mossynes call'd, ---*] Xenophon gives us the most authentic account of this people in the fifth book of his *Anabasis*. He tells us, that they do those things in private, which others do in public: that they talk to themselves, laugh by themselves, and dance alone, as if they were shewing their skill in public. Savage and indecent as the custom, alluded to by our poet, may seem, Strabo ascribes the same barbarities to the Irish, and Cæsar makes the same observations on the ancient Britons.

V. 1269. *But if his judgment err, ---*] Thus Pomponius Mela, L. i. c. 19. *Reges suffragio deligunt, vinculisque & arctissimâ custodiâ tenent; atque ubi culpam pravè quid imperando meruere, inediâ totius diei afficiunt.*

V. 1301. *But when he rung a cymbal ---*] This cymbal, or crotalum, was made, the Scholiast tells us, by Vulcan; Hercules received it from Pallas. The description of this instrument is differently given by different authors. Our poet tells us it was made of brass; others represent it as formed of a rod or reed cut in two; both parts of which, when struck together, emitted a sound after the manner of castanets. This latter description agrees with the opinion of Suidas, and the Scholiast of Aristophanes.

V. 1386. *The laws of hospitable Jove revere.*] Thus Virgil, *Æn.* i. 784.

Jupiter (*hospitibus nam te dare jura loquuntur*)

Almighty Jove! who pleads the stranger's cause;
Great guardian God of hospitable laws. *Pitt.*

And Homer, in the words of Mr. Pope; Od. B. ix,

The poor and stranger are Jove's constant care;
To Jove their cause and their revenge belongs,
He wanders with them, and he feels their wrongs.

V. 1430. --- *round the altar stood;*] The tombs, of which frequent mention is made by the ancient writers, were in reality high altars or pillars, and not, as has been supposed, monuments erected in honour of the dead. Such an one the Argonauts are said to have found in the temple of Mars, when they landed upon the coast of Pontus. This was the express object to which the Amazonians paid their adoration; as they lived in an age when statues were not known. *Bryant's Myth.*

V. 1472. --- *Typhaonia's cave,*] Apollonius mentions an ancient Typhonian Petra in the hollows of the mountain. It was an Ophite temple, where the Deity was probably worshipped under the figure of a serpent. Hence the poet supposes the serpent, with which Jason engages, to have been produced in those parts. *Bryant's Myth.*

V. 1497. *Where Saturn first fair Philyra* ---] Saturn, to avoid being discovered by his wife Ops, while he was engaged with Philyra his mistress, turned himself into a beautiful horse.

Chiron, the famous Centaur, was the son of this nymph Philyra.

V. 1547. *Where on an oak* ---] The Greek here, and at v. 1399, is *ἰγυὸς*; but at v. 534 the word is *φηγίς*, a *beech*: both which trees bearing mast, they may perhaps be indiscriminately used.

NOTES TO BOOK III.

V. 2. *AND teach thy poet, Erato, ---*] Apollonius with great propriety invokes Erato, the Muse who presided over love-affairs. For this book contains the loves of Medea and Jason, and abounds with the most beautiful sentiments descriptive of the tender passion. Virgil's invocation of Erato, *Nunc age, qui reges, Erato, &c.* is a transcript of Apollonius, *Εἰ δ' ἄνε νῦν, Ἑρατώ, &c.* Virgil seems to have copied our poet in this instance, at the expence of his judgment; for it is difficult to assign a reason for his invocation of this Muse, when he was about to sing, as he informs us, *reges & tempora rerum.*

The fourth book of Virgil, Servius tells us, is borrowed from this of Apollonius Rhodius. Virgil's *Æneid*, says Hoelzlinus, would not have been enriched with the episode of Dido, had not the amours of Hypsipyla and Medea been worked up ready to his hand by Apollonius.

V. 10. *Juno and Pallas ---*] Having conducted his heroes to the banks of the Phasis, our poet shifts the scene, and takes occasion to introduce the two Goddesses, Juno and Pallas, consulting for the safety of Jason. There is a necessity for such machinery, in order to preserve the dignity of Epic poetry. And the propriety of its introduction in this place will be acknowledged, if we recollect, that on the successful application of these Goddesses to Venus the future fortunes of Jason depend. There needs no greater proof of the beauty of this passage, than that it has been imitated by Virgil in that part of his first book, where Cupid is commissioned by his mother to kindle in Dido's breast a passion for *Æneas*.

V. 46. *A floating isle ---*] The Greek is Νήσοιο
πλωγυγής. Homer has a similar expression, Πλωτῆ
ἐν ἡπείρῳ. Odyss. x. 3.

A floating isle! high-rais'd by toil divine.

Pope.

V. 50. *Sat Cytherea on a polish'd throne.*] This whole passage is imitated by Claudian, who, speaking of Venus, says,

Cæsariem tunc forte Venus subnixa corusco
Fingebat solis: dextrâ lævâque sorores
Stabant Idaliæ: largos hæc nectaris imbres
Irrigat; hæc morfu numerosi dentis eburno
Multifidum discrimen arat; sed tertia retro
Dat varios nexus, & justo dividit orbes
Ordine, neglectam partem studiosa relinquens.

V. 74. *To free Ixion, ---*] He, for making love to Juno, and boasting afterwards that he had dishonoured Jupiter, was hurled headlong by him into Tartarus, and bound to a wheel, which he was doomed to turn without intermission.

V. 79. *--- as o'er the world I stray'd,*] It was the opinion of the ancients, that the 'Gods frequently assumed the human shape. Thus Homer, Odyss. xvii. v. 485.

They (curious oft of mortal actions) deign
In forms like these to round the earth and main,
Just and unjust recording in their mind,
And with sure eyes inspecting all mankind.

Pope.

————— summo delabor Olympo,
Et Deus humanâ lustro sub imagine terras.

Ov. Met. L. 1.

V. 131. *With golden dice, ---*] The Greek is ἀσπαγάλαισι. Homer has the same expression, Il. xxiii. 88. but it is omitted in Pope's translation.

V. 141. *--- Adrastæa gave,*] She was nurse to Jove when an infant. Thus Callimachus;

————— οἶ

Αἰκνῶ ἐνὶ χρυσέῳ. σὲ δὲ κοίμισεν Ἀδρήστεια

Hymn. ad Jov. v. 47.

V. 149. *A sweet round ball; ---*] It is partly from the wanton and playful character of these little Cupids, that they are almost always given us under the figures of children.

Thus Ovid ;

Et puer es, nec te quicquam nisi ludere oportet :

Lude, decent annos mollia regna tuos. *Ov. Rem Am.*

In conformity to this puerile character, Venus promises to reward her favourite boy with playthings.

V. 210. *To blameless Phrixus. ---*] See the Preface,

227. *At Colchos still this barbarous rite prevails :*] These extraordinary rites of the Colchians are mentioned by Ælian, in his fourth book. The earth and air are said to be the principal objects of their worship. *Hoelz. and Schol.*

V. 235. *--- but friendly Juno shrouds*] Thus Pallas spreads a veil of air around Ulysses, and renders him invisible :

Propitious Pallas, to secure her care,
Around him threw a veil of thicken'd air.

Homer's Odyss. B. vii.

Thus Venus conceals Æneas and his companions :

At Venus obscuro gradientes aere sepsit.

Virg. Æn. L. i.

V. 251. *--- the Pleiads set or rose,*] The Pleiades are said to be the daughters of Atlas by the nymph Pleione. They were seven in number. Their name is derived, either from their mother, or their number, or, more probably, from the Greek word, which signifies

signifies *to sail*. They are called in Latin *Vergiliæ*, from the vernal season when they rise. They rise about the vernal equinox, and set in autumn. See a further account of them in the Note on v. 448, B. ii.

V. 260. --- *Phlegrean war*.] The battle between the gods and giants is supposed to have been fought at Phlegra, near Pallene, in Thessaly.

V. 299. --- *Athamas's fancied wealth to gain*,] These Ions of Phrixus and Chalciope had sailed from Colchis to Orchomenos, a city of Bœotia, to receive the inheritance of their grandfather Athamas.

V. 327. *As some good housewife*,---] Virgil seems to have copied this simile from Apollonius. *Æn.* viii. v. 408.

What time the poor, laborious, frugal dame,
Who plies her distaff, stirs the dying flame;
Employs her handmaids by the winking light,
And lengthens out their tasks with half the night;
Thus to her children she divides the bread,
And guards the honours of her homely bed. Pitt.

V. 356. *On Mars's isle*, ---] One of those islands called the Strophades, in the Ionian sea.

V. 387. --- *the fierce Sarmatians*---] The Sarmatians, or Sauromatæ, were Scythians, who dwelt in the country that lies between the river Tanais and the Borysthenes.

V. 413. *Had ye not first my feast partook* ---] The table was looked upon by the ancients as a sacred thing; and a violation of the laws of hospitality was esteemed the highest profanation imaginable.

V. 562. --- *a maiden dwells*,---] Virgil's description of the Massylian priestess is taken from this passage:

Hæc se carminibus promittit——

Sistere aquam fluviis, & vertere sidera retro;

Nocturnosque ciet manes: mugire videbis

Sub pedibus terram, & descendere montibus ornos.

Æn. L. iv. 487.

V. 705. ----- *whom her friends had join'd*

In marriage---] The chief power of disposing of their daughters in marriage, even among the heathens, was in their parents, without whose consent it was not held lawful. Thus Hermione in Euripides:

Νυμφευμάτων δὲ τῶν ἐμῶν πατὴρ ἐμὸς
Μερίμνην ἔξει, κ' ἐκ ἐμὸν κρημεῖν τάδε.

V. 797. *Now rising shades ---*] Here Dr. Broome's translation begins, and continues to v. 1087; but not without considerable omissions which are supplied. Virgil has copied this exquisite description from our author. Both the poets describe minutely the profound calm and stillness of the night, in order to render the agonies of the restless heroines more affecting by such a contrast. It is impossible to give us a more lively idea of their restless situation, than by representing it in opposition to that general tranquillity which prevails through the whole creation. The silence of the night, which disposes others to rest, serves but to encrease their anguish, and to swell the tumult of their passion.

'Twas night; and weary with the toils of day,
In soft repose the whole creation lay.
The murmurs of the groves and surges die,
The stars roll solemn thro' the glowing sky;
Wide o'er the fields a brooding silence reigns,
The flocks lie stretch'd along the flowery plains;
The furious savages that haunt the woods,
The painted birds, the fishes of the floods;
All, all, beneath the general darkness share
In sleep a sweet forgetfulness of care;
All but the hapless queen.

Pitt.

That

That sudden and beautiful transition at the close of the description, *At non infelix animi Phænissa*, is copied with the utmost exactness from the correspondent line in our poet,

Ἀλλὰ μάλ' ἔ Μήδεαν ἐπὶ γλυκερὸς λάβεν ὕπτιος.

V. 813. *As from the stream-stor'd vase ---*] Virgil has imitated this simile, *Æn.* viii. 22.

Sicut aquæ tremulum, &c.

So from a brazen vase the trembling stream
Reflects the lunar, or the solar beam :
Swift and elusive of the dazzled eyes,
From wall to wall the dancing glory flies :
Thence to the cieling shoot the dancing rays,
And o'er the roof the quivering splendor plays. *Pitt.*

V. 911. *This plant, which rough Caucasian mountains bore.*] Caucasus is called by Propertius, B. i. El. 12. the Promethean mountain; because the magic herbs, for which it was famous, were said to have sprung out of the blood of Prometheus.

————— An quæ
Lecta Prometheis dividet herba jugis. *Potter.*

V. 935. *As when her limbs divine ---*] We meet with this simile in the sixth book of Homer's *Odyssey*, who applies it to Nausicaa sporting with her fair attendants in the meads. Virgil applies the same simile to Dido, walking in the midst of the city, with the Tyrian princes. See *Pope's* note on v. 117. *Od.* vi. Some of the critics have thought that no passage has been more unhappily copied by Virgil from Homer, than this comparison. But, it should seem from some circumstances in his simile, that the Roman poet rather imitated this passage of Apollonius, than that of Homer.

V. 936.

V. 936. --- *the Amnesian waves,*] or, rather, Amnifian, according to Callimachus :

—— Ἀμνισίδας εἴκοσι νύμφας.

They were so named from Amnifus, a city and river of Crete.

V. 988. *And croaking, thus Saturnia's mind express'd.*] Some birds were of use in divination by the manner and direction of their flight; others by the sounds they uttered; these were called *oscines*, of which kind were crows.

Oscinem corvum prece fuscitabo

Solis ab ortu.

Hor. Od. xxvii. l. 3.

V. 1005. *Meanwhile the maid ---*] No poet has succeeded better in any description than Apollonius has in the following. The anxiety with which Medea expects the arrival of Jason, expressed by her inattention and aversion to every other object, by her directing her eyes every way in search of him, and by her trembling at every breeze, are admirable strokes of nature. The appearance of Jason, flushed with all the bloom of youth, advancing hastily towards her, like the star, to which he is compared, rising from the ocean; the embarrassment which his presence occasions, the silent admiration in which they stand gazing at each other, like two tall trees in a calm, are particulars which none but the imagination of a real poet could have put together, and can never be sufficiently admired.

V. 1099. *The following night in equal shares divide;*] We have here a curious account of the ceremonies made use of in their sacrifices to the infernal Deities. Hecate, the same with the Moon or Diana, was so called, either from her being appeased by hecatombs, or from the power she possessed of obliging those who were

were unburied to wander an hundred years. Virgil applies to her the epithet of *ter geminam*, and Horace that of *triformis*. She was called in heaven Luna, or the Moon, on earth Diana, and in hell Proserpina, Hecate, and Brimo from her terrifying appearance.

It seems extraordinary that Diana, who is the goddess of chastity, should be represented as dispensing her favourable influence in illicit amours. But the mythologists inform us, that Diana and Venus are but one and the same divinity. The Scholiast on Theocritus, Id. ii. says, that it was customary, among the ancients, for the men to implore the sun, and women the moon in their amours. Cicero, speaking of three Dianas, observes, that the first was thought to be the mother of winged Cupid. *De Nat. Deor.* L. 3.

V. 1095. *With honey, sweetest labour of the bees.*] Honey was a favourite ingredient with the ancients in their oblations to the gods, whether of heaven or hell. Homer, in his hymn to Mercury, calls it

————— *Σάκχην ἡδίστην ἰδωδόντην.*

Bees and honey are subjects which the Greek poets are particularly fond of introducing; and their country was plentifully supplied with these commodities.

V. 1155. *Where from Prometheus good Deucalion came,*] Apollonius Rhodius, according to the common opinion, supposes Deucalion to have been a native of Greece, the son of Prometheus, the son of Japetus: but in these ancient mythological accounts all genealogy must be entirely disregarded. He represents him as the first of men, through whom religious rites were renewed, cities built, and civil polity established in the world; none of which circumstances

stances are applicable to any king of Greece. We are assured by Philo, that Deucalion was Noah. *Bryant.*

V. 1245. *This baneful monster was by Cadmus slain,]* Upon the report of the rape of Europa, her father, Agenor, sent every where in search of her, and ordered his son Cadmus not to return home till he had found her. Cadmus having traversed a part of Greece without gaining any information of her, settled in Bœotia, where he built the city Thebes. Having sent his associates into a grove, consecrated to Mars, to fetch water, a serpent, which guarded the place, devoured them. Cadmus, to revenge their death, slew the monster; from whose teeth, which he had sown, a body of armed men sprung up. This is the fabulous account to which Apollonius alludes.

No colony, says Mr. Bryant, could settle any where, and build an Orphite or serpent temple, but there was supposed to have been a contention betwixt a hero and a dragon. Cadmus was described in conflict with such an one at Thebes.

V. 1247. *An heifer to his seat ---]* *πομπαῖς* relates properly to divine influence, and *πομπή* is an oracle. An ox or cow was by the Amonians esteemed very sacred and oracular. Cadmus was accordingly said to be directed *πομπῇ βοῦς*. *Bryant.*

V. 1285. --- *Amaranthine Phasis ---]* This river is supposed to have derived its source from a nation of that name. The poet, in describing the effects of this infernal evocation, has heaped together with great judgment, and in the true spirit of poetry, every circumstance that is capable of exciting terror and astonishment.

V. 1288. *And now on Caucasus, ---]* Apollonius introduces his heroes on the plains of Mars with the

utmost pomp and magnificence, thus artfully preparing us for the solemnities of the ensuing combat, on which the fate of Jason depends.

NOTES TO BOOK IV.

V. 1. *O Goddesses, ---*] The first and second books contain, as we have seen, the voyage of the Argonauts to Colchis. In the book we are now entering upon, the poet has given us an account of the route they took on their return. And, in order to throw the utmost variety into his poem, he has conducted them to Greece by a way altogether new and unknown. He makes them sail up the Ister, and by an arm of that river, to the Eridanus, and from thence to the Rhone. Apollonius's geography is, in many instances, very exceptionable. The licence which poets are allowed, *quidlibet audendi*, is his best excuse for inaccuracies of this kind. Scaliger, who seldom spares our author, does not scruple to assert, that, 'quod attinet ad situm orbis terrarum, sanè imperitus regionum fuit Apollonius. De Istro, dii boni! quas nugas.' But let it be remembered, that not only poets have trifled in their descriptions of this river, but that historians and geographers, who have attempted to explain its course, have given very different and inconsistent accounts of it. Many curious traditions, and entertaining pieces of ancient Greek history are interspersed

terspersed throughout this book. The speeches of Medea can never be enough admired. Her sentiments are admirably suited to her condition; they are simple, unaffected, and calculated to raise our pity. Our poet has displayed a luxuriant fancy in his description of the nuptials of Jason and Medea; and he has painted the distresses of his Argonauts, on the coast of Africa, in the most glowing colours. This book appears indeed, in every view of it, equal, if not superior to any of the foregoing. We meet with some obscurities. The translator confesses his inability to ascertain the true sense of every intricate passage. Let it, however, be some alleviation of his errors, that his guides have been but few, and they not always the most intelligent; and that no part of this book, except only the story of Talus, has appeared in an English dress, before the present version was published.

V. 32. *Clung round each door, ---*] The custom of kissing beds, columns, and doors, before they were obliged to quit them, occurs frequently in the Greek tragedians.

V. 33. *A lock she tore ---*] It was customary for young women, before the nuptial ceremony was performed, to present their hair to some deity, to whom they had particular obligations. Medea, therefore, previous to her departure and marriage with Jason, presents a lock of hair to her mother, to be deposited by her in the temple of some deity to whom it was consecrated.

V. 64. *I to the cave at Latmos ---*] Latmos was a mountain in Caria, in whose cave the moon was said by the poets to visit Endymion. Thus, in Valerius Flaccus, who seems to have had this passage in his eye, we read;

Latmius æstivâ residet venator in umbrâ,
Dignus amore deæ : velatis cornibus et jam
Luna venit. Lib. viii. 25.

V. 92. *Whose knees embracing,---*] Several parts of the body were considered by the ancients as the seats of virtues and vices, of good and bad qualities. Modesty was assigned to the eyes, sagacity and derision to the nose, pride and disdain to the eye-brows, and pity to the knees ; which, it was customary for suppliants, when they made their requests, to touch and embrace with reverence.

V. 123. *At twilight, ere---*] Xenophon, de Venatione, makes the same observation, ἐξίερα πρώτ', exire diluculo. The same remark is made by Oppian and others.

V. 143. *Colchians, far distant---*] This noble hyperbole has been copied by Virgil, Book vii. v. 515. where, speaking of Alecto, he says,

With her full force a mighty horn she winds ;
Th' infernal strain alarms the gathering hinds.
The dreadful summons the deep forest took ;
The woods all thunder'd, and the mountains shook.
The lake of Trivia heard the note profound ;
The Veline fountains trembled at the sound :
The thick sulphureous floods of hoary Nar
Shook at the blast that blew the flames of war :
Pale at the piercing call, the mothers prest
With shrieks their starting infants to the breast. *Pitt.*

This circumstance of the mothers clasping their infants to their breasts, is a very tender and affecting one. The poets seem particularly fond of it. We meet with it in the Troades of Euripides ; and Camoens, in his imitation of these striking passages in Apollonius and Virgil, was too sensible of its beauty to omit it :

Such

Such was the tempest of the dread alarms,
The babes that prattled in their nurses' arms
Shriek'd at the sound: with sudden cold imprest,
The mothers strain'd their infants to the breast,
And shook with horror. — *The Lusiad*, B. iv. p. 124.

V. 203. *The gallant band beheld with wondering eyes,*] Mr. Warton is of opinion, that Virgil had this beautiful passage in his eye in the following lines :

Expleri nequit, atque oculos per singula voluit,
Miraturque, interque manus et brachia versat.
Æn. viii. v. 618.

And thus *Spenser*, in his *Fairy Queen* :

But Tristram then despoiling that dead knight
Of all those goodly ornaments of praise,
Long fed his greedy eyes with the fair light
Of the bright metal, shining like sun-rays ;
Handling and turning them a thousand ways.
B. vi. c. 2. ft. 39.

V. 292. --- *And, ere bright Cynthia* ---] By Selene, and Seleniaia, is meant the ark, of which the moon was only an emblem ; and from thence the Arcades, or Arkites, had the appellation of Selenitæ. When therefore it is said, that the Arcades were prior to the moon, it means only, that they were constituted into a nation before the worship of the ark prevailed, and before the first war upon earth commenced. *Bryant*. This boast of the Arcadians, that they were a nation before the moon gave light to the world, is also thus accounted for by some ingenious writers: the Greeks generally ordered their affairs according to the appearances of the moon, especially those two of the new and full moon. The Spartans held it criminal to begin any great design till after they had considered the moon, as she appeared when new and at the full. The Arcadians, contrary to this general custom of the Greeks, transacted all their business of importance

importance before the appearance of the new moon, or that of the full ; and were therefore called in derision, *προσέληνοι*, for their neglect of this religious ceremony. Which term of reproach the Arcadians applied to their commendation, and shrewdly affirmed, that they were entitled to this epithet, because their nation was more ancient than the moon.

V. 301. *Hence rose the matchless chief ---*] Sesostris not only overran the countries which Alexander afterward invaded ; but crossed both the Indus and the Ganges ; and thence penetrated into the eastern ocean. He then turned to the north, and attacked the nations of Scythia ; till he at last arrived at the Tanais, which divides Europe and Asia. Here he founded a colony ; leaving behind him some of his people, as he had just before done at Colchis. He subdued Asia Minor, and all the regions of Europe ; where he erected pillars with hieroglyphical inscriptions, denoting, that these parts of the world had been subdued by the great Sesostris or Sesoosis. *Diodorus Sic.* L. i. p. 49. Apollonius Rhodius, who is thought to have been a native of Egypt, speaks of the exploits of this prince, but mentions no name ; not knowing, perhaps, by which properly to distinguish him, as he was represented under so many. He represents him as conquering all Asia and Europe ; and this in times so remote, that many of the cities which he built, were in ruins before the æra of the Argonauts. *Bryant.*

V. 311. *--- recording tablets keep*] The Colchians, says the Scholiast, still retain the laws and customs of their forefathers ; and they have pillars of stone, upon which are engraved maps of the continent and of the ocean. The poet calls these pillars *κύβεις* : which, we are told, were of a square figure, like obelisks. These delineations had been made of old,
and

and transmitted to the Colchians by their forefathers; which forefathers were from Egypt. The Egyptians were very famous for geometrical knowledge. All the flat part of this country being overflowed, it is reasonable to suppose, that they made use of this science to determine their lands, and to make out their several claims, at the retreat of the waters. *Bryant.*

V. 451. *Rise may my Furies, ---*] Thus Dido, in a fit of despondency and rage, threatens Æneas:

Et cum frigida mors anima seduxerit artus,
Omnibus umbra locis adero. *Æn. iv. 385.*

V. 526. *Curse of mankind! ---*] Our poet, whenever he introduces moral sentences, which is but seldom, takes care to do it with the utmost propriety; at a time when the occasion warrants the use of them, and gives additional force and lustre to the truths which they convey. Virgil has adopted this sentiment of Apollonius on a similar occasion:

Improbe amor, quid non mortalia pectora cogis!
Æn. iv. 412.

V. 412. From the Greek word *Ερως*, in the original, Mr. Bryant has taken occasion to give us the following curious account of Cupid and his emblems: Iris, the Rainbow, seems to have been expressed *Eiras* by the Egyptians. Out of *Eiras* the Greeks formed *Eros*, a God of Love; whom they annexed to Venus, and made her son. And finding that the bow was his symbol, instead of the Iris, they gave him a material bow, with the addition of a quiver and arrows. Being furnished with these implements of mischief, he was supposed to be the bane of the world.

V. 550. *Turn'd from the murderous scene ---*] The remorſe and concern of Medea are very ſtrongly expreſſed by this ſimple action, of turning aſide and concealing her face from the ſcene of barbarity. Signs are ſometimes more ſignificant than words, however eloquent and pathetic; and ſilence is often the ſureſt indication of heart-felt ſorrow.

V. 613. *Where Cadmus' and Harmonia's tomb ---*] Cadmus ſettling in Bœotia, married Harmonia, or Hermione, the daughter of Venus by Mars. A conſpiracy being formed againſt him, he was obliged to quit Bœotia, and retire with his wife into Illyricum. They are ſaid by the poets to have been transformed into ſerpents. Of this transformation, and of the tomb, which the people of Illyricum erected to their memory, Dionyſius thus ſpeaks :

Ἰδοὺς περικυδέα τύμβον,
Τύμβον, ἐν Ἀρμονίης Καδμοῖό τε Φῆμιν ἐνίσπει.
Κεῖτε γὰρ εἰς ὀφίων ſκολιὸν γένος ἡλλάξαντο,
Ὅτε ποτ' ἀπ' Ἰσμητιῶν λιπαρὸν μετὰ γῆρας ἴκοντα.

V. 644. *Of blood yet streaming from his children slain,*] By Megara, the daughter of Creon king of Thebes, Hercules had ſeveral ſons, whom he ſlew in a fit of madneſs. Soon after this ſlaughter he left Thebes, and received expiation for the murder at Athens, according to ſome; but according to our poet, at Macris.

V. 689. *Wak'd the briſker gales in Argo's aid.*] In the original,

Μηδόμεν δ' αἰεσσιν τοῖς πλάεσσι, ἔρπειν αἴελλας
Ἄστιχες.

Juno, anxious for the ſafety of her crew, and knowing they muſt viſit Circe's iſle, raiſed a ſtorm for that purpoſe; which drove them back, up the Chronian ſea, as far as the iſland Electris. By thus
changing

changing their direction, she shortened their voyage, and hastened their approach to the island of Circe.

V. 727. *To the far Hyperborean race ---*] There are so many inconsistent fables among the ancients, respecting the country and situation of the Hyperboreans, that modern geographers have not been able to reconcile them. See *Gesner de Navigationibus extra columnas Herculis, Præl. 2.*

Callimachus, in his hymn to Delos, speaks of them as a people of high antiquity. Pindar places them near the isles of the Blest, which were supposed to have been opposite to Mauritania, and celebrates their rites. See *Olymp. Od. iii.* and *Pyth. x.*

V. 728. *Griev'd for his favourite Æsculapius---*] Jupiter, incensed that Æsculapius had restored Hippolitus to life, destroyed him with his thunder. Apollo, willing to revenge the death of his son, directed his darts against the Cyclops, by whose hands the thunder of Jupiter was formed. The god, for this offence, banished him from heaven. See *Virg. Æn. vii. v. 764.*

V. 775. *With chalks ---*] In the original,

— ἵνα ψηφίσιν ἀπωμόρξαντο καμόντες
Ἰδρῶ ἄλις* χροῖῃ δὲ κατ' αἰγιαλοῖο κέχυνται
Ἐἰκελοί.

The first line is obscure; for it may either mean, that they made use of the ψήφοι as σκληγγίσματα, or strigiles, for rubbing; or that, in rubbing, the sweat dropped on the stones, ψηφίσιν, and discoloured them. If this sense be the true one, the following lines may, perhaps, be somewhat less exceptionable than those already given:

To cleanse their sides from copious sweat they toil,
Which, trickling down, distain'd the chalky soil.

This

This passage will receive some illustration from Aristotle, *περὶ Σαυμασίων ἀκροσμάτων*; who asserts, that among other monuments of the Argonautic expedition this was one, τὸ ἐπὶ τῶν ψήφων λεγόμενον. παρὰ τὸν αἰγιαλὸν ψήφους θασὶν εἶναι ποικίλας. ταύτας δὲ οἱ Ἕλληνες, οἱ τὴν ἱήσον αἰκῶντες, λέγουσι, τὴν χροίαν λαβεῖν ἀπὸ τῶν ἐλεγγισμάτων, ὧν ἐποίουντο ἀλειφόμενοι.

V. 783. *Here saw they Circe, ---*] We have the fullest description of Circe and her habitation in the 10th Odyss. of Homer: from which book succeeding poets have been supplied with ample materials, to assist them in dressing out this entertaining fiction.

It is entertaining to observe, how different poets have written on the same or similar subjects. And according as they have acquitted themselves in working them up, we may form a judgment of their taste and genius.

V. 932. *Till Themis thus ---*] Others ascribe this discovery to Prometheus, for which Jupiter promised to release him from his chains.

V. 946. *Shall in Elysium's blissful plains ---*] The story, here alluded to, is mentioned by several of the ancient mythologists. Medea, when in Elysium, or the Fortunate islands, gained the affections of Achilles, who then dwelt in those regions, and married her. The ancients are by no means consistent in their accounts of these Elysian fields. Some affirm them to be in the moon, others in the milky way. But it is more generally supposed, that they are situated in some fertile and pleasant region on earth. See *Homer's Odyss. B. iv. and the note to v. 765 of Pope's Transf. and Gesner de Insulis beat. Præl. 2.*

V. 1016. *Her young Achilles o'er the flame ---*] Thus Ceres, when she undertook to bring up Triptolemus, in order to render him immortal, fed him all day with celestial

celestial food, and covered him all night with burning embers. His father Eleusinus, observing this, expressed his fears for his child. Ceres, displeased with this behaviour, struck him dead, but conferred immortality on his son.

V. 1047. The Syrens were Cuthite and Canaanitish priests, who had founded temples, which were rendered more than ordinary famous on account of the women, who officiated. With their music they enticed strangers into the purlieus of their temples, and then put them to death. The female part of their choirs were maintained for a twofold purpose; both on account of their voices and their beauty. They were said to be the children of the Muse Terpsichore; by which is meant only, that they were the daughters of harmony. *Bryant.*

Orpheus, in the Argonautics ascribed to him, has not only mentioned these Syrens, but given us the song, alluded to by Apollonius, which was so efficacious as to prevent the ill effects of the Syrens' music. We have the most particular description of these enchantresses in the 12th book of Homer's *Odyssey*.

V. 1054. *Who lur'd, in times remote, ---*] Among others, whom Ceres sent in search of her daughter Proserpine, were the Syrens. She is said to have given them wings, to enable them to explore the country with greater ease and expedition.

V. 1086. *From whose cleft summits flames ---*] These flaming billows must have been very alarming to the sailors, who were ignorant of the cause of them. The poet has therefore, in his description of Scylla and Charibdis, with great judgment selected these remarkable appearances, which could not fail to excite terror and astonishment.

V. 1091. *Here o'er the sailing pine the nymphs pre-*
side,]

side,] Virgil, in his 1st *Æn.* has made use of the assistance of the sea-nymphs on a similar occasion.

Cymothoe simul & Triton adnixus, acuto
Detrudunt naves scopulo.

And Camoens, who seems to have been particularly pleased with this description, has, in imitation of it, summoned together a vast number of sea-nymphs to rescue the navy from destruction. See B. ii. p. 48.

V. 1151. *His father castrated: ---]* One would not expect to find in so grave a writer as Hesiod any thing like that low kind of wit, which the double sense of words gives rise to. The taste of the ancients, it has been said, was too good for these fooleries. Yet his learned annotator is of opinion, that Hesiod has availed himself of the ambiguity of the word *μῆδος*. He thus discusses this curious subject in a note on v. 180 in *Theog.*

Omniñò existimo Hesiodum, & qui eum hac in re antecesserunt, aut sequuti sunt, *lusisse in ambiguo*. Vox *μῆδος* duo significabat, *puḍenda* & *consilium*, cumque audissent Saturnum patri ἀποτεμεῖν *μῆδος*, datâ operâ ita rem acceperunt, quasi narraretur ei *puḍenda* reseculisse, ut *τετρατολογία*, quas hac de re habent, locus daretur; quamvis probè scirent consilium seu consiliarios intelligi, quorum suasu Thessaliâ excedere coactus fuerat Saturnus. Hosce consiliarios fugavit, & navibus in Asiam redire coegit.

V. 1281. *Thus Pyḗteus, ---]* (*Note, it ought to be Nyḗteus.*) Antiope, the daughter of Nyḗteus, was deflowered by Jupiter in the form of a satyr. To avoid the anger of her father, she fled to Sicyon, a city in Peloponnesus: where she was protected by Epops. Nyḗteus at his death requested his brother Lycus to lay siege to Sicyon, but to shew

no compassion to Antiope. He, willing to comply with the request of Nycteus, besieged the city, killed Epops, and took Antiope prisoner.

V. 1283. *Thus Danaë, ---*] Danaë was the daughter of Acrisius. Having been informed by the oracle, that his grandson should bereave him of his life and crown, he shut her up in a tower of brass. But Jupiter, according to the fable, made his way through the roof in a shower of gold. The meaning of which fable is ; Prætus, who was surnamed Jupiter, bribed the keepers, and having thus gained access to the prisoner, made her the mother of Perseus. Acrisius being apprized of this illicit commerce, and the fruits of it, ordered the mother and her son to be locked up in a chest, and thrown into the sea.

V. 1338. *Snatch'd from the flames, ---*] Jupiter being in love with Semele, Juno concerted the following scheme for the destruction of her rival. She appeared to Semele in the shape of Beroë, a nurse, and insinuated to her, that if her lover were really Jupiter, he would not disguise himself like a mortal : and that the certainty of his divinity could no otherwise be ascertained, than by his appearing before her with the same majesty, which he assumed when he visited Juno. Semele followed her advice ; and Jupiter having sworn by Styx to grant her whatever she might ask, approached her in the full blaze of his glory, and Semele was consumed by his lightning. Jupiter being desirous to preserve the infant Bacchus, of whom Semele had been for some time pregnant, commissioned Mercury to deliver him from the flames, by taking him out of her womb, and conveying him to Eubœa. Here he was committed to the care of Macris. But Juno's resentment being not yet subsided, she forbade her favourite island Eubœa to give protection to the nurse of Bacchus ; who now fled for refuge to Phæacia.

V. 1505. *As when ---*] “The principal image (says Pope, *Il. xiv.* in a note on *v. 457.*) is more strongly impressed on the mind by a multitude of similes, which are the natural product of an imagination labouring to express something very vast: but finding no single idea sufficient to answer its conceptions, it endeavours by redoubling the comparisons to supply this defect.” Since then the heaping together of similes, when the occasion requires, is considered as a proof of true poetical enthusiasm, it must be allowed that our poet, in this instance, as well as in many others, has shewn himself capable of rising above that uniform mediocrity, which has, perhaps too hastily, been ascribed to him. For we have here an accumulation of comparisons the most elegant and apposite. The despondent heroes are likened to spectres and statues distilling drops of blood. Medea’s fair attendants, lamenting their misfortunes, are compared to swallows, bereaved of their nests and screaming for their mother; and, immediately after, to the plaintive notes of dying swans.

This simile of the swallow is copied by Virgil, *Æn. xii. 473.*

V. 1649. *In Atlas’ realm : ---*] In Africa, where, according to Virgil, Atlas reigns :

Ultimus Æthiopum locus est, ubi maximus Atlas—

V. 1651. *The fair Hesperides ---*] They were the daughters of Hesperus, the brother of Atlas, and shepherdesses. Hercules carried off their sheep (which, for their exquisite beauty, were called golden) and slew the shepherd, whose name was Draco. The Greek word *μῆλα*, which signifies apples as well as sheep, is supposed to have given rise to the fiction.

Some are of opinion, that the fable of the serpent, who guarded the golden apples, and was said to have
been

been slain by Hercules, derives its origin from the Mosaic account of the fall.

V. 1749. *Thus sees the clown, ---*] Translated by Virgil, *Æn.* vi. 453.

———— qualem primo qui surgere mense
Aut videt aut vidisse putat per nubila lunam.

V. 1791. *For when brave Perseus---*] It has been already remarked, that Danaë was inclosed in a chest by the command of her father Acrisius, and thrown into the sea. This chest was cast upon the island Seriphus, one of the Cyclades in the *Ægæan* sea. It was found by a fisherman, who brought it to Polydectes, king of the island. He received the mother and child with great tenderneſs : but falling in love with Danaë, and fearing the resentment of Perseus, now grown to manhood, he planned the following ſcheme for his deſtruction. Having invited the neighbouring princes to an entertainment, he deſired each of them to bring with him ſome rarities for the feaſt. Perſeus was required to bring on this occaſion the head of Meduſa, one of the Gorgons : an enterprize which the king imagined would prove fatal to him ; but by the aſſiſtance of Minerva, he cut off the Gorgon's head ; which, when he carried it to the iſland, turned its inhabitants into ſtone, and among the reſt, their king, Polydectes, who had ſent him out on the expedition. See *Pindar's Pyth. Od.* xii.

V. 1817. *His corſe the bright-arm'd heroes thrice ſurround,*] Virgil takes occaſion to mention the ſame cuſtom in the following words :

Ter circum accenſos cincti fulgentibus armis
Decurrere rogos : ter mæſtum funeris ignem
Luſtravare in equis, ululatuque ore dederunt. *Æn.* xi.

1870. *Your courſe, that cape once doubled,---*] It would

would contribute towards clearing this obscure passage, if instead of ἱστῶς, we read ὑπὲρ. This conjecture may the more readily be admitted, as we meet with the same expression, ἀγνώστος ὑπὲρ πρῶτοντος, at v. 1626.

V. 1943. *There Talus ---*] The following is Broome's note, prefixed to his translation of the story of Talus.

The following verses from Apollonius will appear very extravagant, unless we have recourse to their allegorical meaning. Plato in his *Minos* writes thus :

Talus and Rhadamanthus were the assistants of Minos in the execution of his laws. It was the office of Talus to visit all parts of Crete thrice every year, to enforce them with the utmost severity. The poet alludes to this custom in these words :

Fierce guard of Crete ! who thrice each year explores
The trembling isle, and strides from shores to shores.

Talus is fabled to be formed of brass, because the laws, which he carried with him in his circuit, were engraven upon brazen tables. It is not improbable, but the fable of the bursting the vein above the ankle of Talus, by which he died, arose from the manner of punishment practised by him ; which was, by the opening of a vein above the ankles of criminals, by which they bled to death.

V. 2093. *Instant emerging ---*] See on this subject Pindar's *Pyth. Od. iv.* towards the beginning.

V. 2096. ---- *Sintian Lemnos ----*] The Sintians were originally Thracians ; but settled afterwards at Lemnos.

V. 2118. *And added years to years exalt my verse.*] It was customary with the Greeks, not only to sing hymns, but to recite heroic poems in honour of the gods and heroes at their festive meetings.

N O T E S

T O T H E

R A P E O F H E L E N.

COLUTHUS LYCOPOLITES, a Theban poet, flourished in the reign of the emperor Anastasius, about five hundred years after Christ. He is said to have been the author of several poems; none of which have come down to us except this, which in many passages is corrupt and mutilated. There is an excellent edition of this poem by *Lennepe*. There is also an old translation of it by *Sir Edward Sherburne*; to whom I acknowledge myself indebted for some of his useful annotations.

Did the insertion of this little poem stand in need of an apology, it might be made by observing, that the subjects of the two poems are not wholly dissimilar. In the one is celebrated *the rape of Medea*, in the other *the rape of Helen*; two events of equal celebrity in ancient story.

On the title of this poem Sir Edward Sherburne makes the following not unpleasant remark: "The

word *rape* must not be taken in the common acceptance of the expression. For Paris was more courtly than to offer, and Helen more kind-hearted than to suffer such a violence. It must be taken rather for a transporting of her with her consent from her own country to Troy: which Virgil seems to insinuate in the first book of his *Æneid*, where, speaking of Helen, he says,

Pergama cum peteret, ———

The word *peteret* implies that the quitting of her country, and going along with Paris, was an act she desired, as well as consented to; and thus much the ensuing poem makes good."

V. 2. *From Xanthus' fertile streams ---*] The most celebrated river in Troas: it derived its source from mount Ida.

V. 10. *--- clown.*] The ancients esteemed the art of husbandry to be of all others the most honourable. The hands of princes sustained at the same time the crook and the sceptre. Paris, the son of Priam, king of Troy, is represented in this poem under the character of a shepherd. In our times the care of flocks and herds is committed to the lowest orders of the people. Shepherd and clown are terms with us nearly synonymous. But we must endeavour to separate from them the ideas of churlishness and ill-breeding, when applied, as the ancients applied them, to heroes and kings.

V. 24. *With hymeneal songs for Peleus sung,*] It was a fiction of the poets, that Peleus, the son of *Æacus*, and pupil of *Chiron*, married *Thetis* the daughter of *Nereus*; and that all the Gods attended at their nuptials on mount *Pelion*, except *Eris* or *Discord*, in whose presence agreement and harmony could not
long

long subsist. See on this subject *Catullus de Nupt. Pel. & Thet.* and *Valerius Flaccus*, L. i. v. 129.

V. 42. *His loose locks ---*] The correspondent lines in the original ought to be placed after v. 33. as *Lenep* rightly observes: to that place (immediately after the poet's mention of Diana) the translator has restored them.

V. 56. *With desperate hand ---*] The conjectural reading of *Vossius* is here preferred; as it seems to contain more sense and more poetry than any other. He reads,

————— χειρὶ δὲ λαίῃ
Ὅνδ' ἐτὶ κόλλοπ' ἔρυξε, καὶ ἦν ἐφυράσσατο πύετρεν.

V. 79. *For 'tis the prize of beauty and of love.*] Apples were esteemed the symbol of love, and dedicated to *Venus*. They were also considered as allurements of love, and were distributed as presents among lovers. Hence the expressions *μηλοβολεῖν*, and *malo petere*, in *Theocritus* and *Virgil*.

V. 89. *The close-arch'd eyebrow, ---*] The ancients looked upon such eyebrows, which our poet calls *βλεφάρων συνοχήν*, as essential to form a beautiful face. See *Anacreon's* description of his mistress, and *Theocr. Id. viii. 72.*

V. 99. *Summon'd her little Loves, ---*] They were supposed to be very numerous:

————— volucrumque exercitus omnis amorum.
Val. Flac. vi. 457.

V. 116. *My bow this Cestus, ---*] The Cestus of *Venus*, of which *Homer* makes particular mention, *Il. xiv. 216.* derives its name ἀπὸ τοῦ καίτειν. To

had made so extraordinary a progress in literature, that he was considered as a favourite of Apollo. As he was playing with his fellows, he was unfortunately struck on the head by a quoit, and died of the blow. The poets have enlarged on this simple story in the following manner.

The wind which blew the quoit aside, and gave it the fatal direction, they have called Zephyrus; whom they have represented as the rival of Apollo. Zephyrus, having received for his kindnesses to Hyacinthus the most ungrateful returns, was resolved to punish him for his insolence: and having challenged him one day to a game of quoits, he struck the unfortunate youth a blow on the temples.

The inhabitants of Amyclæ, says the poet,

————— διδ' αἵτου
σκυζόμενος, καὶ τοῦτον ἀνήγαγεν. ———

were displeased with the contest proposed by Zephyrus, and withdrew Hyacinthus from the fight; or, perhaps (still better to connect this with the following sentence) they brought him out, and spirited him on to the fight, presuming that his favourite God would enable him to come off victorious; --- αὐτὰρ Ἀπόλλων, &c.

This is *Lennepe's* conjectural reading; which, whether the true one or not, must be allowed to affix a tolerable meaning to a passage that was before very unintelligible.

V. 302. *Earth with compassion* ---] From the blood that was spilt on the ground Apollo produced a flower, called after the name of his favourite youth. See *Ovid. Metam.* L. x.

V. 331. --- *Nestor's son* ---] Antilochus, mentioned frequently in *Hom. Il.*

V. 333. --- *Æacidae* ---] The descendants of Æacus. He was the son of Jupiter and Ægina: his offspring were Phocus, Peleus, Teucer, and Telamon.

V. 390. *Two gates of airy dreams she opens wide;*] The fiction to which our author in this place, and Virgil in *Æneid* vi. allude, is borrowed from B. xix. of Hom. *Odyss.* It is imagined, that this story of the gates of sleep may have had a real foundation, and have been built upon the customs of the Ægyptians. See the note on v. 656. B. xix. of Pope's *Odyss.* Our poet has represented these fanciful gates as opened by *Night*; and with great propriety.

"The ancients, says *Sir Edward Sherburne*, painted Sleep like a man heavy with slumber, his under garment white, his upper black, thereby expressing day and night; holding in his hand a horn, sometimes really such, sometimes of ivory in the likeness of one; through which they feigned that he conveyed dreams: true when the same was of horn, false when of ivory." Some have assigned as a reason, why true dreams pass through the gate of horn, and false ones through the gate of ivory; that horn is a fit emblem of truth, as being transparent, and ivory of falsehood, as being impenetrable.

V. 448. *For sleep his elder brother's aspect wears,*] Virgil, *Æn.* vi. 278. calls Sleep *consanguineus lethi*.

V. 450. *Hence the swollen eyes of females, ---*] Hence, *i. e.* by reason of the likeness there is betwixt these two affections.

V. 464. *At Cytherea's ---*] The line in the original is obscure, and usually misplaced. It is given to Hermione, but without the least reason. It is here restored to its proper place; and is an observation which comes naturally enough from the mouth of Helen. See *Lennox's* note on the passage.

V. 482. *Cassandra from her tower ---*] Cassandra was the daughter of Priam, and priestess of Apollo. Apollo gave her the gift of prophecy; but, on her refusing to comply with the conditions on which it was given her, he rendered it ineffectual, by ordaining that her predictions should never be believed. Hence it was, that, when Paris set sail for Greece in pursuit of Helen, her prophecy, that he should bring home a flame, which should consume his country, was not regarded. Her appearance therefore on the present occasion is quite in character; and our poet has shewn his judgment by the representation he has given of her.

END OF THE NOTES.